

COMFORT

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*The Key to Happiness and Success
in over a Million and a Quarter Homes*

DEVOTED TO ART, LITERATURE, SCIENCE AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

Vol XXI

June 1909

No 8



A JUNE WEDDING.
Good-Bye and Good Luck to Bride and Bridegroom.

GATCHEL & MANNING Phila.

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COMFORT

The Key to

Happiness and Success in over

A Million and a Quarter Homes.

In which are combined and consolidated
SUNSHINE, PEOPLE'S LITERARY COMPANION, and THE NATIONAL
FARMER & HOME MAGAZINE.

Devoted to
Art, Literature, Science, and the Home Circle.

Its Motto Is "Onward and Upward."

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Crumbs of Comfort

Remorse is the echo of lost virtue.
Diligence is the mother of good luck.
The great obstacle to progress is prejudice.
Rashness and haste make all things insecure.
A man had better need money than knowl-
edge.

Hard work in youth should mean soft work
in age.

Self-love is not so much to be condemned as
self-neglect.

Suffer that you may be wise, and labor that
you may have.

A peasant woman's virtue is as beautiful as
that of a queen.

Take care of your farm and your farm will
take care of you.

Submission is the footprint of faith in the
pathway of sorrow.

Better ride a mule that carries you than a
horse that throws you.

Don't wait with folded hands,

But go to work and win;

The man who stands outside the gates,
Must move or not get in. —Langston.

If one is not a thinking man, to what pur-
pose is he a man at all?

Suspicion is no friend to virtue and always
an enemy to happiness.

Good crops need good weather, good seed,
good soil and good farmers.

It is not the victory that makes the joy of
noble hearts, but the combat.

Dress yourselves fine where others are fine,
but plain where others are plain.

God estimates us not by the position we are
in, but by the way in which we fill it.

There can be no permanent rebellion against
that which is not worth rebelling against.

Whatever the disgrace, it is almost always in
your power to re-establish your character.

Dirt is no sign of unhappiness; if it were,
most children would take it off their faces.

Music is in all growing things;

And underneath the silky wings
Of smallest insects there is stirred
A pulse of air that must be heard;
Earth's silence lives and throbs and sings.

—Lathrop.

Pain has the power of shedding a satisfaction
over intervals of ease which few enjoyments
exceed.

Although sarcasm makes those laugh whom
it does not wound, it nevertheless does not
procure esteem.

It is easier to teach twenty what good may
be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow
your own teaching.

A reputation once broken may be repaired,
but the world will always keep its eye on the
spot where the crack was.

COMFORT'S Calendar for June

Moon's Phases.			Eastern Time.			Central Time.			Mountain Time.			Pacific Time.		
	D.	H. M.		D.	H. M.		D.	H. M.		D.	H. M.		D.	H. M.
● FULL MOON	3	8 25Even.		3	7 25Even.		3	6 25Even.		3	5 25Even.		3	4 25Even.
● LAST QUARTER...	10	9 43Even.		10	8 43Even.		10	7 43Even.		10	6 43Even.		10	5 43Even.
● NEW MOON	17	6 28Even.		17	5 28Even.		17	4 28Even.		17	3 28Even.		17	2 28Even.
● FIRST QUARTER...	25	1 43Even.		25	0 43Even.		25	11 43Morn.		25	10 43Morn.		25	9 43Morn.

Calendar—S. States, Lat. 42°+			Calendar—S. States, Lat. 33°+		
SUN Rises.	SUN Sets.	MOON Sets.	SUN Rises.	SUN Sets.	MOON Sets.
H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.	H. M.
1 Tu	4 26	7 21	3 8	4 53	7 2
2 We	4 25	7 32	3 33	4 53	7 3
3 Th	4 25	7 32	rises	4 53	7 3
4 Fri	4 24	7 33	8 33	4 53	7 4
5 Sat	4 24	7 34	9 35	4 52	7 4
6 Sun	4 24	7 34	10 30	4 52	7 5
7 Mo	4 23	7 35	11 18	4 52	7 5
8 Tu	4 23	7 35	11 57	4 52	7 6
9 We	4 23	7 36	morn	4 51	7 7
10 Th	4 22	7 36	0 29	4 51	7 7
11 Fri	4 22	7 37	0 54	4 51	7 7
12 Sat	4 22	7 37	1 18	4 51	7 7
13 Sun	4 22	7 37	1 46	4 51	7 8
14 Mo	4 22	7 38	2 12	4 51	7 8
15 Tu	4 22	7 38	2 40	4 51	7 9
16 We	4 22	7 39	3 13	4 51	7 9
17 Th	4 22	7 39	3 55	4 51	7 9
18 Fri	4 23	7 39	sets	4 51	7 10
19 Sat	4 23	7 40	9 36	4 51	7 10
20 Sun	4 23	7 40	10 21	4 51	7 10
21 Mo	4 23	7 40	10 57	4 52	7 11
22 Tu	4 24	7 40	11 27	4 52	7 11
23 We	4 24	7 40	11 51	4 52	7 11
24 Th	4 24	7 40	morn	4 53	7 11
25 Fri	4 25	7 40	0 12	4 53	7 12
26 Sat	4 25	7 40	0 29	4 53	7 12
27 Sun	4 25	7 40	0 53	4 54	7 12
28 Mo	4 26	7 40	1 12	4 54	7 12
29 Tu	4 26	7 40	1 33	4 54	7 12
30 We	4 26	7 40	2 2	4 55	7 12

WEATHER FORECAST FOR JUNE.

1st to 4th—SHOWERY PERIOD.—
Sunshine and showers for the west
and south and at points locally in the
northwest. Heavy rains in portions of
Maryland, Pennsylvania and New Jersey.
Very warm and dry in southwest
and south Pacific slope.

5th to 8th—TORNADO PERIOD.—
General rain storms accompanied with
severe lightning, hail and high wind
throughout the western and central
states. Tornadoes in Kansas, Missouri,
Iowa and the Dakotas.

9th to 13th—HOT WAVE. Unprece-
dented heat in the central, middle, At-
lantic and Gulf states. Sweltering
weather in Texas, Oklahoma, Kansas,
Nebraska, Missouri and Iowa. Temper-
ature 102 at Abilene, 100 at Wichita, 98
at Memphis, 100 at Atlanta and 98 at
Jacksonville.

14th to 18th—STORM WAVE. Heavy
downpour of rain in Kansas, Nebraska,
Iowa and the Dakotas. Destructive
thunder storms in Lake region and
throughout states of the Ohio valley.
Scarcity of rain felt in the southeast.

19th to 24th—VARIABLE PERIOD.—
Open, clear skies and pleasant, sum-
mer-like days common to most sec-
tion about this time. Rather cool nights
over Rocky mountain highland and the
northwest. Hot and dry at most points
on the Pacific slope.

25th to 30th—RAIN PERIOD. High
winds and rainstorms in the states ly-
ing in the basin of the Missouri river.
General rains in western and central
states. Damp and foggy over Lake
region, the middle Atlantic and New
England States.

Is June Your Birthmonth?

June is the sixth month of our year and contains 30 days. Like many names that have come down to us from the ancients, there is doubt as to the origin of June's name. One authority says the month was named in honor of Juno, the large and elegant wife of Jupiter. Another says the Roman Consul, Junius Brutus, had something to do with christening it, and others say other things, but whatever they may say, June is a pretty name for one of the finest months in the year. In the earlier calendar, say, from the time of Romulus, June had 29 days, but Julius Caesar, in working out the Julian calendar, added a day and it has remained ever since. June is the first month of Summer, and the 21st, the sun goes into the Summer solstice and stays there till the 21st of December. June 21st is the longest day of the year and December 21st the shortest. Poets call June the month of roses, which is both truth and poetry.

June in historical contributions has done very well. The 14th is Flag Day, on which occasion Old Glory should fly from every ridge-pole of the nation: June 15th, King John of England granted Magna Charta at Runnymede in 1215; 17th, 1776, the battle of Bunker Hill was fought; 18th, 1815, the battle of Waterloo. No other month has a history-making combination greater than Magna Charta, Bunker Hill Waterloo. The only legal holiday is the 3rd, Jefferson Davis's birthday, observed in Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Texas and South Carolina. In Louisiana it is called Confederate Memorial Day. It is observed only in the public schools in Virginia. No President of the United States was born in June, but its death roll contains five names, Madison, 28th, 1836; Jackson, 6th, 1845; Polk, 15th, 1849; Buchanan, 1st, 1868; Cleveland, 24th, 1908.

What the Astrologer Says if You Were Born in June

Astrologically June, up to and including the 18th, falls in the third sign of the Zodiac, Gemini, the Twins, and for the remainder of the month, the fourth sign, Cancer, the Crab. Gemini always announces events of a violent kind, but the subject may be providentially saved from their direct consequences. The sign also foretells the existence of persistent enemies who may go so far as to waylay him. His associates may not always be trusted and he will suffer from slanders. Some of his friends will become his bitterest enemies. Towards middle life he will meet with obstacles to his success, brought about by enemies in the church or at law, for which he will be largely to blame. The positions he will occupy will be varied, sometimes of the very best and again very poor, and he will at times have wealth and again have none. His being is unstable and his life uncertain. In the main he will be to blame. Yet both men and women born under this sign will be attractive and winning as a rule. They take things easy and are more or less fickle. They have the

qualities to win, but through their temperament they either do not win or if they do they do not retain their winnings if it requires constant effort. Hard work is not congenial to them and though active in mind and with high tastes, they would rather have little than to struggle for much.

Persons born under Cancer, the latter part of the month, are apt to be close-mouthed and reserved in manner, but of searching mind and good morals. They are changeable and capricious and their friendships will suffer by reason of their moods. They are ambitious to succeed and Cancer will help them. They are clever in business matters and inclined to religion. There will be many obstacles in earlier life, but the chances are in favor of riches at last. The good luck will come after they have passed their thirty-fifth year. Cancer subjects do not look favorably upon marriage and the result is that their married life is not always successful. This, however, depends somewhat upon the sign of the other partner to the marriage. Certainly a man and woman born under

GRAND PRIZES PAID

COMFORT'S Great Subscription Prize Contest Closed

April Monthly Prizes Paid

COMFORT'S Great Jubilee Subscription Prize Contest which opened November 1, 1908 and closed April 30, 1909, including a separate list of prizes awarded and paid each month ranging from \$30.00 to \$1.00 each, doubling and tripling to those who won them month after month, and including 34 Grand Prizes ranging from \$250.00 to \$5.00 each, covering the entire six months' period.

We have paid these monthly prizes month by month, as each monthly contest closed, and have announced the names of all the prize-winners in COMFORT, except the winners of the Grand Prizes and the April monthly prizes, which are printed below.

As many of the April prize-winners also won a Grand Prize, to save repeating, we print the names of those who won both prizes only in the Grand Prize list, and in the April monthly list only those of the April prize-winners who did not win a Grand Prize also.

LIST OF GRAND PRIZE-WINNERS

Showing also the April and other monthly prizes won by them.

Name and Address	Grand Prize	April Prize	Other Month-ly Prizes	Total Won in Six Months
E. Wagoner, Galesburg, Ill.	\$250.00	\$100.00	\$325.00	\$675.00
Alice Winters, Grover Hill, Ohio	125.00		225.00	350.00
C. F. Clark, Le Roy, N. Y.	65.00	50.00	115.00	139.00
Creed B. Morris, Hebron, W. Va.	40.00		30.00	70.00
Rev. L. E. Elliott, Coffeyville, Kans.	20.00	2.00	15.00	37.00
Lula E. Blackman, Atlanta, Ga.	10.00		16.00	26.00
Ada Humphrey, Woodbury, Ky.	5.00	20.00	25.00	50.00
Ellen Larz, Clara City, Minn.	5.00	10.00	1.00	16.00
C. A. Brown, Port Huron, Mich.	5.00	3.00	9.00	17.00
Mrs. Alice Warner, Redwood Falls, Minn.	5.00	3.00	12.00	20.00
Mrs. E. E. Webb, Laurel, Miss.	5.00	2.00	3.00	11.00
Mrs. Agnes Guesz, Memphis, Tenn.	5.00	2.00	1.00	8.00
Nellie V. Pitt, Rocky Mount, N. Car.	5.00	2.00	1.00	8.00
Eva Winn, Denver, Colo.	5.00	2.00	1.00	8.00
Edna Ketcham, Lawrenceburg, Ind.	5.00	1.00	7.00	13.00
L. L. Leonard, Pekin, Ind.	5.00		10.00	15.00
S. V. Carpenter, Richland Center, Wis.	5.00		50.00	55.00
Mrs. R. C. Ford, Blairsville, Pa.	5.00		21.00	26.00
W. H. Ross, Toombsville, Miss.	5.00		6.00	11.00
Matilda Ihrie, Fon-du-Lac, Wis.	5.00		10.00	15.00
Robert Chaffon, Mazontown, Pa.	5.00		4.00	9.00
Mrs. J. W. Bullison, Burlingame, Kans.	5.00		2.00	7.00
A. J. Abshies, Diestadt, Mo.	5.00		5.00	10.00
Mrs. J. E. Hawley, So. Saint Joseph, Mo.	5.00		3.00	8.00
Mrs. B. Vincent, Central Point, Oregon	5.00		3.00	8.00
Edw. H. Ober, Irvington, N. J.	5.00		3.00	8.00
Mrs. Minnie Jones, Northport, Ala.	5.00		3.00	8.00
F. E. Bosworth, Morganton, N. C.	5.00		1.00	6.00
Mrs. H. F. Mahanke, Parkersburg, Iowa	5.00		1.00	6.00
Mrs. Geo. Evans, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.	5.00		3.00	8.00
Mrs. Hattie Albion, Kansas City, Mo.	5.00		3.00	8.00
Mrs. C. H. Theuracher, Bay View, Wash.	5.00		1.00	6.00
Abbie Segraves, Hastings, Neb.	5.00		1.00	6.00
Mrs. Alfred Jefferson, Dunkirk, N. Y.	5.00		1.00	6.00

THE FOLLOWING ARE NAMES OF SUCH OF THE APRIL PRIZE-WINNERS AS ARE NOT INCLUDED IN THE LIST OF GRAND PRIZE-WINNERS; each of these won one Dollar April Prize. Mrs. Florence L. Kitchens, Lanett, Ala. Mrs. Ellen Chase, Roanoke, Ala. Mrs. Paul Lockert, Little Rock, Ark. J. L. Hussey, San Jose, Cal. Ina Lewis, Experiment, Ga. Mrs. Bell Patterson, Mayaville, Ga. Miss Emma Krimus, Boise, Idaho. Mrs. Hiram Bolton, Kokomo, Ind. Mrs. Rinda Dark, Kingman, Ind. Mrs. Ethel Purdy, Savage, Md. Dora Miller Toombsville, Miss. Nancy O'Bannon, Hughesville, Mo. Isadore E. Randall, Rosburg, N. Y. C. C. Carter, Pinkhill, N. C. Annie M. Rogerson, Vaughn, N. C. Mrs. Wm. J. Guy, Manor, Pa. Mrs. A. M. Wilson, Somerset, Pa. Jessie Donaldson, Tillamook, Oregon.

Hundreds of others not named in either of the above lists won and were paid cash prizes for one or more months during this contest, as you will see by looking at the announcements in the Winter and Spring numbers of COMFORT. It has been proved very profitable to our subscription canvassers, to whom we have distributed thousands of dollars during the past six months in cash prizes besides all their regular club premiums. They made big money with small effort.

It is our present intention to announce a similar six months' subscription prize offer next fall; and when we do, we shall tell you more fully how very easily some of these prize-winners won their money.

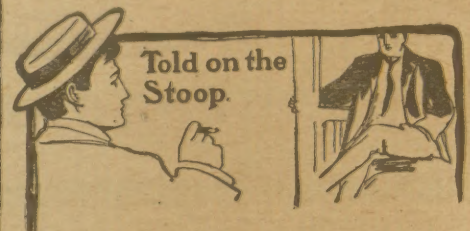
Cancer should not marry. There will be trouble with the children, except the eldest who will be all that could be desired. Changes of residence are likely to produce ill health and if they move to a new country they should be very careful to know all about its climatic conditions. The moon affects the moods of Cancer people.

Bad days for men are the 1st, 2nd, 9th, 16th, 22nd, 23rd; for women, 5th, 12th, 13th, 18th; for both, 3rd, 20th, 26th, 30th. Lucky months for Gemini, April and August; lucky day, Friday, unlucky, Sunday; for Cancer, lucky months, February and September; lucky day, Wednesday, unlucky, Saturday. The birth stone for June is the emerald. Amethyst is a lucky stone for women born under Gemini.

What Do You Think of Comfort?

Is the question which in our April number we asked our readers to answer by filling out the coupon which we printed in the same paper. We offered a list of 101 prizes for best answers.

This prize contest closed on May 10, and we shall award and pay the prizes as soon as we can finish looking over and comparing the many excellent answers which have been sent in. The names of the prize winners will be announced in July COMFORT.



Uncle Sam's Sweet Tooth

"You mightn't think it," said the commercial traveler, "but the American people consume over a million dollars' worth of sugar every day of the year, or say 372 million pounds for the 365 days. That seems like a big lot of money for sweetness, doesn't it? It is, and it is bigger than any other country spends, the United States consuming 22 per cent. of all the sugar produced in the world. Of this sugar 21.3 per cent. was raised under our own flag. Sugar used to be a product of semi-tropical countries, but that is changed since the sugar beet took root in our soil and now out of the billion and a half pounds we raise in northern states—Michigan, Colorado, Utah, California and New York leading. We get 821 million pounds from Hawaii, half that much from Porto Rico, and only 21 millions from the Philippines. The Yankees are the world's greatest sugar consumers, and just why Uncle Sam should be so fond of sweet things is not apparent, unless it is that he has the money to buy cake with while other countries have to take plain bread."

Seven Million Children Missing

"Did it ever occur to any of you that this country is short of children to the extent of about seven millions?" inquired a serious-looking party in gray whiskers. "Perhaps it did not, but that is the truth and I can prove it. The United States in its youth had a birth rate as high as any in the world. That was when the people were nearly all Anglo Saxons. Ben Franklin who was an authority on all sorts of subjects estimated that six children to a family was the normal rate. Now, say 130 years later, the rate is about two to a family, and it is estimated that there are only about three fourths as many children to possible mothers as there were forty years ago. The proportion of our population, composed of children under ten years, has during the past one hundred years dropped from a

A Few Words by the Editor

NOW THAT JUNE IS HERE, the majority of our readers are busy with the soil that will soon, we trust, bring them an abundant harvest. Those things which held our attention during the long winter evenings, books, music and magazines, are for various reasons (many of which we have been unable to fathom) temporarily neglected. The activity of our club-raisers especially, wiles during the summer months. The explanation for this may be largely climatic, for energy usually decreases in proportion as heat increases. However the lure of the stoop, piazza and veranda, is almost as potent as the charm of the fireside, and the book and magazine are as necessary out on the porch or under the apple-tree as by the hearth.

One is oft more prompted to dream than to read, when the birds are warbling to their mates, and roses are blooming, and of course at this time of the year young men's thoughts, and young women's fancies too, for that matter, naturally turn to love; but even allowing for the toil of the fields, the languor of the dog days, the tugging of Cupid at the heart strings, we cannot see any real reason why interest in literature or the zeal of our club-raisers should drop off so completely as it too often does during the summer months.

We would like to suggest to our readers that now is the very best time for introducing this magazine into Comfortless homes. In the winter time one's neighbors are pretty thor-

oughly canvassed for subscriptions, while in the summer time, this remunerative work is generally allowed to drop. The roads are always better for travel in the summer than in the winter, and the horse is more often hitched up to the buggy for social calls between May and September than it is between October and April.

Lord Lytton makes Richelieu in his great play of that name say: "For justice all times propitious, all seasons summer." It is the same with club-raising. Every neighbor's purse contains a COMFORT quarter, and it is yours if you will only ask for it.

One of our best club-raisers has a method that never fails. When she goes visiting she takes COMFORT with her. After a little conversation with her friend she asks if she doesn't want to hear something good. The reply is always in the affirmative. Then COMFORT is produced, and she starts to read something which she has previously selected, and which soon puts her friend in good humor. A little later on she tells what we are doing for the sick and suffering with our wheel chairs, and it isn't very long before tears are standing in the eyes of her neighbor. A few minutes later the neighbor is handing her a quarter, and begging her to get COMFORT for her at once.

Human nature is peculiar. You have got to approach an individual in the right way. To bluntly ask people to sub-

scribe for a magazine is a poor way to get results. First get them interested, read to them, explain what COMFORT stands for, point out its splendid qualities, and results are sure to come, and come without trouble. You don't even have to ask, it is not necessary, COMFORT sells itself.

Do your canvassing in summer as well as in winter. The heat of the day makes the tired housewife all the more willing to sit down and chat with you, and always remember you are conferring a favor on her by bringing this publication to her notice.

The brain must be fed in summer as well as in winter. Literature is not a luxury as it once was, but a necessity. The appetite for literary fare increases as education spreads, and the more people read the more they want to read. The people who once took one magazine now take six; the people who took six magazines now take a dozen. There cannot be too many magazines, too many books in the house.

An army advances on its stomach, a nation on its brain and soul qualities. So dear readers and friends, all times and all seasons, summer and winter, are equally appropriate and equally fruitful for those who want to raise clubs for our magazine, and spread its message in those homes, where too often ains, lessons of brotherhood and sympathy, humanity and love are but little known, too seldom practiced. Let the good work go on.

Comfort's Editor

A WILD ROSE BLOSSOM

By Sylvia Seymour

MISS CLARK'S Sunday-school class was to take its turn in earning money for the furnishing of the new church. Each class in the Sunday school had been given a chance in turn during the past year, and now in the latter part of May, Miss Clark told the girls their chance had come.

"And we must make our entertainment a success," she told the half-a-dozen girls as she faced them that bright Saturday afternoon as they met with her to discuss ways and means.

"Papa will give us any extra money we want to get up a good thing," Ida Strong said quickly and Miss Clark's gentle face flushed slightly. She did try so hard to keep Ida from saying things that might hurt the feelings of those whose parents were not wealthy like Mr. Strong who owned half the village of Mayville.

"I think dear that our good minister would not like us to accept any financial help from your father or anyone else," she said gently. "You know we must do everything ourselves so as to make it a love offering as well as one of money."

Ida tossed her head, but said nothing, while Bessie Pearson, her chum asked eagerly to avert any trouble:

"But what are we to do, Miss Clark?" and then the teacher unfolded her plan, which was met with excitement and enthusiasm.

"I thought it would be so nice for us to give a Rose Festival," she explained. "There are six of you girls and that number of tables will fill the reception-room at the church without crowding it. My idea is to have each table decorated with different roses. Each one of you girls will select a rose as her symbol and carry out the idea of the rose in her dress and table. You will sell roses for an hour, of course at a nominal sum, and then there will be an entertainment. If we can get up some nice things along the line of the flower it—"

she was continuing when Gladys Vincent whose father was principal of school, and who was regarded as the literary one of the class broke in with:

"Of course we can. There are scores of lovely things about roses. We can play all kinds of rose music, recite rose pieces, and we might have a rose tableau," and she clapped her hands.

"Of course we can. There will be an admission of a quarter, you know that is the limit set on all these entertainments, and that must include refreshment. Suppose we end up with rose-colored ice cream and white cake with pink frosting?" and Miss Clark was nearly as excited as her girls.

Cassie Gordon, who was the wonder at school because of her capacity for fairly devouring mathematics, shook her head.

"There won't be enough profit," she said calmly. "By the time we pay for the ice cream, for we'll have to buy it, Mr. Mason has forbidden us soliciting any more ice cream because we have had so many sociables and he says he doesn't want people to think our church is a beggar. We must think of something more to make the people take an interest," and she drew her lips in the firm line they always settled to when she was endeavoring to solve a knotty arithmetical problem.

"But we will sell the roses," Miss Clark interrupted.

"Who wants to buy roses when they have them in their own yards?" Cassie asked scornfully, and Miss Clark sighed. She had hoped so much for her entertainment.

One of the girls looked up languidly. She was the beauty of the class, and no one knew it better than she. Although her parents were not nearly as well off as the Strongs, they endeavored to dress Hilda as well as Ida, and unfortunately fostered the girl's innate vanity. She glanced at herself in the old-fashioned gilt mirror over the black marble fireplace, and thought how lovely her golden head would look crowned with the creamy roses that grew in their front yard and nowhere else. "Why not make it a beauty contest?" she said.

"What do you mean Hilda Markham?" Miss Clark asked.

"Have the entertainment just as you planned, but instead of merely selling the roses, make it a voting contest. I heard of one in Boston. With every rose purchased, the person buying is entitled to a vote for the beauty queen. We could make the roses a cent each, that wouldn't be much but it would amount to a lot in the aggregate," and she was roused out of her languid manner.

At first Miss Clark shook her head, but at last consented to run over to Mr. Mason's study and ask him if he had any objection to their plans, and soon returned with the permission of the clergyman to carry them out. For a few minutes confusion reigned, for all the girls seemed talking at once, that is except one who had not thus far opened her mouth, but sat on the most uncomfortable chair, where the heat of the warm day was felt the worst, little Janie Hope, who scarcely looked her eighteen years. Janie was a cross to the other girls, for they felt she did not belong to them. She went from house to house and did all kind of odd jobs, even washing dishes when the other girls gave entertainments, for Janie was an orphan and had to earn her own living, and as she only knew how to be an excellent housewife, she was not able to enter any business avenue.

"I'm going to take the creamy rose," Hilda finally managed to say, and Miss Clark wrote this down.

"And I'll be a bridesmaid rose," Bessie said laughing and looking at Cassie, who blushed crimson, and covered the diamond ring which proclaimed that before long she would be wearing white ones.

"And Cassie must have the white roses," Bessie continued, and they all joined in laughing and even little Janie smiled. She had been doing some beautiful fine sewing on some of the lingerie of Cassie's outfit, for she was to be married the latter part of June, after graduating.

"I'll be the yellow rose," Gladys said decided. "It will go well with my hair and eyes," and she glanced at the mirror and saw a big sulphur colored rose nestling in imagination among her jet black puffs, and contrasting well with her black eyes.

All this time Ida had been reserving her heavy fire, and to Miss Clark's despair she broke in with:

"I'll be an American Beauty rose."

"But there are none that bloom here," Miss Clark broke in, when Ida interrupted:

"I'll have mamma send to Boston for them," and the other girls felt in despair. The war was on, and it would be a spirited one no doubt.

All this time they had forgotten Janie, but Miss Clark finally remembered her, feeling sincerely contrite because she had been overlooked, and she asked gently:

"What rose will you take, Janie?" and the other girls all hoped she would ask to be let out of the plan, but to their surprise she said shyly:

"I'll be a wild rose, if I may. I can get them, but I am afraid I couldn't any other," and although they all felt annoyed to think a mere weed would be introduced into their entertainment, they had to abide by her decision.

When the girls, all excited over the coming entertainment, and chattering like magpies left Miss Clark's Janie slipped away, but the others strolled down to the nearest drug store and Ida treated them all to soda. They all chose strawberry and as they drank the pretty pink drink, mystified the young man behind the counter by solemnly repeating the toast proposed by Gladys, who could always be depended upon to think of such things:

"To the War of the Roses."

However Max Littleton had something to excite their interest, and so as he made change for Ida, he asked:

"Know Tom Upton is coming back?"

The girls became all of a flutter. Tom was the one excitement of Mayville. For years he had lived among them knowing nothing of parents or history, and then the year before when he attained to his majority it was discovered he was the grandson of one of Boston's rich men, and went to that city to enter upon a large inheritance, with much more money to come to him in the future. There had been a family quarrel that had resulted in his being kept in ignorance of his own identity, and all this made him more interesting than ever.

"Tom coming home?" they all cried.

Max nodded his head.

"When?"

This time Max shook his head. "Don't know, but soon," and that was all they could get out of the soda water man, but Tom Upton shared honors with "The War of the Roses," as they decided to call their entertainment.

Everyone was busy as the days flew by. There was so much to do, for not only did a program have to be prepared and rehearsed, but there were decorations to make, dresses to be fitted and roses to be solicited, but school was closing, and yet in the midst of it all, they all found time to talk of Tom and to wonder when he would appear.

Ida and Hilda were determined upon the same thing. When Tom had lived among them, a neglected, penniless young man, none of them had cared what had become of him, but now he was Tom Upton, grandson of a millionaire, and a very important personage, and unmarried. Ida and Hilda both decided that he would remain so for a very short time after his return, but each girl gave his bride a different name.

However, by dint of hard work, much straining of nerves, and quiet supervision on the part of Mr. Mason, everything was ready the evening of the fifth of June, the date set for "The War of the Roses," and as the people streamed into the pretty reception-room of the church, many were the exclamations of pleasure. As they entered, they saw at the end of the room, the words:

"THE WAR OF THE ROSES."

Each letter a foot high, woven of white, yellow, cream, red and pink roses, skillfully made of crepe paper so that they looked real. There were the six tables, and behind them six girls, while the snowy cloths were trimmed with some more of the artificial roses to correspond with those in tall vases.

In the most conspicuous position was Ida in her gown of crepe de chene of the deepest shade of American Beauty roses. There were dozens of these costly flowers all over her tables, with plenty of smilax. Because of her flowers, the charge for all the roses was made five cents. Unfortunately, in spite of all the expense to which her parents had been put, Ida did not look at her best. The evening was too warm for her vivid gown to be as pleasing as some of the others.

Hilda was more than satisfied with her table, and indeed she did look lovely in her soft creamy Chinese silk gown, trimmed with some old yellow lace that had been in the family for years. Her creamy roses stood in old blue vases that had been her great-grandmother's, and many admired them more than Ida's costly cut-glass ones.

Cassie blushed under her wreath of white roses, and wore the white mull she intended to use as a graduation gown. Her future bridegroom

thought she looked lovely enough to marry right then and there, and took occasion to tell her so more than once during the evening, which increased her blushes.

Bessie, who was to be her bridesmaid, wore the costly pink organdy which was to figure at Cassie's wedding later on, and her pink roses brought out the mischief in her dancing brown eyes and resulted in a proposal right there that evening from the young man who was to be best man at Cassie's wedding.

Gladys was distinguished as usual, in pale yellow profusely trimmed with lace. She was so busy supplying details and historical facts of the original "War of the Roses" which lasted thirty years when the York and the Lancaster factions were pitted against each other when England was a good many centuries younger than today, that she forgot about selling her roses. Gladys did not care very much about winning the prize for beauty. She knew she was not beautiful, and hoped some time to persuade her parents to let her go to Boston and earn her own living by her pen.

Way back in the most inconvenient place, where nothing was seen of her until the others were passed was Janie.

From time to time during the evening, the program was rendered, and it closed with a delightful little tableau, appropriately entitled, "The War of the Roses." Half a dozen little girls, robed in dainty white, trimmed with pink, were posed in the act of pelting half a dozen little boys, also in white, with red neckties, who were crouching behind breastworks of red roses.

The girls had yellow, white, cream and pink roses in their hands and little baskets of them at their feet. The tots, the oldest was only five, were members of the infant class in the Sunday school, and their number was voted the best on the program. The roses were all made of paper. It was planned to keep all these paper roses for future decorations.

It was about the middle of the evening, while the contralto of the choir was exquisitely rendering "Sing Me a Song of the Roses," an old but beautiful song, that a young man entered the church, and with a slight smile upon his lips moved into the brilliantly lighted room where there was so much to attract and charm. For the moment he was not recognized, then the murmur ran around the room:

"Tom Upton's here."

Yes it was Tom, and not very much changed after all, except that now he was well dressed, where before he had sometimes been shabby. There was something, though that distinguished him from the others, although if they had only known it he had always possessed it, and that was a singularly frank expression, and utter freedom from any affectation.

He smilingly bought an American Beauty rose of Ida, scribbled her name on the vote given him, and then asked her to wear it. He begged Cassie for an invitation to the wedding; smiled understandingly at the devotion the future best man was showing to Bessie; pinned Hilda's creamy rose on his hat, and gayly disputed with Gladys as to the varieties of roses used by the white and red factions in the Thirty Years' War.

He had voted for each one of the five girls, managed to speak to half the people at the entertainment, when he caught his breath. For the first time his eyes fell upon Janie and her table. The bright room faded away. There were no more lights, laughing people, beautiful girls. What he saw in memory was a slender, sweet-faced girl-mother, with her arms full of wild roses, nestling in delicate loveliness among their leaves. He remembered that soft, delicate wild rose tint on the cheeks of the little mother who had left him so soon for a fairer land. He had retained this faint recollection of his mother, who had died when he was little more than a baby, and now it almost overpowered him, brought to his mind by a sweet-faced girl standing behind great bunches of these delicate wild roses.

For an instant he did not recognize his old schoolmate, then he cried in glad surprise:

"Janie," and little Janie looked up and smiled, and in her cheek bloomed the wild rose color that he remembered as belonging to his mother.

Tom Upton had gone out into the world, a new world to him, and filled because of his wealth and inexperience with many temptations, but he had held steadfast to the lessons he had learned in this same church, taught him by good Mr. Mason, and he now knew one reason why, he and Janie, because both had been so poor and lonely, had been thrown together more than the others, and often she had sympathized with him when he felt that the world was against him. This was a season of roses, love and marriages. The whole atmosphere heavy with the fragrance of roses, was surcharged with romance, and Tom knew that he loved little Janie, and that he would marry her, if she could be made to love him.

He did not tell his secret with his lips, but his brown eyes looking straight down into her blue ones told the lonely girl more than she could believe, and to cover her confusion she asked him to buy a rose.

"I will if you will pin it on," he returned, and so it was that he wore Janie's wild rose on his light gray coat, and remained by her table. To him the cheap pink lawn Janie had made herself, was lovelier than any of the other costly gowns; the simple wild flowers in their brown crocks, more artistic than hothouse blooms in cut glass,

and Tom came from a family of artists on his mother's side, so he ought to have known.

When he realized that there was a contest on for a Queen of Beauty, he smiled to himself, and just at the close, he gravely counted Janie's each rose and bud, and insisted that there was enough there to entitle him to twenty dollars' worth of votes. Janie tried to protest, Tom would not listen to her. He gravely wrote her name, placed the magic figures 400 after it, pinned it to a yellow-back twenty dollar bill, and put it in the ballot box. When the votes were counted the judges were astonished to find that little Janie had won the battle, that she was victor on "The War of the Roses."

Many were tremendously disappointed, although Miss Clark's face glowed for she saw that her entertainment had resulted in wonderful results. Mr. Mason, perhaps of them all understood, and he was delighted, for he appreciated little Janie's true worth, and he saw that Tom had come back to them unspoiled.

When the result was announced, Janie gave a little cry of dismay, and hid her face in her hands, little hands work-worn in their mission of doing good to others.

Ida's face flamed redder than her gown, and tears of disappointment stood in Hilda's eyes. Gladys smiled cheerfully for all she wanted was a laurel wreath. Cassie did not care, for hers was to be of orange blossoms, and Bessie with ardent eyes of her just accepted lover on her face felt that as long as the one man regarded her as his queen of beauty, nothing else much mattered.

There was a moment's pause, then Mr. Mason said kindly:

"Come, Janie, dear, we are waiting to crown you queen of our little entertainment."

Janie let her hands drop. Her face was pale with emotion, but she conquered her shyness, and coming out from behind her table, she said in that quiet, simple way that was so characteristic of her:

"But Mr. Mason, I cannot accept. Tom just wanted an excuse to give the church a little present. The real beauty of us all is here," and she went over to Hilda, and before any of them knew what she was doing, she led her out.

"Please make her queen of beauty of this entertainment, for she has always been our queen," she said so simply, and amid rounds of heartfelt applause, Hilda was crowned. As the dainty little circlet of roses was dropped on her golden head, she turned and throwing her arms about Janie's neck she kissed her and the other girls crowding up did the same, all except Ida. Filled with mortification she hurried away with her mother.

In the excitement that followed, Tom remained by Janie's side, and passed with her through the door of the church into the fragrant June night, to wander home with her under the lover's moon, that never shines so romantically as in June.

As the two passed from the scene, Miss Clark said excitedly:

"Hasn't this been a success, Mr. Mason?" and Mr. Mason with a dreamy expression in his eyes assented, but he was not thinking of the large amount Miss Clark's class had raised, but of the face of the young man as he bent over the penniless girl, and he knew that his two favorites had gained lifelong happiness in that "War of the Roses."

Told on the Stoop

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2.)

Atlantic steamers and six crossing the Pacific, the others being engaged in domestic trade on all our coasts, with 3,172 on the great lakes. The vessels are about equally divided between sail and steam, with only 1,950 metal ships. But we are increasing our steel output, the past year far exceeding that of any previous year. The time may come when we will control ocean traffic of the first class, but not until our money-men can see profit enough in the business to put their money there."

The Bonanza State

"It isn't often that prestige once lost completely is ever restored," said the man just returned from the mining country, "but Nevada, once known as the Bonanza State has got it back again bigger than ever. The famous Comstock, which panned out over 400 million dollars in gold and silver and gave the state its glory and its statehood, though it has today less population than would entitle it to a Congressman, much less two senators, went to the bad after awhile and Nevada was in the everlasting slump evidently. But in May, 1900 came the discovery at Tonopah by J. L. Butler whose first find showed 1,600 ounces of silver and a heavy proportion of gold to the ton of ore. Butler and two partners leased property for \$336,000 that paid the leasers between five and six millions. With the rush came other strikes, Bullfrog, Goldfield, and others and Nevada got a new start. These are in the Searchlight belt, an area of about 400 square miles. Three years after the discovery at Tonopah the state had yielded thirty millions in gold, five millions of it from Tonopah the first year. Now she is turning out from two to seven millions every thirty days. And it is permanent, too, because, unlike most rich mines, these get better the deeper they go, and the ore is much richer than that of any other gold producing state. In addition great veins of copper are showing up and it is a fair bet that Nevada will yet make good and be one of the rich states of the Union. As it is she is the Bonanza State once more."

A Fateful Wedding Eve or The Pirate's Daughter

By Ida M. Black

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Moonlight everywhere, and Aunt Hope Hastings declares it's bright as day and there is no risk in a ten minutes' run to the village, and she asks Carolyn if she's afraid. She is not, but takes Duke for company. The sands are a little lonely. Fifteen minutes pass and Carolyn is not in sight. Aunt Hope calls again and again. She is startled by Jack Devere, who tells her that King Carl is off the coast and there is a chance to make a cool thousand if they catch him at his old trade. Carolyn, heedless of her danger, goes on her errand. A tall, powerful man places his hand on her shoulder, asking, "In the name of heaven, who are you, girl?" In an instant Duke is at his throat. Carolyn hears the muttered oath and springs to defend Duke when she catches the stroke of the keen blade. She begs to be carried to Aunt Hope and swoons, and the man mutters, "What have I done?" He takes her to the cavern of the cliff. "This once, if ever again can I hold you to my heart. I can press a father's kiss upon your unconscious lips and before God and my lonely heart call you my own."

Dame Trotter opens her parlor to Captain Jack Devere. Pat Burns declares he sees King Carl carrying off Carolyn Durham. He hurls comes to the girl, neither God nor man shall save Burns from Devere's vengeance. Aunt Hope wonders how he came to claim his child? Captain Devere offers four thousand dollars for the capture of Carolyn Durham alive or dead. He springs forward—loses his footing, the earth opens beneath him, and he falls down. Regaining consciousness he finds himself the center of a group of men. King Carl orders Carolyn to take the prisoner into the inner cavern. His life is the forfeit that their law may reach the villain who has Carolyn Durham in his power. Jack Dallas enters. The men swear Devere shall never leave the place alive. King Carl has reason to hate the name of Devere, and he exacts an oath from his prisoner that he will never reveal aught he sees or hears, and as he deals with Carolyn Durham's loving heart, so may heaven deal with him.

Squire Devere calls for his niece, Hortense. He hears from Jack. He has a fall and is at Dame Trotter's delirious from his sickness. Hortense goes to him. Jack's lips move and he whispers, "Poor little Carolyn. Is she safe?" Aunt Hope tells Carolyn of the curse upon the hut of Jonas Devere, and his warning himself in with the Dunhams. She means the Dunhams, of Mrs. Dunham's dislike for him, and of Mrs. Dunham too old and feeble to be left alone. Aunt Hope, as a young girl goes to Oakdale to be company for the aged woman. She questions Mrs. Dunham what are in the great boxes, and she begs her not to ask—they are her husband's. Time goes on, and the woman is slowly dying and looking for a sail that never comes. She whispers a word in Aunt Hope's ear, and she knows where the strange foreign things come from. Master Carroll brings his father to his dying wife. The end comes. Aunt Hope goes to the last sad rites. Devere awaits him in the hut on the cliff and the pirate goes out to his death. Dying he prays the hut may stand in the face of winds and wave until the vengeance of God and man falls on the villain who betrays him.

Carolyn's heart follows Jack Devere. If she could but see him. Aunt Hope advises Carolyn to take a run over the hills. She enters the churchyard and stands beside a moss-stained headstone and reads the inscription:

CAROLYN
Beloved wife of Carroll Durham

Aged 30 years

Carolyn knows a strange mystery shrouds her father's fate. Uncanny of any observer she starts as she hears the old hermit's voice and he begs her to tell him her grief. He knew her mother—he loved her—for her sake he is her friend, and she promises to call on him if she needs aid. Carolyn goes on her way. She meets Abram Hemperly, the sea-captain's son. He is not in his more than she tells—she cannot be his wife. Someone else takes the loaf when he only asks for the crumbs.

Jack knows his uncle's disappointment—the failure to capture the pirate. How can Hortense tell Jack of his uncle's plans—their marriage. Jack admits the reverence in which he holds Carolyn Durham, and Hortense catches a glimpse of Jack Devere's soul. Jonas Devere insists that his nephew marry his niece Hortense. Jack refuses. She knows Jack loves another and he admits his love for Carolyn Durham. The wily old man gives his consent. Jack enlists Hortense's sympathy in his behalf and they go to Aunt Hope's. Hortense asks that Carolyn run over to Devere Manor and keep her from being tired of her own company. Aunt Hope declares she must stay home till she's settled. Jack is unable to repress his feelings. If she isn't thinking of it there are others that is. Carolyn flies to the cliff where she is found by Jack. He wants her and only her as his wife. The hermit overhears the lovers converse. He dare not strike the blow of justice because Carolyn loves a Devere.

Jonas Devere goes to ride with Alphonse. Jack assists his uncle, putting the robe over him. They ride by Aunt Hope's cottage and take a long look at Carolyn, who is unconscious of danger. They drive to town to bring pretty things for the dove Jack sets his heart upon. Returning home Jack gives his confidence to his uncle. What has the poor little dove to fear? Does he not tell her of the beautiful rooms the old man fixes for her. Jack answers gloomily. Carolyn has a dream of being stifled with flowers and buried alive beneath Mount Devere. Alphonse mutters. He is an eyesore to Jack. If Jack is detained he protects the little white dove. A fearful storm rages, a signal is given and old Jack Dallas climbs the rocks to the Fisherman's Hat. He gives a signal. It is answered from within, and he stands in the presence of the Hermit of the Cliff. There is trouble. The men swear if old Devere ain't hanging off the mastheads in less than three days they make off with the ship and let King Carl settle accounts with others. Carroll Dunham, known as the dreaded King Carl, unfolds his life's and heart's history. Carolyn Dunham is his child and she loves Jack Devere. He will not touch the old man's head. There is a woman's cry, "Help, help! Oh, for God's sake, help! Murder!"

Night before Thanksgiving. A severe storm is raging. Aunt Hope goes up to help Jerusha Hemperly, leaving Carolyn to stare after her. Abram may walk back with her. If she cares she can put on her brown merino. The hour is near, she must go to Jack. She crosses the door of her childhood home. The spire of the church rises. The door of the church is open. She enters. A door opens. An old man—a hideous creature claims Jack sends him. He protects the little white dove and draws the shrinking girl to a dark noisome place. Aunt Hope starts for home. Abram accompanies her. She cannot leave that child alone such a night as this. A cry quivers through the darkness. Aunt Hope calls. Where are you Carolyn? She flings open the unlocked door and goes up stairs to Carolyn's room. Abram hears the firm steps falter. Aunt Hope faces him again. "May the curse of Heaven be on him who has taken her from me," she cries. Jack is ready for his bride. Nature is unsympathetic. Jonas Devere drinks with Jack—the wine is drugged, and Jack falls in a stupor. Jonas Devere, gloating over the accomplishments of his vengeance, is confronted by King Carl. All avenues of help of escape are cut off and the Hermit of the Cliff lays bare the base treachery of years and demands his child. The old man falls on his knees crying for mercy. Who is near to hear her piteous cry when she is flung upon the cruel rocks. He wrests from Alphonse's dying lips the damning testimony that nerves his arm. There is a thunder peal—a sheet of flame and Jonas Devere lies dead.

CHAPTER XIII.

LOVE'S FETTERS.

THREE years have elapsed. Dame Trotter was busy in her cozy parlor, attending to the wants of a lady-guest that had just arrived. This guest was slight and graceful, and there was a simple elegance about her plain mourning garments that the village modiste would have attempted vainly to copy. The dark hair banded over the pale face gave it a serenity that rendered a guess at her age impossible; but from the close border of crimped tulle, in her hat, Dame Trotter had decided that she was a widow. And yet, despite the plain simplicity of her garb, there was something so fresh, youthful, and familiar, about the face that met the landlady's

gaze, when she took her supper to her, that she felt that she must have seen her before. "It seems rather lonesome eating alone, can't you? You look quite tired out. We French women do not have your American independence, we need company as much as tea."

"It's very puritanic in you to say so, I am sure," said the gratified dame, sinking not unwillingly into the rocking chair by the fire. "And so your furrrin parts? It—must be drefful lonesome for a young woman like you to be so far away from home."

"I am alone, but one can get used to anything. You have some nice homes around here. I noticed a large, handsome house standing on a hill. Who lives there?"

"I suppose you mean Mount Devere," replied Dame Trotter. "Well, it was a purty place some years ago but now its master does not care if it goes to ruin or not. It is cursed by a dead man's curse, people say."

Madame Marcel, for that was the stranger's name, shivered and drew near the fire.

"And—and did the curse ever fall?—does it hang over the house still?" she asked.

"Yes, 'twas a Thanksgiving eve; I remember as well as if it were but yesterday. Thar hadn't been such a storm in this neighborhood high onto twenty years, and that same night old Jonas Devere, the master in the big house was found dead and black in his own grand house, and his nephew, Jack Devere—half crazed, awatchin' by him. Thar was no sign of cut or thrust upon him when they held the inquest, but a strange, foreign-looking knife was picked up from the hearth beside him. They do say that the blade was rusted as if from blood stains, and hed 'To Vengeance,' writ upon it in some outlandish tongue."

"Captain Jack was held to bail and the lawyers and doctors came down from town yonder, and the papers printed every sort of story but the true one. Some sed that Captain Jack had poisoned his uncle, and some that his uncle had poisoned him. And then, right in the midst of the fuss, Abram Hemperly, ez no person thought then, had an ounce of spunk in him, stepped up and swore that the blood of an innocent girl was upon Jack Devere's hands, and hed hev to answer to him for it."

"They hed a meetin'—for there were things said on both sides that couldn't be forgiven, and they were both pluck to the backbone. Captain Jack got a wound in his left side, and then, when all the quarrel was over, he told how Carolyn Durham, a little girl that lived in a cottage on the cliff yonder, was to hev married him the very night of her death, and how some strange, dark come over him and kept him from her side, and hed sposed the poor girl, in her fright and her loneliness, had wandered off the cliff, in the darkness and storm, and got drowned."

"And was she never found?" asked Madame Marcel, in a trembling whisper. "Poor little trusting one! Did the sea never give up its dead?"

"Never," replied the landlady. "A poor crazy servant from Mount Devere was found dead upon the rocks the next morning, and some thought that the same hand that murdered him was a tryin' to strike at his master, when the Lord himself took the vengeance for his own—for that the hand of the Lord is upon Mount Devere no one can doubt."

"You can't get a servant to live there except Pat Collins, who keeps himself most generally

so full of whiskey that he don't know where he is livin'. And there Captain Jack stays year in and year out, ez solemn, ez grave, and ez mournful ez if he were shut in his own tomb. Lud knows such a life is the worst kind of a doom that could fall on the young and brave, for it's a life that is half death already."

Madame Marcel had risen and walked towards the window.

"You are not well," said Dame Trotter, in a tone of much concern, "you are shakin' like an aspen leaf."

"I—I will go to my room, if it is ready," replied the lady, in a low voice. "I am, as you say, not very well. It is nothing serious. I—I only need rest."

Rest! What rest is there for a woman's weary heart?

Far into the night, Madame Marcel sat by her window, that looked over the moon-lit cliffs to that wooded hill crowned by the cursed towers of Mount Devere. And the voiceless cry of her heart was the same that echoed years ago from the sick man's bedside—"Jack! Jack! Lonely, friendless and broken-hearted as you are, there is one that clings to you still."

It was still early the next morning when Madame Marcel left her chamber, and bent her way over the breezy cliffs to Mount Devere. Sad memories were busy in her mind, if one could judge from the tear-dimmed lashes that veiled her soft, dark eyes.

Three years of privation, toil, and heart-weariness had been for naught. She had fled from Love, he had followed her. Jack was lonely, she was lonely. She must go to him. She had thought to come to her old home, to hear of his happiness, and then pass on, to her old dreary life again.

Three years ago Hortense had buried herself from all her world, and as Madame Marcel, had traveled back to her native land, the poorly paid governess of a purse-proud family, earning her bread by painful, pitiless toil. It had been only a few days ago that she had set foot again on American soil, and drawn by that magnetism, she had made her way back to the seagirded cliffs. She had had no thought of revealing herself to those happy ones whom she believed were basking in the golden sunshine of a love-illumined home. But now this dreadful story that she had heard like one hears the confused horrors of a dream, had changed everything in life for her.

Carolyn, the sweet-faced bride, dead—dead upon her wedding night! Her uncle the victim of some awful, heaven-sent vengeance. Jack, lonely and friendless, dragging on a life even more pitiful in its blighted promise than her own. All night long love and pride had been struggling in her heart. Jack must have guessed her secret. Her sudden flight after their last interview, was surely enough to reveal it. Dare she go to him now, and with the love still immortal in her heart, speak to him as friend, sister? Pride whispered, "no." But when was pride ever victor in such a strife?

Over the storm-swept cliffs, now gilded with morning sunshine, Hortense went, she passed by the little cottage where Carolyn had dreamed away her sweet young life. Her step faltered as she caught sight of Aunt Hope, speaking to a fine, stalwart young man, who had just dismounted from a chestnut-horse, that was nibbling a thistle bush near by, though his bridle-rein still rested on his master's arm.

Neither of the speakers noticed her, so she was an unintentional, though not uninterested listener to the conversation.

"Did you see the man yerself, Abram Hemperly? When it comes to lying for ten thousand dollars blood money, most sailors would do it."

"He tells a straight story," replied the young man. "For sake of old times, Miss Hope, I thought it only friendly to give you warning, of course, I don't ask if you know anything about this pirate chief or not, and I don't want you to tell me if you do."

"I am bound to stand by the law, but it will go hard with him if he is taken—and this traitor means that he shall be. They are fitting up a vessel to search for him now, and there is not much danger of missing the track."

"Let them look for him," she said defiantly, "They won't dare to hurt a hair of his head, even if they do find him."

"'Twill be a charge of piracy," replied the

young man, in a low, meaning voice, "of worse than piracy, of murder! You remember the alarm three years ago when the men were out hunting the cliffs. The sailor swore that Jack Devere was in the Pirate's cave that night hand in glove with his uncle's murderer. They all swore a fearful oath that they would have the old man's life."

"The blood of Jonas Devere is on no man's hand," cried Aunt Hope. "I owe no love to Jack Devere, but they that strive to blacken his name with the stain of murder lie foully. The doom of a dead man's vengeance has fallen on him. When I see him now, I can almost forget my wrongs. And are they bringing the old charge of murder against him?"

"The whisper has never died out," replied Abram.

He paused, for a slight noise attracted his attention, and the next moment he caught a glimpse of the slender, dark-robed woman, slowly toiling up the rocky path.

But Hortense had heard enough—enough to show her that sorrow, shame and peril overhung the beloved one, enough to wing the footsteps that took her to his side.

By the ruined fountain, where years ago the strange hermit had warned her of the fate that overhung her uncle's hearth, sat the master of Mount Devere. Few would have recognized the joyous, spirited youth in the dark, stern, sad-eyed man. It was not grief alone that had so changed Jack Devere, though he grieved deeply for the tender girl whose trusting love for him had led to her death. Remorse added its cruel sting to the barb of his sorrow. When he awakened on that dreadful morning, his throbbing brain could scarce compass the horrors that surrounded him. The powerful opiate administered to him had deadened every faculty; he had seen, heard, known nothing. For hours after his return to consciousness he must have been drinking freely. It would not have been the first time that his reckless spirit had led him into excess. A dull torpor seemed to settle upon body and mind. He was wasting in morbid loneliness, a life that should have been vigorous in noble endeavor.

He was so lost in meditation that he did not notice the black-robed figure, until she stood before him.

"Good God! Hortense! Is it you or your spirit?" he cried.

"Jack! Jack, dear brother!" she whispered, between the sobs that would choke her utterance, "the sight of the change in him—'dear, dear brother!'"

A sudden light had broken over Jack's face as he grasped his cousin's outstretched hands, he would have drawn her toward him, but the momentary impulse was checked by a quick memory, and he stood with the little hands still in his gazing tenderly into his cousin's face.

"Ah, Hortense, Hortense! where have you kept yourself these weary years? How could you fly from me in my hour of utmost need? You are all that is left to me, and I have needed friends so badly. Earth and Heaven alike seemed pitted against me."

"I did not know," she murmured. "I did not dream until yesterday—I thought that you were happy, Jack."

"Barred alive," he echoed bitterly. "Were you happy then, that you did not hear the story that seemed hooted from every housetop—how my honor, my humanity, all were—"

"Hush, hush!"—she shook her head in a little imperious way, that reminded him of days gone by—"I know all that has been said; and Jack, I guess much more. You drank that night, was it not so—drank with Uncle Jonas?"

"Yes, curses on my folly! I have never tasted liquor since. I drank—how much I know now—enough to make me a besotted beast, enough to—"

"Hush!" she said again. "The wine was drugged, Jack. I can see it all now. We must forgive the dead. Uncle was opposed to your marriage. Remember, I warned you that he was relentless. It was his plot to keep you from your bride!"

"His plot! My uncle's plot! You talk wildly, Hortense. I found him dead—have you not heard it?—dead by my side?"

"Yes, God's vengeance is fearful!" she replied, with a shudder. "But it was Uncle Jonas's hand that drugged your wine. Oh, Jack, what a night I passed in thinking it all over; seeing the thousand things to which I was then so blind."

"Tell me all!" cried Jack, in a husky voice, "all that you know. Oh, Hortense, if you could but lift one grain from the burden of my heart, I would bless you forever."

"I bought the opiate myself the day before the wedding, little dreaming for what it was designed. Uncle was so suspicious—so fearful of all around him—that I thought it was one of his fancies to trust me with a drug that taken in large quantities, would be fatal. The doctor had ordered it, he told me, to be taken in wine, and I brought a bottle of it from the cellar to his room, and weighed the drug in his presence. His hand was too tremulous for such a delicate task," and she crimsoned violently, "and I remember his words, though at the time they were incomprehensible to me."

"What did he say, Hortense?"

"He had some foolish fancy about us once," she said with a faint smile, "and his words were to be careful, very careful, as my fortune hung in the scales. Jack, Jack, you do not blame me, surely—" for he had turned away his head.

"God knows that I would have died to save you from this woe!"

"Blame you, my poor Hortense, blame you!" he exclaimed, in a moved tone. "Oh, no, no! It is the doom upon us that all good shall turn into evil, all the tenderest ties of nature into bars between heart and heart. Let us, at least defy this cruel fate, dear Hortense. Trust me as I trust in you."

She could not speak. His pale, changed countenance; his dark, grave eyes; his tone of infinite pity and tenderness—touched chords too deep for human utterance.

"Hortense, in the night of sorrow, we find that star that leads us to the harbor of peace," he continued. "My eyes were once blinded to the sunshine, dear, and I may have wounded that dear heart unconsciously. It is I that should ask forgiveness."

"No, no!" she found voice to whisper. "Spare me, Jack. Think of me only as your friend—your sister. Forget that—"

"Sister?" he interrupted her, quickly. "No, it can never be sister again, dear Hortense. If my life were not so utterly broken—worthless; if there were anything in me worth your acceptance—" His tone changed as she shrank from him, and covered her blushing face with her hands. "Hortense, dear Hortense, if it is not too late to say, come to me, save me; make my darkened life bright with your sunshine and peace! You were my good angel, dear. I cannot spare you again. Stay with me, not as friend, not as sister, but by a dearer, holier name—my wife!"

The sunshine quivered through the dying leaves over the broken fountain—the golden sunshine that steals among the shadows and makes darkness light—the gladdening sunshine, that flings the rainbow athwart the storm-cloud, and changes the tears of night into the diamonds of morn! It beamed upon a new joy in two young, yet chastened faces; it pierced the storm and shadow, and revealed heart unto heart.

CHAPTER XIV.

A HAVEN OF REST.

Far away from the great highways of commerce and pleasure, a little island sleeps upon the bosom of the sunlit sea—an island so small and insignificant that neither geographers nor navigators have taken heed of its situation; and even its existence was generally unknown.

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

What a Bargain! 24 COMFORTS FOR 25 CENTS

But this bargain is not for you if you are not already a COMFORT subscriber, because our new schedule took effect May 30, 1909, and on and after that date COMFORT costs all new subscribers 25 cents a year, or 50 cents for three years, or 10 cents for five months.

These are our regular subscription rates to new subscribers from now on, as previously announced; but for the benefit of those of our valued old subscribers whose subscriptions are now expiring or are about to expire in the near future, we still offer the old special two-years renewal rate, and

For a Short Time Only Will Accept 25 Cents for a Two-years Renewal

We cannot hold this offer open indefinitely, nor do we promise it for any specified time, but shall advance the two-years renewal rate as soon as those who appreciate the favor which we now extend have had a reasonable time to avail themselves of this opportunity by renewing or extending their subscriptions.

Send in a quarter now, before you forget it, and so make sure of this bargain and

Take no Chance of Missing July COMFORT With its Crackerjack 4th of July Story of Ye Olden Time

This thrilling story of love, war, patriotism and devotion will be illustrated by a full page colored picture, and if you wish to know in advance what it is like, just cut out and fit together our interesting dissected picture puzzle on page 22 of this number.

"Hints on Home Dressmaking"

begun in our May number, is a new and important feature of COMFORT. This department, conducted by a talented and experienced lady whose services we have secured exclusively for COMFORT, is of such economic value in the household that it alone is worth many times the price of the magazine. This is one of the

Improvements in COMFORT Promised for the Coming Year

and there are more to follow as fast as we can develop them.

Use the coupon below to renew or extend your own subscription two full years from date of expiration for only 25 cents, now, while you can.

Show June COMFORT to any lady friend who is not a subscriber, calling her attention especially to our Home Dressmaking department, and see if she will not gladly pay a quarter for a year's subscription. Send us her subscription for one year and select any one of our patterns to be sent you free.

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

SPECIAL RATE SUBSCRIPTION COUPON, for RENEWAL or EXTENSION ONLY

Publisher of COMFORT, Augusta, Maine:
I enclose 25 cents for renewal and extension of my subscription two full years from date of expiration.

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June, 1909.

IN & AROUND The HOME

CONDUCTED BY MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON

Terms Used in Crochet

Ch. chain; ch. st. chain stitch; s. c. single crochet; d. c. double crochet (thread over once); tr. c. treble crochet (thread over twice); dtr. double treble crochet (thread over three times); l. c. long crochet; r. st. roll stitch; l. loop; p. picot; r. p. roll picot; sl. st. slip stitch; k. st. knot stitch; sts. stitches; blk. block; sps. spaces; * stars mean that the directions given between them should be repeated as indicated before proceeding.

Terms Used in Knitting

K. knit plain; o. over; o. 2, over twice; n. narrow 2 stitches together; p. purl, meaning an inversion of stitches; sl. slip a stitch; tog. together; sl. and b., slip and bind; stars and parenthesis indicate repetition.

Terms Used in Tatting

D. s. double stitch; p. picot; l. p. long picot; ch. chain; d. k. double knot; pkt. picot and knot together. * indicates a repetition.

Hardanger Embroidery

As some time has elapsed since any of this work has appeared in these columns, in response to requests and many inquiries in regard to Hardanger stitches, this month we take pleasure in illustrating another design of Mrs. Lizzie Warner's excellent work.

All of the stitches employed are very simple, the patterns geometrical and formed by counting the threads as in cross-stitching hence, the necessity of having a material woven in a square mesh.

Mercerized thread, which will retain its luster when washed is preferable to linen excepting for the edge. Dull-pointed needles and a small pair of sharp scissors are also necessary. Hoops for holding the work may be used or not as one prefers.

In beginning any piece of this work, threads should be drawn each way to ensure a perfect square and then great care taken in counting the threads, in working out any pattern, or the work will be uneven and its beauty marred.

Never put a knot in the thread, but beginning from the wrong side, weave the thread in and out through the mesh of the goods and then cover with the seam stitch which is always worked on the right side of the goods.

Seam Stitch

This stitch is very old and consists in going over a certain number of threads a given number of times, then repeating, only doing the work at a right angle.

For example in Fig. 1, beginning at the bottom, four threads are crossed five times, working up and down, then working from side to side, cross four threads five times; repeat again, working up and down. At first only this stitch was used, and large articles were almost entirely covered by patterns worked out in this way, then later the threads were cut away, and in the open squares fancy stitches were worked.

Most all designs are defined with groups of this stitch, see Fig. 2, and should always be taken over an even number of threads, usually either two or four. This square is outlined with a double row of seam stitches the same as are shown in detail in Fig. 1.

In working out any design remember that the corner group is never counted. As has been before stated, each group of the seam stitches is taken over four threads of the canvas, one group across the canvas, and the next group with the length. This point must be remembered if one is to follow the designs intelligently.

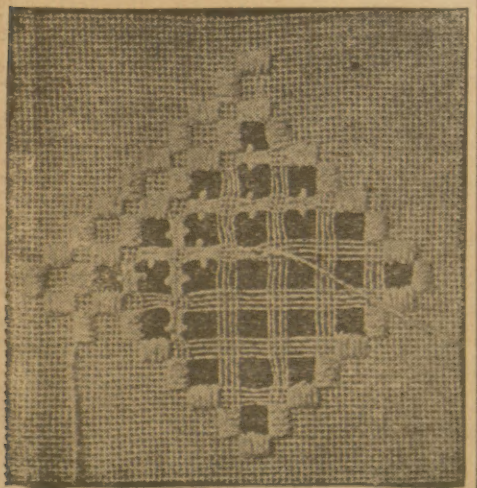
After both rows of seam stitches are finished, the threads should be cut inside the inner row, as shown in the illustration. When all the groups of threads have been cut and pulled there will be alternate squares of open spaces and groups of four uncut threads as are shown in the unworked part of Fig. 2.

The uncut threads are to be woven first across the square and then from the opposite direction. Weave over and under two threads each time.

To make the picot on each side of the woven bars, bring the needle up between two threads, that is, in the center of the four threads of the canvas. Wind the thread around the needle twice, hold firmly with the thumb, pulling the needle through, and proceed to weave. All weaving should always be done on the wrong side of the work.

The uncut threads are to be woven first across the square and then from the opposite direction. Weave over and under two threads each time.

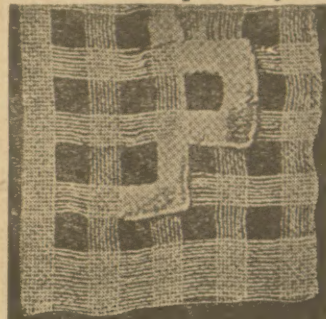
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SEAM STITCH IN GROUPS. FIG. 2.

In doing pieces of this work which requires an edge, such as centerpieces, doilies, collars and cuffs, the outer row of seam stitches, which define the open spaces, is buttonholed as shown in detail in Fig. 3. To do this nicely takes considerable practice, as the corners have to

be turned with practically all the stitches taken from one point.



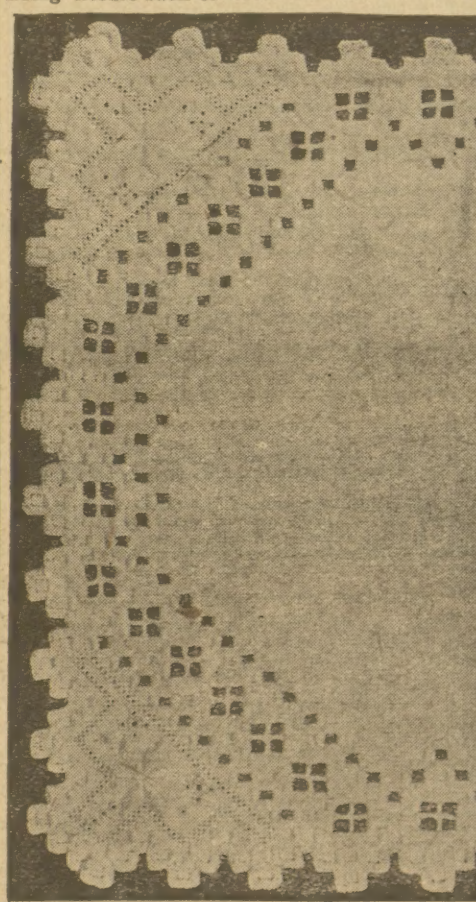
THE CORNERS BUTTONHOLED. FIG. 3.

buttonholing the edge will be much more durable, but it is tedious work, which requires much time, patience and care, or the effect of the handwork is spoiled.

The backing stitch shown in each corner of this centerpiece is illustrated in Fig. 4.

To do this one works diagonally over the threads of the canvas, over six threads as follows: Bring up the needle at the point on the canvas representing the top of the first right-hand side stitch; count two holes in the canvas down and two across towards the left, this being for the center of the three stitches. Repeat this stitch twice in the same holes

bringing up for the side stitch on the left. Bring needle back to bottom of the first side



HARDANGER CENTERPIECE. By Mrs. Lizzie Warner.

stitch made, and repeat the length desired. See Fig. 4 for detail of this stitch.

The star is a favorite design. First, find the center of the space which the star is to occupy, and work an eyelet over two threads of the canvas all around, this forms the center of the star. To make the four double points of the star, start by going over two threads, then three, four, five, six, seven, and eight, and then cross one less each time until only two are crossed. Do this all around, starting each time from the center, until the four points are complete as shown.

Now that directions have been given for doing each of the stitches employed to make this centerpiece one should proceed thus. An eighteen inch square of Hardanger goods will be needed.

Begin by measuring in diagonally from each corner, far enough, so the four scalloped corners can be worked as shown, then the side edges can be planned. In working any piece the difficult part is in counting out the design, great care must be exercised or one will not come out even.

After the edge is planned count and decide just how far in the border of groups of four open spaces must be placed, to have all sides alike. These groups are bordered with a double row of seam stitches as shown in Fig. 2, then the inner threads cut away and remaining cross threads darned, picots being used or not as one likes. On either side of this border, squares are formed by working a single row of seam stitches.

Each corner is finished with the backing stitch running across diagonally and following the outline of the scallops, then, although it hardly shows up in the illustration, a star worked as heretofore described, is added to

each corner and also small groups of eyelet holes.

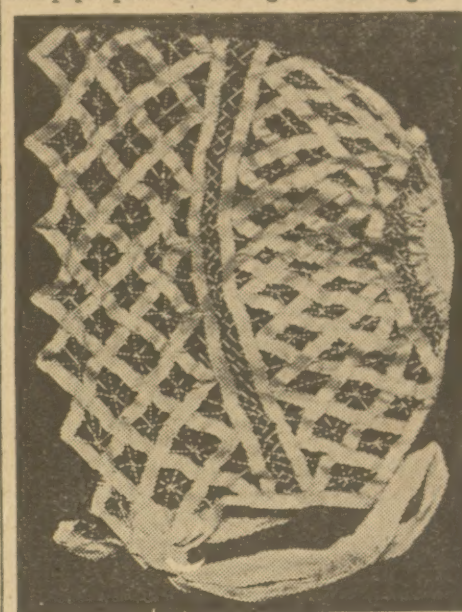
All of the designs are very similar in this work and the beauty of it does not depend so much on them as in the manner in which they are worked out and the care with which the work is done. It will all be found to be very simple when once the principle is understood.

Baby's Cap of Ribbon

This dainty and attractive cap can be easily made and is a change from the usual lace or lawn ones.

One piece of cream satin baby ribbon, a spool of silk and wider ribbon for ties will be needed.

Secure a pattern the desired size and cut a stiff paper pattern allowing it a little larger.



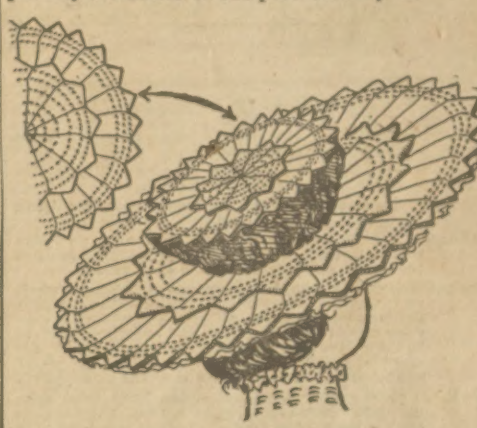
BABY'S CAP OF RIBBON.

Through the center of the front, fasten two rows of ribbon, and brier stitch between. On either side of this band fasten ribbon diagonally to form the diamonds as shown in the

edges with half blocks, pull out the paper and the result will be a beautiful quilt with comparatively little work. LIDA M. DEARBORN.

Home-made Hats

With the first days of spring come thoughts of one's summer hats, and every woman is especially interested in the predicted styles.



HOME-MADE HATS.

This season Dame Fashion decrees that all hats shall be large, both for tailored suits and dressy occasions. Most of the brims droop and the large crowns are either dome like or bell shaped. While expensive millinery is out of the question for many of us, very dainty and stylish home-made hats may easily be developed at home with little expense.

One woman, Mrs. W. M. Knoer, has solved the problem of material by using corn husks, and sends in a very attractive sailor made in a neat, substantial and original way. For a foundation tough brown paper was used, of this cut out a good pattern. Then cut nice white corn husks in strips five inches long and two and one quarter inches wide.

To fold these, find the center of each strip, then fold each side over, as though to form a square, this will bring the two strips together, and instead of holding them just parallel they can be overlapped a little, near the ends, making the strips narrower, so when sewed down they will fit better around the crown.

When enough has been folded for the brim, place in position on the paper so the points will come just beyond the edge of the paper foundation, stitch in place with three rows of machine stitching. Then add a second row of husks to the brim as shown in our illustration.

The crown which can be made as large as desired, is made in the same manner after which it is sewed into position. As the hat would be too heavy to make the under side of corn husks, too, lawn, silk or shirred net with a lace edge can be used.

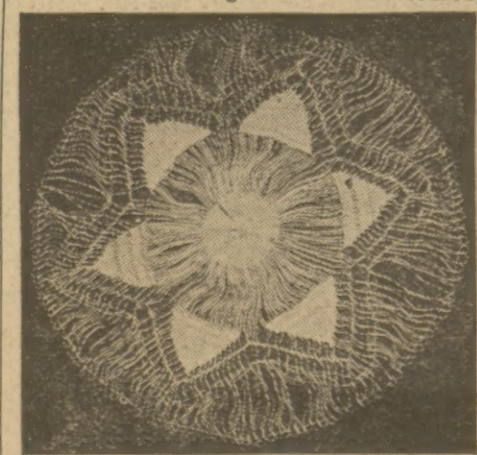
Dyed husks make neat, serviceable school hats for children.

Instead of waiting for this season's corn, crepe paper can be substituted, using it in the same way, such hats will be much more durable than the braided crepe ones, as the machine stitching gives firmness.

These hats can be made in almost any shape and when trimmed with ribbon and flowers are equally as pretty as straw.

Teneriffe Wheel

Wind on the foundation threads as usual, crossing back and forth from opposite pins, when all are crossed, tie firmly together in the center. Then three eighths of an inch from the



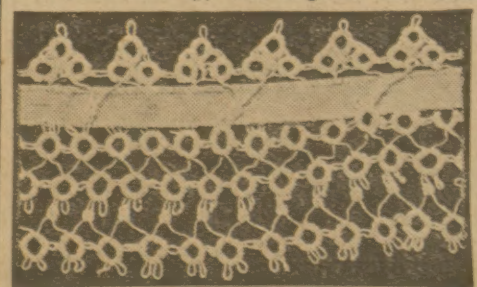
TENERIFFE WHEEL.

center begin to darn in the triangles which form the six-pointed star, using the same number of threads for each. After these are finished, follow the outline of each point with two threads, tying groups of three and three threads together.

Tatted Collar

This pattern, sent in by Mrs. Irish, will lay flat and makes a dainty collar for any garment. Material required, No. 80 thread.

Begin with a ch. of 4 d. s., 1 p., 4 d. s., 1 p., 2 d. s., 1 p., 4 d. s., 1 p., then draw up, * turn and repeat until there is the length you wish; then draw the thread through and make a ch. of 4 d. s., 1 p., 4 d. s., 1 p., 2 d. s., 1 p., 4 d. s., draw up, turn, make 2 d. s., draw through the loop 2 d. s., and draw up, * the length of the band.



TATTED COLLAR.

Break the thread, fasten it to the other side; make a ch. of 4 d. s., 1 p., 4 d. s., 1 p., 4 d. s., 1 p., draw up, then bring the thread through 1st p., 4 d. s., 1 p., 4 d. s., 1 p., 4 d. s., draw up. Then draw the thread down and tie, make 4 d. s., draw the thread through under the second ch., 4 d. s., draw through p., 4 d. s., 1 p., 4 d. s., close. Turn and make a ch. of 2 d. s., draw through p., 2 d. s., and close, *.

Job's Trouble

hexagons together by overcasting on the wrong side, when the quilt is desired size fill out the



Points to Remember

- Always write on one side of the paper only and leave space between the lines.
- Write recipes, hints and requests on separate paper instead of including them in the letters.
- Mail all letters at least **THREE MONTHS** before the issue for which they are intended.
- Always give your correct name and address, as no letter will be published excepting over it. This enables the sisters to write directly to each other.
- Do not write us for samples or patterns of the fancy work which have appeared. When publishing any particular piece of work, we give the plainest possible directions for making and usually illustrate it. It is absolutely useless for you to write for more information, or for samples, or patterns of anything unless stated that they can be supplied.
- As it has come to our notice that sisters have been asking certain sums for information and patterns that should have been furnished free, we here give notice that no charge should be made or money asked for any offers of assistance, or information which have or will appear in any letters here published; should there be, kindly notify us, and the offender will be denied the further use of these columns. As this department is run solely to afford an opportunity for the mutual exchange of ideas, recipes, and helpful information, we do not intend it to be used by anyone for a commercial purpose.
- Do not send us exchange notices; we have no exchange column, and cannot publish them.
- Do not ask us to publish letters referring to money in any way, such as requesting donations or offering articles for sale. Much as we sympathize with the suffering and unfortunate it is impossible to do this as we would be flooded with similar requests.
- Do not request souvenir postals unless you have complied with the conditions which entitle you to such a notice. See offer.
- All subscribers are cordially invited to write to this department and all stand on an equal chance of having their letters appear, whether they are old or new members. As our space is limited, naturally the most interesting helpful letters are selected.
- Write fully of your views and ideas, yourself and home surroundings, "give as freely as ye receive," but if your first letter does not appear, do not feel utterly discouraged. Remember the old adage, "if at first you don't succeed, try, try again."
- Address all letters for this department to **MRS. WHEELER WILKINSON, care COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.**

So many remedies have been asked for and sent in that it seems best to place them in one column, so please remember to write all such on separate paper instead of including them in the letters, and also be very careful to give each correctly and directions for using explicitly. When the name and address of those requesting remedies are given please mail the same direct instead of sending to me to be forwarded.

Now for another announcement which I am really very sorry to have to make. Much as we sympathize with all who are suffering and shut in, COMFORT can only devote a certain amount of space to them each issue. All who desire notices to appear should comply strictly with the conditions given under Sunshine and Mercy Work, and letters should be addressed to Uncle Charlie. Those whose requests have failed to appear in the Sisters' Corner to date should write again as directed, but letters of general interest from invalids will be as welcome in these columns as ever. With the avalanche of letters no one should feel disappointed because theirs appeared in condensed form, but rather very lucky to think it got in at all if they could but see how the mail piles up from one month to the next.

A. T. C. who made inquiry sometime ago, can secure the Bourbon Red turkeys from Mrs. Robert Magruder, Brunswick, R. D. 4, Mo.

Eva Rusk, Clear Lake, Wash., asks both Mrs. Clara G. Moore and Mrs. Myrtle Weldon if they have consulted Osteopaths, as she knows of similar cases helped by such doctors.

Mrs. A. R. Furman, Box 44, Condersport, R. D. 4, Pa., is anxious to hear from some reader living in or near Seligman, Mo.

Mrs. Edgar Adams, I receive many letters similar to yours. Didn't you find J. E. Beard's letter helpful? Why not write him as you did me? His address is Waynesboro, Miss.

The sister from Parkville, N. Y. who wrote concerning Christ's resurrection, neglected to sign her name. It would be useless to ask for opinions on the subject mentioned as they would be so varied, one would be in as much of a quandary as ever; better talk it over with your pastor, or others living near you.

A young mother of twenty-three, is the next to call. Moving from her native state, Arkansas, twenty-one years ago to Ind. Ter., when it was, she says, a wild, lonely place, inhabited mostly by the Indians. In those days I hunted wild turkeys, deer and hogs, and often one would find a spotted baby deer; these I would carry a little way and then put down and they would follow me home. I had several of these pets. Now everything is changed. This is a state dotted with thriving towns and all the country fenced off so differently from the time one could roam for miles in any direction and rarely see a white face. I am much interested in these letters, especially those bearing on the care of children. Experience has taught me it is best not to rock the baby or carry it in your arms while working. If one does it soon demands much attention and will not be quiet if left alone. My birthday is June 30. I would be pleased if some of this band would remember me then. I have some good preserving recipes, and a cure for blind staggers, if the horse is not down, which I would gladly give anyone if stamp is inclosed.

Mrs. VIOLA REILLY, Okfuskee, Okla.

PRETTY LOVE STORY for you in July COMFORT, if you don't let your subscription run out.

Will Mr. Daniel Robins kindly send his address to Mrs. S. S. M., 614 So. Pearl St., Charlotte, Mich.?

Can someone send Mrs. S. Colomb, Standish, R. D. 3, Mich., a small piece of red cedar?

Mrs. Elsie Durham, Mullen, Tex., requests information in regard to ridding her flower beds of red ants.

Surely all you who can help this mother whose only daughter has developed consumption. Send remedies and literature bearing on this disease and if there is anyone living in or near Pines who could offer the girl a home and the opportunity to live out of doors, please address

Mrs. EDW. MILLHEIM, Box 138, Bernice, Sull. Co., Pa.

Mrs. Clara G. Moore. My boy who is now eight years old was in about the same condition as yours. Doctors gave the case up. One of them said it was a systematic disease and only diet, care and toning up would overcome it. After faithfully and patiently working he is almost well, so do not get discouraged. Give iron for tonic, be very regular with meals, giving plenty of milk and eggs, fresh vegetables and fruit, very little meat or fowl, no pork, bacon or candy, little sweets, or butter, plenty of water. Be very careful about exposing him to dampness or getting wet in either winter or summer. Write for further particulars.

Mrs. MOLLIE PATTON, East Bernstadt, Ky.

A Southern sister writes interestingly of "the good old times," relating this incident: My grandmother was a Frier and after she married Grandfather Rawlerson they moved from Georgia to Southern Florida, where they were among the first settlers. In those days such a trip was made in a large two-wheeled wagon, so necessarily, traveling was slow and tedious. On the journey my mother, their first child, learned to walk. Her girlhood was passed as a pioneer's daughter. I have often heard her speak of the experiences of those days. When she was a good-sized girl they were twice compelled to fort-up for safety. As many of you may not know what this means I will tell you. At times when the Indians threatened trouble, all the settlers would gather in one cabin, then they would cut down pines here two sides flat and standing them on end close together thus building a wall all around the room. Every little ways were peek holes and places to shoot through. Mother remembered those thrilling days spent in self defense. How different from the lives we lead now; then, they were alone, away from all kin who, at best they could only hear from once or twice a year. We formerly lived in Plant City but have moved out six miles to Durant, we are trying farming chicken raising, etc. Have an incubator but I cannot make it a success. I tried to follow directions correctly but the chicks would get about ready to hatch and then die in the shell. Can anyone tell me the cause?

Miss Lula Harris. If you see this will you send me your address? I have forgotten it.

Mrs. W. T. HARRIS, Durant, Fla.

This touching appeal comes from a brave old lady of eighty-one, who has passed through trials and tribulations, is now blind, deaf and lonely but still cheerful and thanks God she is not blind or dumb. Surely the sisters can and will help especially those living near. Fifty years ago in the panic of '57 she and her husband lost heavily. In '59 they moved from N. Y. to Texas; there, during the war their home was ransacked of everything. In '82 the husband, Dr. Durr, who was keeping a country store, was robbed and killed. Since then other members of this family have died, leaving this old lady to the care of a grandson. Pieces of any material for patchwork, good reading, seeds and letters would be especially welcome. Please respond immediately. Address Mrs. E. C. DURR, Pampasas, Texas.

A shut-in sends these words to all mothers:

DEAR MOTHERS:

If you wish to gain the confidence of your children be true to them; never tell one child what another has told you in confidence. How unhappy a mother must be when her children cannot trust her. I have seen mothers who never had time to listen to their child's troubles, or if the child asked a question would say, "run away, I haven't time to listen," and as the child grows older the mother will wonder why her children never confide in her. Gain the confidence of your child and the battle is half won.

Mrs. IDA FOYLE, Box 37, Springdale, R. D. 2, Ark.

Dear old COMFORT found me out and now it is a regular visitor to my home. I am a farmer's wife, living twelve miles from town but the R. D.

A Good Idea from a COMFORT Sister

We are pleased to give prominence to the foregoing letter from Sister Safford, living in the State of Washington.

I have always taken great pride in filing away my copies of COMFORT in as good a condition as possible after the family had finished reading them. This seemed to me a very proper and thrifty thing to do, for the purpose of references I would say to myself.

A few months ago I visited a friend who is a shut-in and discovered that while I had been hoarding away my magazines she had been practically without reading matter of any description, being too poor to provide for herself. With a guilty sense of my own selfishness, I lost no time in carrying to her several of the late numbers of COMFORT, and was doubly rewarded to find how many hours, that otherwise would have been cheerless, were made glad, not only by the copies of COMFORT but by the thought that I had remembered her. Then it was that she told me how slowly the hours went by with nothing to change the course of her thoughts, and I decided then and there that I would present her with a year's subscription to COMFORT and that the small amount of money thus expended would never be missed.

Then my friend, wishing to share her pleasure with another, loaned her copies to a neighbor whose many duties allowed her little time to herself, with the result that the good ideas and suggestions found therein proved most helpful and lightened many a burden. This led to a family council and in April they took out a two years' subscription to COMFORT, feeling they could not do without it, and not wishing to borrow each month.

And so you see how far reaching a little thoughtfulness is. Let us not put off, but today think of someone among our neighbors who will enjoy reading COMFORT as we do and with the request that they be returned to us, pass them along that they may learn the merits of COMFORT and add their subscription to the list, and in so doing help our Editor in turn that he may do more for us in the way of opening new departments. The knowledge that we have helped someone will make our day brighter.

passes our door; what a blessing it is! Though I am not loaded down with this world's goods I have good health, enjoy God's sunshine, and the life-giving breath of the pines, flowers and pure soft water are also here in abundance. In summer my garden blooms with roses, shrubs, peonies and other hardy plants, but the winters are long and tedious as my husband works away. I would appreciate a few scraps for quilting. I will return favors.

Mrs. A. L. ADAMS, Boyd, R. D. 2, Wis.

DEAR EDITOR:

I cannot begin to express my appreciation of this dear paper, and as I have received so much benefit from this corner I can keep sent no longer. I have a few suggestions to make.

I have two little ones, a girl of ten and a boy of seven years, and have always tried to manage them and avoid using "the rod." The best way I have ever found is to provide each one with a small book and pencil, in it write their names and every time one says a wrong word or disobeys have the child make a little black mark under its name, it being understood that when they have so many marks you will have to punish them, it is amusing to see how they will watch and guard themselves to keep from having to make a "mark." Try it sisters, and see the result, my neighbors all say that we have the best and most obedient children they have ever seen. I do not believe in whipping children if they can possibly be managed without it. I do believe in controlling them, but I want mine to obey me through love for me not fear and they do.

I hope this suggestion may be as beneficial to some of you, as so many of yours have been to me.

Mrs. LULA BAKER, Blountsville, Ala.

The next writer puts in a plea for children's rights. These should surely be observed and individually in the right direction encouraged.

DEAR EDITOR AND SISTERS:

Like the rest of you I always look forward to the coming of COMFORT. It makes one's work lighter to know that after it is done and the children are in bed one can sit down and chat with the sisters.

My husband and I moved onto a farm from a large city for the sake of our children's health and although we find it lonesome, we can be grateful to see our little ones rosy and happy where they were sickly and peevish.

Many have written on the subject of children respecting and appreciating their mothers. It is true that we cannot love our mothers enough to pay them for what they have gone through for our sakes, still there is this other side—do we always respect our children as we should? I think we are in duty bound to make their lives as happy as it is in our power to do. We are responsible for their being and it is our duty to do the best we can for them.

Too many mothers fall into the habit of scolding and fault finding with their children, and try to order their lives and then wonder why they take the first opportunity to leave home and reproach them with ungratefulness. God gave each one of us a mind and it is wrong for one to try to order another's life. When children become old enough to know, say sixteen or seventeen years, I say let them choose their own occupation, their own path.

Dear Mrs. Withertree. Your letter was beautiful and encouraging.

Dear "old Ladle." I would love to know you better. I am sure you are as sweet as your letter.

Dear Mrs. Hissey. Your hints were more than helpful.

Mrs. MOLLY BEEBEE, Mixer Corners, R. D. 1, Pa.

KIND EDITOR:

I think your idea is good in regard to the Sisters' Corner, but please don't condense too much. We want a social time when we are alone with our beloved paper. As to woman's suffrage, I hardly know whether I want it or not. Many would make themselves ridiculous and imperil child labor, both the small and unborn children would suffer while mothers clamored for their vote. This is what I would vote for had I the chance, laws should be passed forbidding the young and the old to wed. While a man should be the older, twelve years should be placed as the limit. Where the difference is more there is not the companion or comradeship that makes life worth living. The young need young mates, the old are exacting, neither is it as healthful.

As a rule people are more particular about the blood of their dumb animals and fowls than they are about their own children, and it is of vital importance to the welfare of our country that our children inherit pure blood and strong constitutions. I also believe that if in every family the husband and wife would share the burdens of home life equally according to physical and mental strength, and work together harmoniously for the good of the future generation, there would be a wonderful improvement in the condition of mankind.

Mrs. A. D. CHESTER, 401 School and Roch Sts., Fayetteville, Ark.

More letters like Mrs. Chester's would tend to make this department still more interesting and helpful. Let us have your opinions on all important subjects and problems.—S.

Mrs. Edw. Trump, Coal St., Shenandoah, Pa., also believes women should have the right to vote, while Mrs. Josephine Linden expresses her views thus:

I believe a woman's place is in the home; if accorded the right to vote the home will suffer, and woman's energies will be so scattered nothing will receive due attention. While I believe in equal rights I do not believe men and women should have just the same rights. A woman by nature was intended to fill a different sphere from man. Let the women study and think of all the important questions of the day, and become more intelligent, then they can do their part without the ballot, but by advice and quietly influencing the men of their family. In this way we can level our assistance without assuming duties not suitable for feminine shoulders.

DEAR EDITOR AND COMFORT SISTERS:

Will you admit a stranger to your helpful circle? "Aunt Allie's" letter interested me greatly.

A new subscriber who has various magazines every month adds another vote for this paper, and in giving a brief description of her home says:

We are away out here in the mountains, thirty miles from the Pacific coast, which goes to make a healthy climate as we get a soft breeze from the ocean. We are located near the Southern Pacific Railroad in Yoncalla. The valley surrounding is beautiful and a very agreeable place to live in, we are south of Portland. Have not lived here long. Our ranch consisting of twelve acres is set to fruit of nearly every kind, mostly prunes. Our yard is decorated with rose bushes in abundance. There is a nice spring between the apple orchard and the prune orchard. I have named our place "The Sunny Side Mountain Home." From early childhood I have always desired a mountain home and at last my wishes have turned into real gratification. We keep chickens, one horse, two cows, last and least, a Polly, a bird of fine talking qualities, will perhaps tell more about her later on for the amusement of the C. L. O. C. If any of the sisters wish to write me address

Mrs. J. B. DANNER, Yoncalla, Oregon.

DEAR SISTERS AND FRIENDS:

Since Mrs. Wilkinson proposes a bit of a change in our corner, unless I possess to a small degree the winning qualities of a ready writer, I fear I come too often to be welcome, and yet who pray ever did suit everyone? When that happens we may know the millennial dawn is at hand. Most of us come in for a great big share of unnecessary criticism, but perhaps 'tis the thing once in a while to be brought to see ourselves as "others see us," or our own exalted opinion might accidentally run away with us, leaving us fonder of ourselves than anyone else could possibly be. How many of us remember that we must "count that day lost whose low descending sun views from our hand no worthy action done." The present moment is ever with us, shadowing the past and unfolding the future; 'tis well that an all-wise Father did not give us power to see beyond the veil, for were the future visible what would be the consequence? One day at a time and that well spent will at last bring its sure reward. I am as pleased with Mrs. Wilkinson's, as possible and even more so, after having the pleasure of seeing her pictured face and yet sometimes the desire grows great to have a word with Uncle Charlie and his bid-dies, he can't keep them out of the "Pots," and besides I don't think they turn his chicken coop over often enough to keep him comfortable. Tobie, Billie and Maria too all are there, expecting their apartments aired and up to order. Once I heard a Goat laugh and I'm sure Uncle Charlie don't want to hear his Billie if it can be helped, as the sound is more to be compared with Mendelssohn's wedding march as 'tis usually played than anything else this writer has ever heard.

I wonder how my little Scotch friend Margie, up among the Illinois hills, is tonight. Some kind lady reader of COMFORT is sending me a daily paper for which I wish to express my gratitude, as I dearly love to read. All letters, with one exception, from my COMFORT friends bore words of kindest greeting, the exception was penned by a much ruffled stepmother of the Lone Star state, who kicked really before she was spurred, because I remarked that some step-mothers were of the ordinary kind. I humbly crave the lady's pardon, and see that in her case I should have used the word extraordinary, which I do now, trusting that peace is restored.

Mrs. Wilkinson. If you know of any widows up there with four children please try to send them this way as the matrimonial broom swept the last specimen from among us only a short while ago, and we wish to replenish for the sake of those not yet comforted. With love to some and best wishes to all.

EMMA LEE OLINSTEAD, Maxton, N. C.

DEAR COMFORT SISTERS:

I have taken COMFORT for several years and look forward each month with great pleasure to its arrival. We moved here from San Angelo, Texas; our home is situated on a little hill three hundred yards from the P. V. & N. E. Railroad and one mile from the little town of Kenna, where we have a new Methodist church and nice schoolhouse and where we have two Sunday schools and church each Sunday. I am very happy in my home with my little girl of seven and little boy of six and my John, who is a M. E. preacher.

I think every poor man or every man who is renting land ought to come here and get a home of one hundred and sixty acres from the government, it only costs sixteen dollars to file a claim of government land. I would be pleased to receive anything in the way of shrubbery or vines to put on my New Mexican home. We think this is the best country and people are coming here by the hundreds, I wish all the sisters much happiness. All letters will be cheerfully answered.

Mrs. GERTRUDE WILLIAMSON, Kenna, New Mexico.

DEAR SISTERS:

I have been keeping house for seven years, and like it very well, though I have had some trying experiences.

Will some of the girls who have had to take a mother's place in their homes, please write me, as I have had that task. Now, my sisters are almost grown, but they mind me just as any dutiful child does its mother.

Girls do you realize what an influence you have? Do you ever stop and think what kind of an example you are setting for younger girls?

Don't grieve your mothers with your folly and neglect, for she is the dearest friend you have on earth, and when once gone we cannot bring her back. The memory of a good mother is a blessing always.

J. A. D. I certainly second your motion in regard to wearing comfortable clothes. I could not live with anything very tight.

Could anyone send me the poem entitled "Troubles in a Woman's Family," and also the dialogue containing these words:

"Now Saint Peter,

You can plainly see

That the gate of Heaven

Is open to me.

But my old man,

I regret to say,

Hasn't walked exactly

In the narrow way.

He smokes and swears,

Many faults he's got;

And I don't know whether I

Will get to Heaven or not.

I will return the favor in any way possible.

MISS EVA J. JONES, Montgomery, Miss.

DEAR COMFORT READERS:

Why is it after you have thought over all the good things you might say were you given proper time and space, and then when you grasp your

We are working hard to get you up a large, special MID-SUMMER SHORT STORY number of COMFORT for August with a whole bunch of nice, bright short stories. But it will do you no good if you let your subscription run out now.

willing pen the thoughts once free are slaved again? Why is it I repeat? Let those who can make reply.

I have been taking COMFORT (by reading it) for as long a period as any of my sisters, who are of my age, for fully fifteen years. I have been acquainted with this wonderful magazine and there is something remarkable in the tenacious grip in which it holds its friends, though after you review its Table of Contents you are reminded of that story of Goldsmith's, "Still the wonder grew that one small head could carry all he (or it) knew." The amount of valuable, reliable information this paper carries for the anxious

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 11.)



LEAGUE RULES: To be a comfort to one's parents. To protect the weak and aged. To be kind to dumb animals. To love our country and protect its flag.

COMFORT for one year and admittance to the League of Cousins for only 30 cents. Join at once. Everybody welcome.

CONDUCTED BY UNCLE CHARLIE

THIS is the month of brides and roses. Billy the Goat expects to be a June bride, but his fiancée threw him down at the last moment, as she discovered that Billy had a wife by the name of Ann-Gora in another state. I expect to be a June bride myself this month, as I have had a proposal even though it isn't Leap Year. It was such a lovely proposal that I just can't keep it to myself. If I don't tell somebody I'll bust, and as Maria has just got a nice new spring carpet on the floor, consisting of three flour sacks and a bunch of hay I wouldn't like to burst and spoil it. The father of a young lady who fondly expected to make me her June bride came round to my chicken coop and after kicking in the door proposed to me, yes, proposed to knock my block off, dissect me in a million pieces and scatter my carcass to the four winds of heaven. I declined his proposal so I can't be a June bride.

A great many people write in and ask me what they are to do to get wheel chairs for themselves and their friends. The first thing you have to do is to send references, so that we may know you or your friends or the persons you are interested in are worthy. You will be astonished to know how hard it is to get wheel-chair applicants to comply with this simple request. In nearly every case I am forced to write, and implore people to send references before they will do so. Scores write me and say: "I wrote you three months ago for a chair and haven't got one yet. Why don't you send it?" They forget that scores of others are also clamoring for chairs. We have from thirty to forty applicants for these indispensable articles every month, but the best we have been able to do is to give away four a month, so that means that thirty-six people at least must be disappointed every month. I list the applications as they come in. I am trying to see that the chairs are as fairly and evenly distributed as possible, as I am very anxious for the day to come when I can tell you that there is a COMFORT wheel chair in every state in the Union. We get five times as many applications for chairs from North Carolina (this also applies to shut-in appeals) than from any other two states. At the time of writing (April 15) we have sent out thirty chairs. Of these N. C. has had five, twenty-five other states have had one each. So applicants from the Tar Heel state must exercise patience, as we cannot let any one state have the monopoly of these eagerly-sought-for articles. If the wheel-chair applicants cannot wait their turn there is only one thing for them to do, and that is to enlist the services of their friends, and induce them to get up a club of 250 one year subscriptions to COMFORT, then of course we can send the chair. But it is impossible to send out the chairs faster than the subscriptions come in. I trust I have made this matter plain to you all. The persons who send references will always receive the first consideration. Appeals without written references (names of people don't count) are destroyed.

In summer club raises seem to lose a good deal of their energy. Why this should be I don't know, for though people are busier in the summer than in the winter, the weather permits them to get around a good deal more. Thousands of our readers will have birthday anniversaries occurring in their families during the summer months. The best birthday present you can possibly give to young or old is a copy of Uncle Charlie's poems. It is the ideal gift book. Realization seldom comes up to anticipation in this world, and generally the things which we fancy are going to be so great, grand and glorious turn out to be very ordinary articles after all. This however is not so with this book of verse. You will find it ten times better in every way than you anticipated, and the handsome volume can be obtained with the author's autograph for only four yearly subscriptions to COMFORT at twenty-five cents each after May 30, when the subscription price advances to twenty-five cents.

Let me repeat the old warning—don't send subs to our secretary. Don't send nickels and ask to be admitted to the League. It costs thirty cents now (since May 30) to become a full-fledged League member—twenty-five cents for COMFORT for one year, and five cents for our handsome button and certificate of League membership, and to have your name and address added to the list of cousins desiring correspondence. This is because our good publisher found it necessary to raise the subscription rate of COMFORT to twenty-five cents a year on the thirtieth day of May. I have been expecting this or a larger advance in price as I have noticed through the past year how much the magazine has improved and how much Mr. Gannett has been giving you for your money, and I have wondered how on earth he could afford to do it when I compared COMFORT with the other papers and magazines. Just think what he has given you for twenty cents the past year; more pages, more and better short and two-part stories and special articles, new departments added, and then those splendid special occasional numbers such as the Jubilee-Souvenir, the Washington and Lincoln, the Inauguration and the Easter number. No other paper or magazine gives anything like so good nor nearly so much for the money. My only surprise is that he did not have to raise the price to fifty cents, for COMFORT would be cheap at that. I don't see how he could give you those great thirty-two and thirty-six page special numbers this last fall, winter and spring for less than two cents each, and even at the new price COMFORT will cost you only a trifle over two cents a month. I doubt if you could buy the unprinted paper and wrappers in small quantities at that price. And now Mr. Gannett promises a still better paper this coming year, and I know he has his plans made to do it. That is what I asked you all in May to write and tell him what you think of COMFORT and what improvements you could suggest. If you have not already answered, you ought to do so at once.

There is no profit for anybody in that five cents (besides the twenty-five cents subscription) which you pay for League membership. The button, membership certificate, correspondence list and postage more than eat it all up.

If you want your name on our correspondence list, you must write your name and age on a separate slip of paper. Putting your request for correspondence in the middle of a ten-page letter, and expecting me to write your name, age and address on a separate slip of paper is just your foolishness on your part, and the result is your letter goes down Billy the Goat's throat, and it is your own fault that it lands there. Now we'll read some of the nice letters that have come in since our last meeting.

RAVALLI, MON.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: Here is another girl of the Golden West, with dark eyes brown hair five feet and eight inches and a half tall, weighing one hundred and fifty pounds

and twenty years old. I live on the Indian reservation and in the buffalo country. Last year they shipped from the little town we live in to Canada, three hundred head of buffalo and this spring they intend to ship between two or three hundred more. My father and brothers took the contract last September to build a fence to corral the buffalo and I went out to their camp to cook for the men. Papa had from fifteen to twenty men working all the time, and they were five weeks building four miles of fence and they also made a boom across the river. Do you know what a boom is? It consists of logs fastened together and reaching across the river, then fastened on both sides of the river so that when they drive the buffalo in the river, they cannot escape by swimming up or down the stream. I got awful lonesome out there, sleeping in a tent, and the only girl out there. All the rest were men. All we could see were wild horses, buffalo and cattle, and hear the coyote's howl at night. We were twenty miles from a ranch and about twenty-five miles to a town and the day I left camp I rode on horseback, the horse the only companion I had. I rode a distance of forty miles. I left the camp at three o'clock in the afternoon and reached Ravalli at nine-ten that evening. At about eight o'clock, it got dark—so dark I could not see the road and I had to ford two creeks after dark, and when I got within five miles of home I got lost and was wandering over the hills for about half an hour. But I wasn't the least frightened, only once that afternoon when I rode within fifty yards of seven buffalo. Well my poor horse had to run at least two miles at his best speed. You know Uncle Charlie, the buffalo are running wild just the same as they did when the Indians used to kill them. Many people think they are in a pasture. I forgot to tell you when we went to camp we forded a river about one hundred and fifty wide and from fifteen to thirty feet deep and we had six horses swim across it, and the water is very cold and the river swift. I guess I will close, Uncle or you will not be able to find space for what I have written. I could tell you lots about the Indians and the beautiful scenery. Uncle come out and you and I will have a gallop over the hills and prairies, for anything I dearly love to do is ride horseback. With love and greeting for yourself and shut-ins, I remain,

ANNIE ETHELL.

Annie, I am charmed with your letter, and as I am an old Montanian myself, any letter from your state fills me with a state of excitement. Indeed you are a daughter of the Golden West, and a remarkable daughter at that. With dark eyes and brown hair five feet eight and a half inches tall, you would be remarkable anywhere, Annie, let alone in the pulsating metropolis of Ravalli. With eyes and hair of that proportion you ought to be able to see a great deal, and get away with a Merry Widow hat without indulging in rats. Your experience with the buffalo, and the shipping of those splendid animals to Canada, is more than interesting, it is thrilling. Strange that I never saw anything in the papers about it. The buffalo must have been growing very fast since I was in Montana, for at that time, including the herd in the National Park I do not think that there were four hundred head in the whole state, and outside the herd on government land, all the rest were, as far as I was aware, in captivity. I know some effort has been made to preserve this noble animal from extinction, and from your letter I gather that the experiment must have been prodigiously successful. Fearing that the buffalo or Bison Americanus, would become extinct, the National Museum of the United States sent out an expedition to collect a few specimens in view of this contingency; and the report furnished to the Museum in 1886 (that is twenty-three years ago), shows what difficulty the expedition had in fulfilling its mission, in consequence of the extermination of the buffalo having been already so nearly effected. The report states: "It is firmly believed by good authority, that there are not now more than fifty to one hundred buffaloes in the whole of Montana, where this animal used to be remarkably abundant, outside of the National Park, where there are probably from two to three hundred head." I was in Ravalli seventeen years ago Annie, and though I did see some Flathead Indians, I didn't see any buffalo. Maybe they were all hiding in that hair of yours, five feet eight and a half inches tall.

Oh, I forgot, you were only a little girl three years of age then. I thought the Indians were more in the habit of killing than breeding buffalo. Are you sure, Annie, that those seven buffalo that chased you weren't steers that had a hump. I imagine is a great thing, and fright often stimulates it to extraordinary proportions. A squirrel chased me up a tree once in Montana and I was so scared I thought it was a grizzly bear. Now Annie, if you will kindly explain this resurrection of an extinct animal in your vicinity I shall be greatly obliged. I feel confident the whole American nation as well as the readers of COMFORT will be interested in any facts you can give us on the subject. You might send us a few newspaper extracts, as we are all hungry for information. Billy the Goat was visiting his aunt out in Montana at the time you mention you were shipping buffalo, and he says he is under the impression that you mistook him for a buffalo. How about that? Perhaps Annie you refer to Chief Pablo's herd and if so, then I take it all back. What a shame the U. S. government allowed the Canadian authorities to buy Pablo's grand herd for their great Rocky Mountain Park! The Canucks got ahead of us for once.

CHESTER, R. D. 2, S. C.

DEAREST UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: Delighted! I assure you, I am five feet six inches tall, have light golden hair and blue eyes, and was nineteen last October. I'm still enjoying single blessedness, and have no desire to change, it for "double cussedness." Uncle Charlie, I am thinking of going to a hospital,

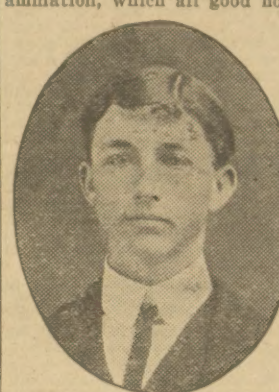
The Magdalene Hospital in Chester, and learn to be a trained nurse. What about it? Would you, if you were me? My father has just returned home from there. He had a severe operation and the nurses told him that I could make more money at that than at anything else. My mother is an invalid, and you see, father will not be able to do anything for several months, and I feel like I must do something to support them. I have one brother, older than I, and one sister, younger.

We live in the country, about fourteen miles from town. We live in a "big white house on a red hill." That is the description everyone gives of this place. Uncle Charlie you must come to see me, on this red hill, but, please, dear Uncle, come when it is dry, for if you come when it is wet, I'm afraid you would get "stuck-up" and would not be able to superintend the C. L. O. C. and what would we do without you.

Hoping to see my letter in print, and with very best wishes, I am your loving niece and cousin.

MARY C. CLARK. (No. 23,085.)

Mary, as regards your being a nurse, probably I can advise you better on that subject than most people as I spent six years of my life in hospitals, great big New York hospitals at that, to which girls come to be nurses from all over the United States. If you want to assist your family financially, don't be a nurse, as your training would take three years and not many girls can afford to wait three years before they can make a dollar. During hospital training a nurse is allowed five dollars a month, a sum sufficient to pay for postage, car fares, and an occasional pair of gloves, and that is about all. As a rule trained nurses are girls of education and refinement. Without the education, they cannot pass the examination, which all good hospitals insist on before a girl is allowed to enter for training. The life is the hardest life in the world. The most menial and revolting tasks are given a girl to perform. About a third of the probationary nurses after two or three days of hospital experience, run home to mother with all the romance knocked out of them. Most girls have an idea that all a hospital nurse has to do is to wear a coquettish cap and a swell white uniform, and sit down by the bedside of a nice looking young man, hold his hand with the left hand, fan him with the right, and write home to his folks with the other. As a matter of fact, you neither hold hands, fan faces or write letters in a hospital. You are not allowed to express a word of sympathy with anybody. If you feel sympathy you must keep it bottled up. You've got to work at a ninety-mile an hour clip all day long, with the exception of the two hours allowed for rest, and subtracting that you still have ten hours of the most terrific labor to perform. You walk miles in the course of a day up and down a long ward. You are fed on food that a decent dog would turn up his nose at, and when night comes you are ready to drop into your bed exhausted. If you are at all heavy on your feet keep out of a hospital. It's only a place for trained athletes and Marathon runners. There's a head nurse who will nag and scold, and a superintendent who will break your heart. If you look cross-eyed at a good-looking doctor, you'll get fired. After you get your diploma, that is if you don't fall a victim to some of the many diseases with which you come in contact before your time is up, you'll be ready to take up private nursing at from twenty-one to twenty-five dollars a week. Every nurse dreams of and longs for the time when she'll be handling that little "twenty-five per." But hard though hospital life is, private nursing is infinitely harder, and there's scarcely a nurse in the land who wouldn't rather work in a hospital or institution for thirty dollars a month (the price usually paid to graduate nurses in hospitals), than get four times as much, nursing in a private family. In private nursing you never know what you are up against. You are never called unless the case is a very desperate one, and you're expected to work both day and night. If you ask for two hours off to get a breath of fresh air, you're reported to the doctor and another nurse is put in your place. Every member of the family butts in and questions your methods and criticizes your actions, and the whole bunch turn up their nose at you, as though you were dirt. I know scores of rather nice-looking married young doctors they met in hospitals (for love finds a way in spite of rules and regulations), or married their patients. Of the other half, fifty per cent, have quit the business in disgust, and the other fifty per cent, are hoping and praying for some means of getting out of a profession which they utterly dislike. Some day I will tell you some of my hospital experiences. They would fill a book. Nursing, Mary, may have more charms in Southern Carolina than it has in this New York district. It's a good profession—to keep out of, unless you have the strength of a horse, the vitality and digestion of an ostrich, the patience of Job and a long pocketbook to tide you over the first three years of hospital training, and let me add that if the trained nurse keeps a busy five months out of the twelve she is a lucky woman. There is only a very small income in it at the best, and then remember you have to give up three of the best years of your life, so think before you leap.



J. N. WALTON, Rising Star, Texas.

side of a nice looking young man, hold his hand with the left hand, fan him with the right, and write home to his folks with the other. As a matter of fact, you neither hold hands, fan faces or write letters in a hospital. You are not allowed to express a word of sympathy with anybody. If you feel sympathy you must keep it bottled up. You've got to work at a ninety-mile an hour clip all day long, with the exception of the two hours allowed for rest, and subtracting that you still have ten hours of the most terrific labor to perform. You walk miles in the course of a day up and down a long ward. You are fed on food that a decent dog would turn up his nose at, and when night comes you are ready to drop into your bed exhausted. If you are at all heavy on your feet keep out of a hospital. It's only a place for trained athletes and Marathon runners. There's a head nurse who will nag and scold, and a superintendent who will break your heart. If you look cross-eyed at a good-looking doctor, you'll get fired. After you get your diploma, that is if you don't fall a victim to some of the many diseases with which you come in contact before your time is up, you'll be ready to take up private nursing at from twenty-one to twenty-five dollars a week. Every nurse dreams of and longs for the time when she'll be handling that little "twenty-five per." But hard though hospital life is, private nursing is infinitely harder, and there's scarcely a nurse in the land who wouldn't rather work in a hospital or institution for thirty dollars a month (the price usually paid to graduate nurses in hospitals), than get four times as much, nursing in a private family. In private nursing you never know what you are up against. You are never called unless the case is a very desperate one, and you're expected to work both day and night. If you ask for two hours off to get a breath of fresh air, you're reported to the doctor and another nurse is put in your place. Every member of the family butts in and questions your methods and criticizes your actions, and the whole bunch turn up their nose at you, as though you were dirt. I know scores of rather nice-looking married young doctors they met in hospitals (for love finds a way in spite of rules and regulations), or married their patients. Of the other half, fifty per cent, have quit the business in disgust, and the other fifty per cent, are hoping and praying for some means of getting out of a profession which they utterly dislike. Some day I will tell you some of my hospital experiences. They would fill a book. Nursing, Mary, may have more charms in Southern Carolina than it has in this New York district. It's a good profession—to keep out of, unless you have the strength of a horse, the vitality and digestion of an ostrich, the patience of Job and a long pocketbook to tide you over the first three years of hospital training, and let me add that if the trained nurse keeps a busy five months out of the twelve she is a lucky woman. There is only a very small income in it at the best, and then remember you have to give up three of the best years of your life, so think before you leap.

BOX 22, WILLOW HILL, R. D. 3, ILL.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I am a boy fourteen years old. I have red hair, blue eyes. I am five feet six inches tall. My weight is one hundred and forty-seven and one half pounds. My birthday is the 25th of July. My mother's birthday is on the same day as mine. My father gave my mother and me a birthday dinner last July. There were nearly one hundred and fifty guests. We live within four miles of the Illinois oil fields. I live on a farm two miles east, half mile north of Willow Hill. The railroad runs within one hundred and fifty yards of the house. There is a small creek that runs through our farm. My father is a school teacher.

I have two dogs, they will work like horses. I use them for my team. I have one goat. One does not make a good team so I do not work him much. I take my dogs and go a rabbit hunting. I caught six with them one day in about one hour. There was a fox along the creek the other day and three of our neighbors' boys caught it. There is another one in Northfork bottoms. They have been in here about a year. They are the first seen in this country for about twenty-five years. They are going to have a fox chase in a few days as soon as they can get ready. I go to school every day. Our schoolhouse is a two story house. It has two school rooms and two halls. Its name is Ping Town. Uncle Charlie, can you ride horseback? I remain as ever a true friend.

MARVIN HARRISON.

Glad to hear from you, Marvin. Red hair may not be a blessing to you in Illinois, but it would be if you lived in these icy regions. It would help you to keep your head from getting frozen. Nature should endow every man who lives in Maine with red hair, so that his head in winter time can become a portable stove—such things are needed up here. I am sorry your father and mother did not invite me to that birthday dinner. One hundred and fifty guests is quite a bunch for one meal. I am delighted to hear that your father is a "school treasure." Why do they treasure your father at school? I should imagine your father's schooldays were over long ago. My mother called me a treasure when I was sent to school, but everyone else called me an

infernal nuisance. Does papa still go to school, and does teacher call him the treasure of the school? I hope you will explain this school treasure business, Marvin, as I hardly know what you mean. I hope because your dogs are willing to work like horses that you don't overwork them. Overwork might drive them mad, and you might get a nice case of hydrophobia. In your report about the foxes, it is evident your neighborhood is getting quite foxey. You ask if I can ride horseback? Sorry to say I can't do much in that line these days. I thought once on a time that I could make an easy living on the race tracks backing horses, but I soon got cured of that streak of degeneracy. I backed just one horse. I backed him into a fifty dollar plate glass window, and got arrested for disturbing the peace. If you'd seen that glass you'd have thought I had been disturbing the pieces instead of the peace. The store I happened to back the horse into was unfortunately a feed store, the horse ate two tons of hay before they could get him out of the store. That cost me thirty-two dollars more. You couldn't hire me to back another horse. I was never cut out for a sport.

MILTON, OKLA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: I received my membership card and button and I think they are fine. I am five feet six inches tall, weigh one hundred and thirty-six pounds, am sixteen years old, light brown hair, and in seventh grade. Well Uncle I have lived in Indian Territory all my life till November, 1907, when it was admitted as a state with Oklahoma. My father helped to write the constitution and was a senator of the first and second Legislature of Okla. I am a farmer and pretty good one at that, so they say. I live in the grandest state in the Union, I think. This state is democratic and that is what makes it so great. Hoping to see this in print, I remain, your loving nephew,

FRED SORRELL.

Fred, I am proud to hear from a distinguished son of a distinguished father. I am deeply interested in the fact that your father helped to write the magnificent constitution of Oklahoma. I wish every state in the union had a constitution half as good. The people of Oklahoma are going to keep the power of the government right in their own hands, and not to hand it over to a bunch of political grafters. The masses of the people carry all the burdens of government, but have nothing to say as to how they shall be governed. That is all decided by political machines who receive their orders from corporations. We had a beautiful specimen in Congress of this recently when twenty-two Democratic members of the House of Representatives bolted their party at the instruction of a Tammany Hall senator, who is known the country over as a Standard Oil representative, and the result of that bolt is that a tax which the government was going to put on oil for revenue purposes, and which was a part of the tariff program was nullified. That is the instance shows what little voice the people have in their own government. If we had the right of recall (and we shall have it in a few years), that particular bunch of misrepresentatives would have been degraded, turned out of office and real men sent to take their places. The men who wrote the Oklahoma Constitution, knowing the power of gold and the weakness of human nature, have kept the political power in their own hands, and made their representatives their servants and not permitted them to be their masters. Fred, now that your father has done so well by your native state, I wish to heaven you would induce him to write me a new constitution as the one I've got is worn out. My constitution always was on the blink, its ragged edges, worn in the middle, and ossified on the sides. Tell your father to write me in a nice, strong, real juicy constitution, with lots of hair, a brand new set of steak masticators, a copper-lined grub tank that won't wear out, one that can pulverize one of Maria's biscuits, and do it up in about twenty rounds, a nice new pair of legs that can hit the pike at a five mile an hour clip, two beautiful new-lungs tied with pink bows, and warranted never to catch pneumonia, and a few other odds and ends that will enable me to get around, and tear up and down creation. If your father will do this for me, I will present him with an autographed copy of my poems. You say that your state is great, Fred, because it is democratic. Any state is great that is truly democratic. This country is supposed to be a democracy. It is so in name only. If we could chloroform this nation and make everyone forget the names of all existing political parties and then when the nation woke up people would have to do some real thinking to find out where they belonged. They would have to study principles and act on their own convictions and initiative instead of voting as father did, which is generally what they do now. Then the country could divide into two parties: A progressive American party, a party which would include all those who believe in simple American ideals, those who love truth and justice and hate fraud, injustice, privilege, monopoly, and graft, men and women who believe in a square deal, and who are ready to live as God expects, and Christ taught us to live, men and women that are ever trying to progress in the direction of right, ever striving to go on the guiding principle of life. Put them all in one party. In the other party put those who want to bog everything, those who want to graft, steal and ride rough shod over their weaker brethren, reactionaries who want to go backward instead of forward, monopolists, grafters and corruptionists, conscienceless human swine eternally rooting in the muck heap of privilege, chicanery and falsehood. Frenzied financiers who destroy widows' houses and gamble with the patrimony of the orphan. Judges who render machine verdicts for the money power which has appointed them. Society idiots who ape the money shines of European society, wallowing in its vices, and knowing nothing of its virtues. Put these all in the Un-American Reactionary party and then let's line the two parties up for a great battle at the ballot box, and I guess you all know pretty well who would win. The names of our political parties today only confuse people, that is what they are meant to do, and admirably they serve their purpose. We have men calling themselves Democrats who are really Republicans, and men calling themselves Republicans who are actually Democrats. The fetich of party is the curse of this nation. Few know where they really belong nor why they belong to this or that. The majority only think they belong, and as a result pirates have swarmed up the side of the ship of state, and trim its sails and guide its destinies. Oh, the pity of it!

FLORENCE, ALA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS: Here comes a cousin from the grand old state of Alabama, to chat a while if Uncle don't tell me to shut my mouth. I am a farmer's daughter, and like country life fine. I can keep house, milk and do anything I want to, except call the cows. I am always glad when spring comes for every thing is so beautiful and the sweet songs of birds can be heard everywhere as they fly from place to place in search of material to build their nests. I am one that loves animals, and try to be kind to all dumb creatures. I have just read cousin A. T. McElroy's letter. I would not be in his place for anything, just think what an awful sight he can see. "One young man going after his Sunday drink, and his brother already drunk." Oh, what a home theirs must be. I am sure none of the C. L. O. C. girls would marry a man that is a drunkard. I wouldn't if he were the only man I knew. Just think what a terrible life a drunkard's wife leads. Work from daylight till dark and sometimes half the night trying to support herself and family, then gets a cursing because dinner or supper isn't ready, from the man she calls by the blessed name of husband!

I am just twenty years old, have light curly hair, and blue eyes, am five feet seven inches tall, weigh one hundred and forty-three pounds. I have one sister, mamma died when I was quite small. I cannot remember anything about her, but have some of her pictures and think they are beautiful. It is hard to give up mother, for no other can take her place, but God knows best and his will should ours ever be. Papa married again when I was six or

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)

A SPECKLED BIRD

By Mrs. Augusta J. Evans Wilson

Author of "St. Elmo," "Beulah," "Infelice," Etc., Etc

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CHAPTER XXVII.

"MY HUNGRY HEART WILL DARK DESPERATE CHANCES."

It was a cloudless, warm day when Mr. Herriott crossed the bridge, and walked up the road bordering a creek hidden by its vivid fringe of willows. At the ruined mill he paused; here the sandy road ended. Beyond on an upland towered a pine forest, its organ pipes whispering as the south wind touched the tremolo; in front nestled the small, white house, partly veiled by rose and yellow jasmine vines, and all the little hollow was brimmed with cool, green shadows cast by trees across clustering flower beds. A blended perfume distilled by dew from Herse's crystal fingers hovered over the Dingle, the cold, unctuous odor of tuberose, the warm spice of carnations, and that clinging breath of wan lilies that evokes white faces and folded fingers of the dead, but stronger than all, the fragrance of wild grapes in creamy bloom. More than cloistral quiet reigned; only the rippling monody of water feeling its way over the crumbling dam to the far-off sea, and the tinkle of the spring runnel sounding low, clear, eldsh, as if some Malis or "April-eyed Nychela" smote her tambourine and set silver bells ringing. Once from the green silken tent of willows a shy lark, hermit of dells, thrilled the silence with his resonant, sylvan roulade, and a locust under beech boughs answered, clashing his brazen sistrum.

The blinds and windows at the front of the cottage were open, and white muslin curtains stirred now and then, as the breeze swayed them. Pots of flowering geranium and heliotrope were grouped on the piazza, and among them slept Delilah. As Mr. Herriott looked at the humble nest of a home, and thought of stately Nutwood, of gilded ballrooms where Egla had reigned an acknowledged beauty, he began to realize the monotony, the dreary loneliness of life here in the heart of almost primeval forests. She had elected to shut herself far away from the brilliant circle of former days, but he could not believe it was for his sake; grief for her father had made her a recluse.

The dazzling possibility with which Mrs. Mitchell enticed him, he had put aside as a delusion he could not indulge a second time, for behind it was the biting mockery with which he had once grappled. His nominal wife had led the life of a nun during his absence, but loyalty was far removed from love, and the steps of an altar suited her nature better than a husband's arms. For many hours he had fought the hope that would smile out of the folds of his old jacket, but the intense longing to see her again conquered reason, prudence, consistent adherence to the line of action he had voluntarily prescribed for both. He would secrete himself, and merely look once more at the face he had striven ineffectually to forget, and she should never suspect his presence.

At a little distance was the gate of the low wire fence, but he stepped across the wire, and passed through the open door of the dairy to a tall tulip tree, around the body of which coiled the brown serpent of the muscardine. Very near this tree, now all aglow with its orange-spotted cups, stood—on the edge of a verberna bed—an ancient mimosa in full bloom. Years before, an August gale had pollarded it, and lateral branches drooped almost to the ground, except on one side, where they were cut away to frame an arch, and this entrance showed a wooden bench set against the trunk of the tree. Today it resembled a huge Japanese umbrella of olive-green lace thickly studded with pink silk agerettes that shook out waves of sweetness, mellow, fruity, languorous. Looking around for the best cove of vantage, Mr. Herriott noticed the narrow arbor covered by a thick growth of butter-bean vines, where he stood secure from observation. On the ground, only five yards distant, lay a woman's broad black straw hat tied basket-fashion with its ribbon strings, and filled with spikes of tuberose. By cautious pressure of the bean vines he could see very distinctly the front of the house and the mimosa seat.

With his head on his hand and a throbbing of his heart that defied control, he waited, his eyes on the hat, he never knew how long, until a sudden thrill shook him.

From an invisible corner of the garden, Egla came slowly toward the arbor. Her mourning gown of lusterless, thin black silk fitted perfectly the curves of her finely moulded figure, and at her throat she had fastened a spray of white star jasmine. High on her head the glossy, gold-flecked chestnut hair was piled in soft loose coils and puffs that caught the sunshine as she walked, holding in the clasp of one arm a sheaf of long-stemmed lilies. Advancing until she reached the hat, she leaned down, swung the knotted ribbons over her right wrist, and stood a moment listening to the peaceful woodland message of the lark. Three years had wrought a marvelous change. The rich promise of her youth had expanded into an almost flawless loveliness. A certain girlish slowness had given place to the fuller, rounded lines of graceful, perfect womanhood, and over the pathetic, pale face had settled a passionate repose that came only when hope is dead, and silent pride sits on its tombstone. As she held the lilies with her left arm, the hand gleamed white against the folds of her black dress, and the wedding ring flashed. Her cold, exquisite purity matched that of a Roman vestal on her way to shrines, but her large brown eyes, looking far away, were so darkened by shadows of mournful memory, of helpless yet uncomplaining renunciation, that Mr. Herriott could not endure the sight. He threw his hand across his face, and strangled the impulse to spring to her side, to catch her in his arms. When he looked again, she had walked away toward the house.

With a book in her hand, Mrs. Mitchell ran down the steps.

"I am waiting for the flowers, before I close the box for the little bride. These lilies are just what she needs for the altar. Give them to me."

Then a low, sweet, sad voice swept the heart-strings of the man who watched and listened.

"Do not forget to send my present. I put my card inside the case. Dear little Minna, I hope she may be happy. If her husband really loves her, she enters her heaven; but if not, the poor little thing will soon wish the burial instead of marriage service had been read over her tonight. I trust the child may never find out that a tolling bell is sweeter than a wedding peal. You found my Baedeker?"

"Yes, in the mail where you left it a week ago."

"I must look out one or two points in it, and the air is so deliciously sweet I think I shall stay a while in the garden on this last Dingle day, unless you need me to help you."

"There is nothing for you to do inside; everything is ready."

"Ma-Lila, you have been crying! What makes you so nervous? You are trembling!"

"Oh, I feel upset! Leaving Robert's lonely grave, and all."

The girl stooped, and kissed her cheek.

"It seems very selfish to ask you to leave a place so dear to you; but I hope God will begin to pity me at last, and call me soon where I shall trouble no one any more. Then—"

Mrs. Mitchell laid the lilies on her lips to close them.

"Hush, my baby—hush! I am screwed up now like a frazzled fiddle-string, and if you give another twist I shall just go to pieces."

Taking the flower-laden hat, she placed it with the lilies on the step, and turned toward the dairy.

Baedecker in hand, Egla moved away, but as she neared the arbor she looked back over her shoulder and called:

"Little mother, when Dorcas brings the clothes she kept to dute, please call me. I ought to finish packing my trunk by one o'clock. Mr. Boynton says the baggage should be at the station not later than five o'clock, and you know we have to shake hands with all the plantation folks at four. Where are you going?"

"Only to the spring-house for the cream I promised Minna for Charlotte-russe. I set the jug there to cool."

"Let me bring it. You will wear yourself out."

"As if you knew morning's cream from that two days old! Go read your book."

She sped toward the dairy like a running bird, and though she did not turn her head, the black eyes were busy. In the shelter of the spring house she fell on her knees beside pans and bowls and with streaming eyes prayed that after the battle perpetual peace might come.

Under the canopy of the mimosa Egla passed, seated herself on the bench, and opened the Baedeker. Through the meshes of the

foliage filtered sunshine, dappling her mourning gown with gold, quivering in the waves of her hair, and after a while she pushed the book aside, laid her head back against the trunk of the tree, and her long, silky lashes touched her cheeks.

Mr. Herriott's glowing, hungry eyes watched every movement, noted the outline of the full white throat, the listless drooping of the hands at her side, the sad, proud curve of sensitive lips closed on ceaseless pain that no complaint could adequately voice. He was unable to bear any longer the look of patient hopelessness that each moment stabbed his heart. At the thought that his was possibly his last sight of her, that in obedience to his harsh dictates she was passing forever out of his life, a wave of invincible protest surged over him, and before its passionate fury pride, resolutions, his pledges of renunciation vanished. The longing of many years seized, mastered him. In the sight of God and man she was his. He would possess his own. With a quick, noiseless stride he crossed the narrow space that separated them, and entered the arch. His shadow was thrown forward, and she lifted her eyes.

For an instant, a bewildered expression drifted over her countenance, then her features settled into a marble mask. Her eyes shone suddenly with a jewel gleam, as when a lamp flashes over the face of a gem; her lids dropped, and she rose.

They stood only a few feet apart, a little belt

Thirty-four Wheel Chairs Given by COMFORT in One Year

FOUR IN MAY

Augusta, Maine, May 15, 1909.

DEAR READERS:

The sun seems to shine more brightly and the songs of the birds and perfume of the spring flowers seem sweeter as I rejoice in the thought, that with your beneficent aid COMFORT sends four more wheel chairs this month to cheer the dreary lives of that number of worthy shut-ins.

In March and April we gave three chairs a month, and in April and May I begged you to make a special effort to raise the number to four for May, and now I thank you from my heart for the loyal and generous manner in which you have responded to my appeal.

In my letter to you last month I expressed my hope for this result. In fact I confidently expected it, because experience teaches me that my faith in COMFORT'S charity workers has never been misplaced.

These four chairs this month go to Mrs. Martha Fitzgerald, Bernice, La., Mrs. Abigail Gill, Centerville, Iowa, Mrs. Delle Coffman, Clarksburg, R. D. 3, W. Va., Virginia Lynch, Cambellsburg, Ky.

The last named lady shut-in raised a club of two hundred and fifty subscriptions among her friends for the purpose of securing one of COMFORT'S wheel chairs for

This special rate applies only to Wheel-Chair Club subscriptions, and I offer it in the hope that it will materially help the cause of suffering humanity.

Now good friends, with this aid on my part, all take hold with a will this summer and make the next three months record-breakers for the shut-ins.

Gratefully yours,

W. H. GANNETT, Publisher of COMFORT.

P. S. For the information of our many new subscribers let me explain, that for each and every 250 new one-year subscriptions to COMFORT sent in either singly or in clubs by persons who direct that they are to be credited to COMFORT'S WHEEL-CHAIR CLUB instead of claiming the premiums to which they are to be entitled, I give a FIRST-CLASS INVALID'S WHEEL CHAIR to some worthy destitute crippled Shut-in and I pay the freight, too. It is a large and expensive premium for me to give for that number of subscribers, but I am always glad to do my part a little faster each month than you do yours.

You will be interested to see by the following letters from recipients of COMFORT'S Wheel-Chairs how much good our combined efforts are accomplishing, and how they are appreciated.

Could Anything be More Touching from One Doomed Never to Walk?

CLINTON, VA.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I wish to thank COMFORT'S publisher, and all its readers for the nice wheel chair you sent me. It will be a great help to me, as I fear I am doomed never to be able to walk any more. I am numbered with those poor hopeless souls who can never get well. I wish to thank all those who have written me, and sent me small sums of money. I have tried to answer all as far as it lay in my power. I trust you will communicate my gratitude to those to whom I have not been able to write. God bless you in your noble work for suffering humanity.

Faithfully yours,

MARTHA CARTER.

Enjoyed the Three Months Since She Received COMFORT'S Wheel Chair More Than all the Rest of Her Life. See Her Picture Above

ATHENS, R. D. 5, TENN.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I received my chair on the twenty-sixth day of January, and have had it three months. I have enjoyed my life better since I had my chair than all the rest of my life put together. I was paralyzed when six years old. I can't work at anything at all. It is all that I can do to feed myself. I can't comb my own hair or dress myself. I had spasmodic whooping cough, and it brought on general paralysis. I have gained since, and can talk very plainly, but can't use my hands to write, or sew or do anything like that at all. I hope every helpless shut-in will get up subscriptions and try and get themselves a chair. They cannot imagine what a benefit and pleasure they are. You don't know how proud I am of mine. So much has been spent on me for medicine and treatment, there was never enough left to buy a wheel chair, and if it had not been for my friends, and COMFORT'S Wheel-Chair Club, and you Uncle Charlie, life would not hold the pleasure it does for me now. I thank all those who have sent me letters and cards. The doctor says I am fourteen, or use my hands for anything. I am fourteen, and weigh forty-eight pounds, am about four feet tall. Your grateful niece,

LILY MAY HUNTER.

Little Girl Shut-in Can Now Get Out of Doors in One of COMFORT'S Wheel Chairs

VERNON, LA.

DEAR MR. GANNETT: I have received my wheel chair safely. I cannot express how thankful I am to have this nice chair. I can now go out and enjoy myself. I have been crippled five long years, and haven't walked any in all that time. I can now roll my chair about to see my neighbors. No one knows how much pleasure it has brought to me. I am a little girl, thirteen years of age. I hope all the cousins will write me. God bless you all for your kindness to me.

Your little friend,

PEARL KING.



LILY MAY HUNTER.

A 14-year-old helpless shut-in enjoying her COMFORT Wheel Chair.

her own use. We print the nice letter she sent with her subscriptions, to show how easily she accomplished her task and to encourage other shut-ins and their friends to do likewise.

Of course you all know that the subscription price of COMFORT is twenty-five cents a year on and after May 30; but as I am so anxious to put out as many wheel chairs as possible this summer, I am going to make a concession in favor of those who are working for the Wheel-Chair Club through June, July and August. Through this summer I will accept five one year subscriptions for a dollar, provided they are sent in clubs of five or more at a time for the Wheel-Chair Club. Five is the smallest club that I can accept at this rate, but you can make the clubs as much larger as you see fit at the same rate. For instance, six for \$1.20, seven for \$1.40 and so on to 250 for \$50.

COMFORT'S Wheel Chair Brings Happiness to a Poor Lonesome Shut-in

Box 61 1-2, ORANGE, R. D. 1, MASS.

DEAR MR. GANNETT AND COMFORT COUSINS:

Saturday, March 27th, was the happiest day I have had for a long time, for on that day I received the lovely wheel chair the dear COMFORT friends sent me. Words can never express the delight in, and the thankfulness and the gratefulness for your kindness to a poor lonesome shut-in. God bless and keep you and all the others who help in this good work. Lovingly and gratefully,

MRS. IDA H. HARVEY.

Inexpressibly Thankful to be Taken out of Doors in One of COMFORT'S Wheel Chairs

CALVERT CITY, KY.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE: I have received my wheel chair and it is just lovely. I cannot tell you how thankful I am. I can be taken out of doors now. I will send you my picture as soon as I can. With best wishes to you all, I remain,

Yours gratefully,

MATTIE CHAMBERS.

Had to Sit all the Time in One Place until COMFORT'S Wheel Chair Brought Relief

WEST DERRY, VERMONT.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

It is with a heart full of thankfulness that I write you these lines to thank you for my COMFORT Wheel Chair. I cannot begin to tell you how glad and pleased I am with my COMFORT chair. It means, oh, so much to me, as I'm unable to walk or bear. I was joyous to see it unpacked and then to get into it and ride around the kitchen. It did seem so nice to be able to move about and change my position. Before it came I had to sit in one place, but now I can wheel myself around just where I want to. I am real anxious for good weather to come, that I may be taken out of doors. I haven't been out for over three years, so you see it will be jolly fun for me to get out. I wish to say that the chair came in perfect condition and is just the right size. Now Uncle Charlie I thank you with all my heart for my lovely COMFORT chair and may God bless and prosper those who have helped to brighten my life so much.

FILLMORE POWERS.

Found It Easy to Raise a Club of Two Hundred and Fifty

CAMPBELLSBURG, KY.

PUBLISHER COMFORT:

DEAR SIR:—I received your letter some time ago and surely appreciated your kind offer. I succeeded in getting the two hundred and fifty subscriptions. My friends certainly came to the front and helped me out, and as COMFORT is such a good paper I had very little trouble. So please find enclosed two hundred and fifty names and money order for fifty dollars to pay for the subscriptions. Please send the wheel chair to

VIRGINIA LYNCH.

of white verberna fluttering flags of truce between them. His bronze face locked, his eager gray eyes starred with the glint of battle probed hers for an instant; she calmly defiant, colorless as the jasmine on her breast.

He held out his hand.

"Eglah!" His voice was a passionate appeal.

She interlaced and clasped her own fingers, her hands hanging in front of her.

"Mr. Herriott, I am very glad you have reached home safely. I congratulate you upon escaping the dangers of your Arctic journey."

"You are not surprised to see me in the United States?"

"Not at all. I happened to call at Calvary House recently, and accidentally I saw and heard you talking in the cloister."

"You were so near, so near—yet gave me no intimation of your presence?"

"I have studied and learned thoroughly the lesson you selected and set for me; you wished to avoid me. My schooling was effectual, and I was glad to gratify you."

"When I landed I went first to Calvary House with a suffering human wreck whom I promised

"Why trouble yourself to explain what concerns only you and your sick friend? Your reasons I have neither the right to ask, nor any desire to hear."

"At least you will permit me to thank you for all your gracious kindness to Amos Lea. He tells me you saved his life, and thereby I am far more your debtor than is the poor old man."

"Never my debtor. Amos and I understand each other, and I was glad to help take care of him. You owe me absolutely nothing but the fulfillment of your own unsolicited pledges."

"Why do you suppose I came here?"

"Why—indeed; when you pressed on my acceptance the promise that my future should be spared your shadow? I presume you came from a chivalric sense of imaginary duty, or possibly a courteous semi-recognition of what you may have conjectured I might regard as my legal claims. I have absolutely none of any kind, along any lines. Having renounced and banished me, perhaps you wished to assure yourself that the condemned man in his grave—disowned, rejected, scorned—to desire ever to see again a man whom once I trusted, almost as I did my God? To whom I fled as sole refuge from the infamy that threatened one supreme in my life, and when like a frantic child I clung to him, believing he loved me, he shook me off, as if a warm

crawled on his hand. After the whirlwind passed, after the black veil of death mercifully interposed and hid us from ruin, I came to my senses—I realized the magnitude of my error. My ideal world had crumbled, you alone survived the wreck; I honored you for your loyalty to the innocent man in his grave, and God knows I have rejoiced that you denied my prayer, that you refused to perjure yourself, but—your cruel words sank deep. While I could not blame you, my punishment has been as severe as I deserved, as keenly mortifying as you intended and desired. In my helplessness and sorrow you have humiliated me by every means at your command, made me a target for derision and for slander. Three long, sad years, without a line. Yet you found a way to write to your garden-er."

"Yes, I knew Amos loved me. You did not."

"As you felt assured of that fact, I fail to understand why you have come."

"Not from the chivalric motives you have done me the honor to impute to me. I am no walking code of priggish courtesy; I am merely a man who knows exactly what he wants most, and, missing that, deceives himself with nothing less. I am here today solely to see, at least once more, the face that has held my heart in bondage since you were a child. To intrude upon you was not my purpose, and I did not intend to violate my self-imposed limit, of absolute silence, but I could not resist the longing to look into your eyes, to hear your voice, and I thought I was strong enough to watch you a little while without your knowledge, and go away forever, leaving you in peace. I might have known better. The sight of you shivered my own compact. I have suffered far more than you, and if my harshness wounded you beyond forgiveness, remember, oh, remember, how long I have loved you!"

"I can remember only that your last spoken words were a vehement request that I should forget you."

Her lower lip fluttered, and she caught it between her teeth.

"Yes, but if farweld utterances are inexorably binding, you must pardon me if I remind you of yours. All through the gloom and bitterness of our separation a sacred, sweet voice has sounded in my ears the precious words of promise you whispered when your arms clasped my neck, and your dear face lay on my heart: 'You will never be out of my life—my own Mr. Noel.'"

A vivid rose stole into her cheeks, and she leaned farther back to increase the space between them.

"I had not then received my text-book—had not learned the lesson assigned. After that, you wrote your final mandate: 'My freedom was complete, and you urged me to use it in any way most conducive to the happiness so unwisely imperilled' by my rash marriage, and if you had waited one day later, you would have been spared this unpleasant duty-visit. I go away tonight, and never again shall you be annoyed by even hearing of me. Mr. Herriott, in spite of all your wrongs, at the last you trusted your name to my keeping. I have indeed held it 'sacred as the Grail,' and now I return it to you as stainless as when you gave it. I am leaving America to find an obscure resting-place in a name to which I was born; and, once across the ocean, I can escape, perhaps, the social gibbet from which I dangle, desperately, 'women with histories.' I have no need of your name, noble though it is, to help me keep my oath to God. Divorce I hold a shameful blot on true womanhood, a menace to domestic and national morality, an insult to the Lord. Human law can no more annul my marriage than my baptismal vow; neither was made to man; both stand on that divine record only death can erase; they are locked among the sacraments of God, 'so long as both shall live.' Your freedom is as unconditional as you may wish, and that court of release which you commended to me, is equally open to you."

The pulse in her left throat throbbed violently, and watching her left hand there with the old childish effort to loosen the stricture, his lips tightened and he stepped closer.

"And if I decline to accept, to permit your renunciation of my name, which is more sacred since you have worn it? To make a football of God's statute is as little my purpose as is yours. Sometimes I have cheated myself with the forlorn hope that absence might possibly help me to accomplish that which long association failed to bring me. After years of suffering, of somber retrospection, I hope I have come back less a Tartar than when we parted. Then I surrendered you entirely—absolutely. I do so still. I claim no more rights or privileges than I possessed before that marriage ceremony made you nominally mine; but if your great pity for the lonely man who never loved any other woman can possibly grow into a deeper feeling, will you try to forgive my harshness that dreadful night? Knowing what you are to me, will you come to me?"

"Come to you who repudiated me! By what right dare you suppose, expect—"

"I have no right even to hope, but my hungry heart dares, and will dare desperate chances."

"You told me your confidence was dead as your love. The scar of that brand can never heal."

"Yes, I said many bitter, cruel things in the hot rage of my disappointment, that I should

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 9.)

Comfort's League of Cousins

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7.)

seven years old, and I have one half sister and three half brothers. I love them all dearly, the baby is just as sweet as he can be.

How many of the cousins like music? I do for one, we have an organ but I can't play much. Uncle did you ever have a bad cold? I have had one for two weeks, I know it is bad one, for I have had to stay home from school. Please print my letter, if you think it won't disgrace the pages of dear old Comfort.

With lots of love and best wishes for all the cousins and Uncle Charlie, and a great big hug for Billie, Toby and Maria, I am lovingly your niece, BIRDIE DOWDY. (No. 24,187.)

Birdie, I am glad to hear from you. It is not likely that I will ever tell you or any other lady to shut her mouth. Gentlemen never make such remarks. Yes, it is lovely to watch the birds, flying around with material in their bills for nest construction. Toby says a bird just flew by our chicken coop with ten bricks, a barrel of cement, and a pall of mortar in its mouth. I didn't see it myself, but have no doubt it is so. We have some very up-to-date birds in Maine. I believe some of their nests are lighted by electricity. Birds up here are birds. That's the great trouble with drunks, Birdie, they can't support themselves. I saw a lamp post supporting a drunkard one night and an electric light pole supporting two other jags. I think it an outrage that a poor lamp post should have to support a drunken man. I wonder the lamp posts don't get together and hold an indignation meeting, and decline the job. I'll tell you how I helped to sober up one man. Every night of his life he used to go to the saloon and get drunk. Just outside of the saloon there was a fence that ran right up to his home. After Mr. Souse had got tanked up with booze he plunged out of the saloon door, grabbed the fence, and with the fence's assistance (he hung to it like grim death) he managed to get home. One night, however he got fooled. I went out and moved the fence. If you could have seen him rolling around for that fence, it would have done your heart good. He couldn't support himself, and neither could he get his bearings, and after skating around for half an hour he fell in the river and was drowned. That little experience cured him of his drunken habits, and now he's a model citizen, and can look a fence in the face without a blush. I am sorry you have got so many half brothers, Birdie, why don't you glue a couple of half brothers together and make a whole one. It can be done, try it.

LEFLORE, MISS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE AND COUSINS:
How are you all this rainy day? I am very lonesome as brother has gone visiting and I am at home with mamma and grandpa and it is raining, so no one can come, and I can't go anywhere. I live in a small town in the week and the sun would shine on Sunday. Well, I guess I had better tell you all what I look like and I know Uncle Charlie is going to fall head over heels in love with me. I am five feet eight inches tall and weigh one hundred and forty pounds, have blue eyes and dark brown hair and fair complexion. Now you know I am a beauty. I live in the good old state of Mississippi in the central part, very near the Mississippi Delta and it certainly is a fine country. We have fine timber and land. The people never have any difficulties because the land is too poor to raise them. Therefore we have a peaceful neighborhood. I live in a small town, in the good old state of which I am a member, and in six miles of the Baptist church. It is four miles to the nearest railroad station and post-office, so you see we have a long ways to go after our COMFORT. There are no historical spots to describe, except some mighty deep hollows and high hills. There was never a battle fought in a hundred miles of here, except a war were born anywhere near, so you see I have very little to write about. We don't live near any beautiful lakes or shady streams to ask Uncle and the cousins to come and go fishing on, but there is a little muddy creek about two miles from here that runs through a big boiling field all the way from one end to the other, and if any of the cousins or uncle think they are equal to the task of walking two miles and sitting in the scorching sun all day fishing for minnows about three inches long well I invite all you to come. And as for lawn parties and picnics, well we never have anything like that—the hills are too steep for picnics and there is not level ground enough in Grenada county for a lawn, so you all see we have a very dull time in this part of the world. As ever your niece and cousin,

MABEL HIGHTOWER.

Mabel, I am glad to hear from such a charming daughter of the Sunny South. You don't seem to be very enthusiastic about the country in which you live. Usually the cousins are bubbling over with enthusiasm for their home and its surroundings. I am afraid you are a bit of a pessimist. Land that won't raise people has a great many advantages over land that will. I prefer to live in a land that won't raise people. I was in an earthquake once, if you could have seen it raising people then, you would have thought somebody had dropped a cake of yeast into the center of creation and it was getting in its fine work. You ought to congratulate yourself that you live in a sedate settled land that has no ambition to raise people. I am simply startled at the enormous size of your churches. You say you live "in one mile of the Methodist Church," "in six miles of the Baptist Church," "in six miles of the Baptist Church." You ought to be a very saintly little girl to live in a church, but to live in one mile of one, and six miles of the other, must have its disadvantages, it must take you a long time to get in church and out of church at that rate. I've seen all the biggest cathedrals of the old world, but I've never seen one that was big enough for a person to live in six miles of it. I am sorry you have no historical spots, but perhaps you're just as well off. I've got several historical spots on my carcass. I have one on my head, where my ma-in-law soaked me with a base ball bat in the blissful past of hideous memory. I have another historical spot on me which Billy the Goat made, when he was trying to butt ten cents out of me for glass bottles for his lunch. There is a very historical spot on my big toe on which I have raised a beautiful bunton to commemorate the incident. It was on this big toe that Columbus trod in 1492 when I welcomed him to these shores. I have other historical spots carefully done up in moth balls and put away in the ice box for future reference. Any time you're up in Maine you shall see them.

EVEREST, KANS.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:
I want to tell you how well pleased I was with my membership card and button, and I want to thank you many times for it.

I guess Billy the Goat got my first letter, but I never give up and so I'm writing again. Have you had any cold weather in Augusta? We are having some pretty cold weather just at present. I'm going to tell you something about my state. Sunny Kansas is known to every one as the "Sun-downer" state. The sunflower is the emblem of the state. Why? Because when the Santa Fe trail went through the state for seven hundred miles, they grew on each side of the trail. Kansas is a great agricultural state and ranks first in the raising of wheat. There are a great many other things raised also such as vegetables, corn, oats, barley, clover, timothy and others.

We live almost in the center of several towns. We live five and a half miles from Everest, which is our post-office, four and a half miles from Willis, eight miles from Baker, thirteen and a half miles from Hlawatha, six miles from Robinson and ten and a half miles to Horton and thirteen miles to Leona, so you see if you were here with me what a jolly good time we would be having all these cities. Hlawatha is the county seat of Brown county, and is a very clean and lovely little city. It isn't a very large place but is growing very rapidly. We also have excellent schools and every one tries to make their school and classes at the school banner class. There are a great many fine churches here, and now Uncle Charlie, don't you think we've got a fine state?

I've also lived in western Kansas. I like it still

better than here. It is rolling prairie as far as you can see. It isn't as thickly settled as the eastern part of the state.

I am fifteen years old, a fine housekeeper, can bake cakes and pies, light bread and almost anything that is to be cooked.

Our men folks have been building a fine new barn. Well, dear old Uncle Charlie I think I'm getting a little heavy on your lap so I guess I'll jump the track for now. If I see this letter in print and if Billy the Goat doesn't eat it for his supper I'll write again soon.

Tell all the cousins to write and send me a postal card party. I'm going to send the five yearly subscription to COMFORT and get dear Uncle Charlie's poems. Your affectionate niece and cousin,

MAUD RULZ. (No. 26,640.)

Thanks, Maud, for your nicely written letter. There is always lots of room on my lap for little girls, or big girls from Kansas. You remark that Billy the Goat got your first letter. That's a little heavy on your lap, as I was going to up the letters. You also said: "I never give up." I am sorry to hear that, as I was going to hold you up for a dollar for a bottle of hair dye, as I regret to say my one hair is showing a tendency to turn gray, and I don't want to show any signs of advancing age yet a while. It's a bad thing to say you'll never give up. I have some relations who never give up. I call them my close relations. I advise you to give up occasionally, Maud, it is a bad thing to get the reputation of being a tight wad. You ask us if we have had any cold weather in Augusta? Yes, it has been about two hundred degrees below zero for the last ten months. You say that Hiawatha is the county seat of your county. I think it is cruel to make poor Hiawatha into a county seat. You must be pretty short of chairs in Kansas when you have only one county seat, and then have to sit on poor old Hiawatha. He must be a heap big Indian if you can all sit on him at once. I am glad you are such a fine housekeeper and cook. I heartily command you for making cake and pie, but don't "light bread." Light the lamp or light the gas, but I think it is a sin to light bread. Maud, Toby wants to know (owing to the fact that your name is Rule), if you have any gold pieces. Billy the Goat has always been very anxious to chew up about three yards of the Golden Rule. He thinks it would be fine eating and so do I.

2421 S. 24th St., OMAHA, NEB.

DEAR UNCLE CHARLIE:

Can you imagine a more harrowing position than my own? Picked up nine years ago, back broken, body dead from waist down, doomed for life to be a hopeless paralytic with neither functional knowledge nor control. Four months in a private hospital caused me wounds which exposed the bones. I spent four years in an almshouse in Canada; a rat ate off the end of one of my legs, and I wrote twenty elegiacs there cannot be contemplated without a shudder. I should have perished there, but for the notice you gave me in COMFORT, which brought me the offer of a home in Omaha. My benefactors did not realize what a condition like mine meant, and after monopolizing their parlor for a year, I was told owing to the odor arising from my air bed failed. I wrote twenty elegiacs and a little cottage in the yard or vacate. You made another appeal for me in COMFORT and that made possible the life lease of a little cottage. Here I am, and here I must perish unless I can support myself. When I first got into my home I hadn't a chair, my blankets were borrowed, I lived alone, and to crown my troubles my air bed failed. I wrote twenty elegiacs stating the facts. One impoverished pastor alone called. Though bed fast I take entire care of myself. For days at a time I have been left entirely alone. My only visitor being the milk man in the morning. I have supported myself so far by the sale of my casted work, shawls, slippers, etc. (I can do a beautiful work in that line). I wrote twenty elegiacs magazine subscription business. I receive subscriptions for any magazine in the United States. I get a small commission on all the orders I can get. Things are terribly dull in the summer, and life is more than ever a burden. If you, Uncle Charlie will place your compass before COMFORT's six millions of readers again, I shall be grateful. You have helped me before, I know you will do it again.

Gratefully yours in misfortune, JOHN GORDON.

Gordon's letter is one that should make every human with a heart pause and think. Gordon is one of the shut-ins I correspond with regularly, and to me he is one of the wonders of the age. How the man lives at all I cannot comprehend. He is the only helpless man in America that I know of who is forced at times to live alone. What Gordon needs most, and I wish to God I could find that person for him, is some good woman who would attend to his wants, and have brains enough to help him run the business he is so bravely trying to conduct. Gordon has three cheerful rooms to offer with coal and gas free, and needs but little attention himself. He has had two or three helpless families move in and move out, but helpless people round a helpless man are a nuisance and not a help. You would think that the pastors, the Ladies' Aid Societies, the Nursing Association, and other representatives of organized charity would find some one to care for this poor soul, but after a visit or two, ninety-nine out of a hundred people, will tell you to go to the poorhouse instead of congratulating you on being brave enough to try and keep out of it. There are heroic women who leave homes of refinement and bury themselves in leper settlements, never to be seen again of men. Such a sacrifice of a woman is not asked for in this case. There is a noble work here to perform, and a profitable one at that to the right woman. I trust that all of you who admire grit, manhood and heroism will give Gordon a boost, you will honor yourself, and please your Maker by doing so. There is one hundred dollars due on Gordon's house. Can't we pay that off?

Comfort's League of Cousins

For the information of those who have not been regular readers of COMFORT, and others who are becoming interested in the Cousins' League, the following facts will be of interest. The League of Cousins was founded as a means of bringing the scattered members of COMFORT'S immense circle of readers into one big, happy family, its aim is to promote a feeling of kinship and relationship among all readers. It was primarily started as a society for the juvenile members of COMFORT'S family, only, but those of more mature years clamored for admittance so persistently that it was deemed advisable to impose no age limit; thus all are eligible to admittance into our League provided they conform to its rules and are animated by the child spirit.

Though the older folks are admitted, the young folks will be the first consideration, and Uncle Charlie will write his page with a view of entertaining our young people solely.

Those who wish to join our League can do so by subscribing to COMFORT for one year or inducing some one else to subscribe, and sending us their subscription. No premiums will be given those sending in members for the League.

If you are already a subscriber you can join by renewing your subscription, or subscribing a year ahead. You can have the membership card and button sent to yourself and the COMFORT to a friend, if you already take the paper. All who join the League will receive a button and a handsome certificate of membership also COMFORT for one year, and the privilege of having their names in the letter list.

How to become a Member

In order to become a full-fledged League member and procure a card and button, you must become a paid-in-advance COMFORT subscriber by sending twenty-five cents to the subscription department, for yourself, or renew your own subscriptions now. When you do this, send five cents extra, or thirty cents in all, and say that you wish to join COMFORT'S League of Cousins.

The five cents additional pays your membership fee and for the League button and membership card engraved with your own name and membership number. All previous League members are hereby withdrawn and only those who strictly comply with our above offer will be admitted to membership. It costs but thirty cents to join the League, a League which promises to be the greatest society of young people on earth.

Never in the world's history was so much given for so little. Never could thirty cents be invested to such advantage, and bring such splendid returns. Don't hesitate, join us at once and induce your friends to do likewise. All those League members who desire a list of the cousins residing in their several states, can secure the same by sending a stamped addressed envelope and five cents in stamps to Nellie Rutherford 1299 Park Place, Brooklyn, N. Y., our grand secretary. Some of the lists contain hundreds of names, so our secretary must have some trifling remuneration as she is devoting the whole of her time to this work.

League Sunshine and Mercy Work for June

Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto me.

Positively no appeals for help inserted, unless accompanied by written references, from doctor, minister, or local postmaster.

Joseph Morpew, Tracy N. C. Poor, helpless, bedridden young man. Lives in back woods with feeble old mother—no means of support. Send sympathy that buys bread. Joseph is hungry as well as sick. His mother gathers huns and herbs in the summer, but in the winter starvation stares them in the face. John Frennell (25) Bryant, Ala. Broke his back in coal mines four years ago. Tries to support himself by making watch chains, rings, brooches, and stick pins and bracelets from gold wire. Help him to help himself, parents very old and unable to help him. James Gilliam, Glondike, Tenn. Hasn't walked for twenty-eight years. Terrible sufferer from rheumatism. Aged wife only support. Pitiful and most worthy case. Shall esteem it a personal favor if you'll give them substantial aid.

Am trying to get James a wheel chair. Lawrence M. Bird, Dalton, Ga. Helpless, bedridden shut-in. All alone with poor old mother. Poor, needy and very worthy. Grateful for any help. Wm. T. Harrah, Backus, W. Va. Broken back, large family, pitiful and worthy case. Please give him all the help you can. Stanley Bent, 358 Allen Lane, Mt. Airy, Philadelphia, Pa. Helpless cripple. Poor and needy. Grateful for any help. Lizzie Sumpter, Highbee, Mo. Sick and needy, well recommended. Give her a dime shower. Mary L. Dorman, New Albany, Miss. Has a lot of choice reading matter she will send to any shut-in, who will send postage. Write her, not me. Priscilla Tiller, Elm City, N. C. In a deformed cripple, only support of a bedridden mother. Priscilla wants a body brace, and both need help. Anna W. Reif, 1340 Asquith St., Baltimore, Md. Bedridden seventeen years. Wants cheery letters and grateful for any assistance. Miss Bedee J. Honeycutt, Locust, R. D. 1, N. C. Bedridden ten years. Needs food and treatment. Grateful for any help. Nora Jordan, Chatham, Ala. Shut-in. Wants story books and story papers. Mamie Kemp, Barnwell, S. C. Helpless shut-in grateful for any help. Mrs. Eliza W. Rook, Altoona, Kans. Helpless, hopeless invalid for twenty-five years. Wants cheery letters. Put something in them. Mrs. C. F. Woodworth, Alfred, N. Y. Shut-in. Would like cheery letters, postals, etc. Mrs. Minnie Fenton, Mill Shoals, Ill. Invalid, poor and needy, has little girl of six to support. Grateful for any help. Edith Weiss, Nocona, R. D. 3, Texas. Invalid. Wants embroidery and eyelet patterns, and pattern of baby cap and hand-bag, also postal card party. Anyone who has disc phonograph records, send them to Wm. Kinter, Home, Pa., or Murray Gullions, 88 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y. Luther McFarland, Berea, R. D. 1, N. C. Worthy invalid. Wants cheery letters and any help you can afford. Mrs. W. E. Rea, Spencer, Va. Husband is an invalid and she has six children to support. Send them clothing. Write to them for particulars, not me. Mrs. Ida L. Blegs, Critz, Va. Wants silk pieces. Mary E. Willis, Barnesville, Ga. Shut-in. Wants cheery letters and a dime shower. Martha Hasel, Ward 1, Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, Md. Martha is only fourteen. Has been in hospital fifteen months with hip disease. Send her cheery letters, postals and any pretty things. She hasn't asked for money. Allen Yow (11), Ellensburg, Wash. Shut-in. Send him little toys, postals and things to cheer him. Aid not asked. Andrew Mason, Dillard, Ga. Shut-in. Wants post cards, papers, books, etc. Aid not asked. Mary A. Earl, Critz, R. D. 1, Va. Shut-in. Wants reading, and grateful for any assistance. Mary A. Estep, Samsaba, Texas. Has spinal trouble. Send her cheery letters and postals. No aid wanted. Wm. J. Ratty, 859 Clark St., Toledo, Ohio. Has heart trouble. Grateful for any help. Fine correspondent. Geo. E. Rice, Manchester, R. D. 5, N. H. Sick and blind. Send him cheery letters. Send twenty-five cents for his booklet—"Voices in the Night." Mattie Moss, McLeod, Ky. Little crippled girl. Wants cheery letters, postals and any pretty trifles.

I must warn shut-ins that it takes at least three months from the time their letters are received before their appeals can be put in print. If you are in need of immediate help it is useless to write us. The appeals for assistance are increasing so rapidly, I shall soon be compelled to print only the names of those who are in the most desperate need, or make only one appeal a year for any one person. God be with you all till we meet again.

Lovingly yours,

Uncle Charlie

A Speckled Bird

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8.)

be glad to forget. In extenuation, you must remember that you beckoned me unexpectedly to heaven, and when I was thrust out the crash unbinged me. It was for your own sake I asked you to put me out of your life; to save you from the horrible martyrdom of unloving wifehood, from dragging through life the ball and chain of a galling, intolerable tie. To put you out of mine I knew was as impossible in future years as I had found it in the past. In my farewell note I considered your peace of mind, not my own. If you could realize all you are to me, perhaps you might understand better what that voluntary surrender of your precious self cost me, when, by the law of God and of man, you belonged to me."

She had avoided meeting his eyes; the strain set her lips to quivering, increased the strangling grip on her throat, and unconsciously her fingers clutched and wrung one another.

"After three years of dreary absence you have not even a friendly hand to offer to the man who has carried you in his heart ever since you wore muslin aprons—who holds you the one love of his life?"

Mr. Herriott, you ceased to love me when you ceased to trust me, else all these years—"

She paused, warned by the treacherous quiver in her voice. He stood quite still, and after a moment opened his arms.

"My sweetheart, will you try me? Will you grant me the privilege of convincing you?"

She shook her head. Something in his eyes dazzled her, and an alarming pallor overspread her face, blanching her lips.

"If you have found happiness in forgetting and excluding me entirely from your life and your future, I cannot complain that you followed my counsel; but I will accept that positive assurance only from your own truthful lips. Your peace of mind is more to me than my own. Have you shut me out of your heart forever?"

She tried to move aside, to pass him, but he barred her escape with an outstretched arm, and she shrank back.

"If you care no more for me now than when I left you, I have no alternative but to live alone; and I will never again intrude, never annoy you by the sight of my face. I will not accept compassion, or friendly sympathy. All—or none. I want love—love that brings a pure woman gladly to her husband's breast. Once you took some solemn vows for me, invoking the presence of the Lord you worship. Now, trusting you implicitly, knowing you will not deceive me, I must ask you to give me one final pledge. If you cannot love me as I wish—if your heart, your whole heart will never belong to me—then, calling God to witness the truth of your words, look me straight in the eyes and tell me so."

She trembled, shut her eyes, and, as a rich red rushed into her white cheeks, she covered her face with her hands.

A gust of wind shook the mimosa, and on her bowed head drifted the pink silk filaments, powdering her brown coil and puffs.

Very gently Mr. Herriott took the trembling little hands, kissed the palms, and, drawing her

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 15.)

Danderine

Grows Hair
and we can

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DANDERINE is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. Its exhilarating, stimulating and life-producing properties cause the hair to grow abundantly long, strong and beautiful. It at once imparts a sparkling brilliancy and velvety softness to the hair, and a few weeks' use will cause new hair to sprout all over the scalp. Use it every day for a short time, after which two or three times a week will be sufficient to complete whatever growth you desire.

A lady from St. Paul writes in substance, as follows:

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with their name and address and 10c in silver or stamps to pay postage.



The Pretty Girls' Club

Conducted by Katherine Booth

The Girl Who Perspires Unduly

JUNE days are with us once more, bringing with them June roses, June faces, filmy dresses, and last but not least, the unhappy girl who finds the heat of these summer days distinctly unpleasant, as they cause her to perspire too freely. It isn't pleasant to have a moist and shiny face, a wilted collar, and a limp, damp dress. "But," one girl says, "I not only perspire in summer, but in winter as well, and it makes me very unhappy!" Poor child, there are a great many of you and you really have my sympathy. But there is hope for you all, as I will proceed to point out.

To begin with, and as a sort of consolation, let me say that if you didn't perspire at all, you would die. So you see you have something to be thankful for, after all.

We all perspire night and day, but most of us do not know it. Just think, girls the ordinary man or woman exudes five or six cupfuls of moisture each day, but he or she does not notice it, because in cool, dry weather, this liquid evaporates imperceptibly. When the hot, muggy summer days come, however, this moisture does not evaporate so easily, and consequently we notice beads of perspiration on our faces and marvel at the amount of it. It is a fact that we perspire almost as much in the winter as in the summer, only in one case the moisture evaporates easily and we do not notice it; while in the other it evaporates slowly and we do notice.

The unfortunate who perspire in excess of the quantity given above, are generally either extremely stout, or in an anemic condition of health. The woman with kidney trouble, or twitching, disordered nerves, is also often a victim of profuse and unpleasant perspiration.

Let me impress upon your minds, girls dear, that there is little use to prescribe remedies to stop this undue perspiration, unless you will all see to getting yourselves in as healthy a condition as you possibly can. For instance, it is almost useless to give to a stout woman, formulas for powders and washes that abate excessive perspiration, unless she is willing to help in the good work by getting rid of a few of her superfluous pounds of fat. The same principle applies to the run-down weakly girl. In order to get benefit from the remedies she is using for profuse perspiration, she must start in to build herself up, which is done by drinking milk, eating raw eggs, taking plenty of sensible foods, and exercising in the open air. So it is with the nervous woman. She requires rest. The woman with trouble of the kidneys must drink lots of water and milk, and avoid acids. You see you must all help yourselves, or I can't do much for you.

Did you know that perspiration will give out the odor of certain foods you eat, among which are garlic, onions, cabbage, etc? Doesn't this surprise you? It shows that you must be careful to avoid "strong" foods. In case you have eaten an onion, not knowing what effect it has upon the odor of your perspiration, I would suggest your taking a salt bath. You can easily manage this by throwing two or three handfuls of common salt in a basin or tub of water and proceeding to give yourself a thorough and complete soaking in this mixture. It will in most cases completely do away with the unpleasant onion odor.

For undue perspiration of the entire body, a great deal can be done, but the treatment will take a little time each day. Generally a cold sponge bath in the morning, a rub-down with tepid water at noon, and a hot bath at night, with frequent changes of underwear, will do wonders. I think the girl who is troubled with this uncomfortable and excessive body sweating, will not mind going to a little trouble to get rid of it. It won't be cured in a day, dearie, but just have patience for a month or two, and you will, I think, write me a letter of thanks.

If you want very speedy results, you might add a little benzoin to the water when taking your rub-down at noon. It is said to be very effective, and there could be no harm in trying it. In addition to taking these baths and making frequent changes of linen, it is well to take some internal medicine, in the form of a powder or tablet. I should advise your going to your doctor or druggist, and asking for a prescription which will aid the sweat glands, if seriously affected, in returning to a normal condition. I know of a powder that is sold in every store in the United States, that is said to positively stop excessive perspiration of the body. Your druggist will probably be able to give you the name, as it is not expedient to give addresses in these columns.

Remember in taking these remedies, that what cures one girl will do the next no earthly good, so I give a choice of remedies that each may have a chance to get suited.

Much inflamed and painful to walk upon are feet that perspire too freely. The reason of this inflammation is that the skin is rendered excessively tender by constant immersion in moisture. In addition to painfully inflaming the soles of the feet, the perspiration rots and discolors pretty stockings most awfully. This isn't very pleasant for the girl who revels in dainty hosiery, but cannot afford to buy more than a few pairs. The odor from perspiring feet is most unpleasant, so I will give several remedies which are recommended by a well-known doctor to be used in such cases.

To Banish Odor of Perspiring Feet

A one per cent. solution of formaline.

Another Remedy for the Same Trouble

Permanganate of potassium solution. These two remedies are to be used as washes.

You can keep your feet from perspiring by using:

Tannic acid, eight grains; bay rum, four fluid ounces.

The girl that I pity most is the girl who perspires on the head. It is hard enough to manage the hair in any case, without having it always so moist. That looks as if one had just been in bathing! Bay rum is excellent, it is said. Ask your druggist to put up a sample tonic which is composed mostly of bay rum.

I know that daily massage of the scalp with the finger tips would result in bringing back a normal condition of the scalp. Massage it for fifteen minutes daily, until it is pink and glowing. By doing this you will kill two birds with one stone, as your hair will grow luxuriantly, and the perspiration will eventually stop. Try it.

An agreeable powder to use for perspiration under the arms is as follows:

Two and one half drams of camphor, four



USE A PAD MOIST WITH ALCOHOL.

ounces of orris-root, fifteen ounces of starch. Wash the arms in warm water, dry and dust with the above powder.

Girls who are troubled with shiny, greasy skins should try washing their faces frequently in cool water to which a heaping teaspoonful of powdered borax has been added. Also rubbing the face with a pad moist with alcohol will keep the skin free from this unbecoming shininess.

As most everyone is bothered with moist hands in summer, it may be interesting to know that the following lotion will soon banish the excessive moisture.

Astringent Lotion

Rose water, six ounces; elderflower water, two ounces; simple tincture of benzoin, one half ounce; tannic acid, ten grains.

For the girls who always have clammy cold hands, this wash is said to be good.

For Damp Hands

Cologne, four ounces; tincture of belladonna, one half ounce.

A tea of white oak bark applied to perspiring spots is said by a famous skin specialist to be effective in stopping the undue perspiration. As I think I have posted my girls up pretty well for the hot summer months, so will say good by until next time.

Questions and Answers

BY KATHERINE BOOTH.

Evelyn, Miss M. F. Garber, Iowa, R. L. C. W.—Try dry hard massage to reduce face, also elap the superfluous flesh briskly, until it brings tears to your eyes. I consider this a very good massage cream:

Orange Flower Skin Food

Spermaceti, one half ounce; white wax, one half ounce; sweet almond oil, two ounces; lanoline, one ounce; coconut oil, one ounce; tincture of benzoin, five drops; orange flower water, one ounce.

Wash part to be massaged thoroughly in hot water, and massage with upward, circular movement. To reduce your nose, rub with the following: Melt an ounce of cold cream and add one gram each of pulverized tannin and alkanet chips. Let macerate for five hours, then strain through cheesecloth.

Miss Katie, Utah.—You poor child, what with freckles, pimples and blackheads you are having a hard time. We will cure the pimples first and it is quite simple. Drink two glasses of hot water half an hour before every meal and before going to bed. As this will purify your blood and give you a better digestion. You must also stop eating pie, cake, candy, rich puddings and sauces and fried meat. Take a sponge bath all over every day and sleep with your windows open at night. In three months your skin should be clear. Touch those nasty freckles with lemon juice every single day. This will make them run away. You cannot treat your blackheads until the pimples are gone. Write again.

Sara, Connecticut.—Here is the formula for Vaucaire Bust Developer.

Four hundred grams of simple syrup, ten grams of lactic acid, ten grams of tincture of fennel, and ten grams of extract of galega. Take two spoonfuls before each meal.

S. P.'s Wife.—I was very glad to hear from you and notice what you say about nose salve. I have given several and don't know which one you refer to. Here is a good lotion for a red, red nose: One dram of muriate of ammonia, one half dram of tannic acid, two ounces of glycerine, three ounces of rosewater. Saturate a wad of cotton in this and bind on nose every night when going to bed. I'm sorry you can't take hot water as it beautifies the complexion and relieves indigestion, which is probably the cause of your red nose. I think you will stop biting your nails if you will rub quinine on them several times a day. Read my article on Hands in a back issue of COMFORT and try manicuring your hands as I said. To beautify your skin take one teaspoonful of powdered charcoal every morning for three days in succession, then a tablespoonful of sulphur and cream of tartar every morning for three days. Do this every six weeks. I am afraid, girlie, your Roman nose cannot be altered. Yes massage beautifully any skin.

Midget.—You can get rid of the pimples probably by taking charcoal and sulphur and cream of tartar. See S. P.'s Wife. Blackheads can be dislodged if face is thoroughly washed with hot water and soap every night, following this by a massage. Once a week steam the face and then rub in boracic powder. If this irritates the skin rub in a little cold cream. Every two weeks wash your face thoroughly, steam it and then put on soap jelly, which must remain on face for fifteen minutes. Wash off with cold water. I think you will be cured of your blackheads.

A. B. S.—An oily face is certainly most annoying. You will find this wash efficacious: Elderflower water, two ounces; tannic acid, ten grains; tincture benzoin, one half ounce; rosewater, eight ounces. Bathe with this wash several times a day.

Mrs. J. G.—I do not think your powder is good for the skin. Use a nice powder.

E. R.—Reduce your waist by this exercise. Stand erect with arms stretched out in front of you. Bend until finger-tips touch the floor. Keep up this exercise for fifteen minutes each day. You cannot treat your hips and waist at the same time. See reply to Sara, Conn.

Mabel S.—You cannot dye the switch yourself. You will have to take it to a hair store and have them do the work for you. Do not experiment as you will ruin your switch and not match your hair.

A Reader.—Your letter was very welcome. Yes, all the COMFORT girls can ask me as many questions as they want. To reduce a thick nose, try rubbing it heavily for ten minutes night and morning.

Tempest and Sunshine.—Massage, my dear girl, will make your hair grow. You and your friend both massage into the scalp every night this tonic:

Forty grains of Resorcin, one ounce each of alcohol and witchhazel, one half ounce of water.

Twenty minutes' massage of the scalp each night for three months will bring you both your hair's desire.

I. A. B., Marion, Indiana.—I do not know how much the Bichloride of Mercury will cost. Almond oil costs about twenty cents for a small bottle. You might try this freckle plaster which is said to do the work and does not cost much: One tablespoonful of mustard smoothed with lemon juice, then add one teaspoonful of oil of almonds. Spread this on face and the minute it begins to burn, wash it off and massage with good skin food. I do not advise the use of such strenuous remedies.

Hester, Missouri.—Yes, I am tired sometimes but it doesn't last long. See reply to I. A. B. regarding freckle plaster.

Gowland's Lotion

Jordan almonds, one ounce; bitter almonds, three drams; distilled water, one pint; Chloride of mercury (coarse powder), fifteen grains.

Apply to face two or three times each day, let dry for a few minutes, then wipe off. Remember the Lotion is a poison if taken internally. Be very careful. A good massage cream is given to Evelyn at the head of this column. Daily massage and careful bathing of

the face will make a heavy, coarse skin of delicate texture. Try my hot water cure also.

Iris.—As you are so thin why not drink milk and plump up. You can get a clear white skin by drinking two glasses of hot water half an hour before each meal and before going to bed. Massage your red hands with sweet cream. Bleach your arms by rubbing on lemon juice. Take buttermilk and wash your face in it every night. This will whiten your skin. Here is a cold cream that cannot grow hair: Corn flour, one half dram, water, ten ounces, glycerine, five drams. With a little water make the flour into a paste, slowly stir in the rest. Bring to a boil, when cool add the glycerine. Try Castile soap if all other soaps irritate your skin. If you rub spirits of camphor on your hairy arms once a day it may kill the hairs. Petroleum is too strong to be used often on the scalp. Try and get the vaseline or—see Tempest and Sunshine. I do not know the name of a remedy that will cure the tobacco habit. Refuse to have anything to do with a man who chews tobacco. That will be a good cure for him.

Laurine.—You can bleach your face to a satin whiteness by using this. Make a thin paste of almond meal and melted cold cream. You might add a few drops of water also. Spread this on the face and lay over it hot moist towels. Get your mother to change these towels for you as your face must be kept covered with them for fifteen minutes. Then do this only a week. In about six treatments you will obtain the desired whiteness of skin. I cannot answer your other question.

M. M. C.—You might use Gowland's Lotion recommended to Hester, Mo. However, I think you are just at the age of life when you would reasonably expect such a thing for a few years. Also, of course, it might be varicose veins. If the lotion doesn't help you (remember it is a poison if taken internally) go to some good doctor. I think he will say what I did just above. Probably in three or four more years your skin will clear.

Wondering, Blue-eyed Jack.—Drink four quarts of milk each day and you will soon gain the desired flesh, and have a round, pretty neck, plump arms, large bust and a full face. See reply to Sara, Conn.

S. H. M.—I think a bow on the back of your head would be pretty and entirely suitable. Why not encourage your short hair to grow. See reply to Tempest and Sunshine. You can wear your skirts to your ankles. Wear striped material running up and down. Bring your waists to a point in front. Do your hair high and wear high military heels to your shoes. This will make you look tall.

Ella.—As you say, you can't take milk and want to grow plumper, try taking two tablespoonfuls of olive oil after each meal. If you could drink malt it would help pile on the flesh.

Miss Lemons.—You should try to practice talking distinctly in your room. Yes, I think a doctor could help you but go to a reliable one.

Little Bo Peep.—You can take a dose of sulphur and molasses once a day for ten days. Two tablespoonfuls is a good dose. Take two tablespoonfuls of the sulphur and mix enough molasses to make a paste.

J. M. M.—See replies to Laurine, Iris, Tempest and Sunshine. The night before shampooing your hair, saturate the scalp and hair with bland oil. Tie the head up in a towel and go to bed. Next morning wash your hair very thoroughly. This will cure your dandruff. See reply to Sara, Conn.

Ruth, Sturgis, S. Dak.—I hardly think there is any quick cure for you as it is evidently a case of a nervous temperament. Take a cold bath every day as this tends to cool the blood and you will not blush so easily.

Southern Girl.—The dark rings under your eyes may be caused by stomach trouble. If you will take my hot water cure, it will help your stomach and eventually give you a clear white complexion. See reply to Tempest and Sunshine.

M. L. H.—Put wads of cotton under the ingrowing nail. This will make it grow out instead of in. I do not think you could reduce your pudgy fingers very well. Your measurements are pretty good. Your hips should be forty, your bust thirty-eight, waist twenty-four and a half. Why not give the bumpy places over the eyes a heavy dry massage for fifteen minutes each day. This should reduce them. No cold cream should whiten the face, its purpose is to soften and lubricate the skin. See cream given to Iris.

Mrs. E. B. B., Detroit.—I should not advise your taking up a new way of living in the condition of your health.

Goldie Lone.—To wave your hair on hairpins, separate the outer growth of hair all around the head in six strands. Spread the hairpins slightly, and wind a strand in and out, when you come to the end of the strand, bend the hair pin ends over so they hold the strand tightly. A girl of fifteen wears her hair in front in a small pompadour, and the back hair braided and turned up to form a club. Pin a large black taffeta bow at the top of club.

Discouraged One.—Gowland's Lotion is said to sometimes efface smallpox scars if used for a number of months. You might try it, but remember it is poison. A non-greasy cream was given Iris and Hester, Mo.

Mrs. A. C., Brooklyn.—If sentence reads "four quarts of milk will reduce and six quarts cause an increase of flesh," it was a misprint. One and one half quarts of milk (with no other food) will reduce, four quarts of milk a day will cause a decided gain. You must not take fruit with milk as it sours it. I would advise your taking four quarts to start and one simple meal. Afterward you can increase to six quarts and omit the meal, if you get along nicely.

Miss Elizabeth, Nev.—At your age your limbs would naturally be thin. I can't give you anything to make them fatter as that would fatten the rest of the body and you say you are fat enough. Yes, you can pull the hairs out with little tweezers and apply spirits of camphor immediately. Better leave well enough alone.

Mary Jane W.—Yes, henna will dye the hair red but it has to be put on by a professional or else you will come out with hair of many colors. I gave a walnut dye in my article on formulas in a recent issue.

Address all letters containing questions to KATHERINE BOOTH, care COMFORT, AUGUSTA, MAINE.

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A Pretty Hat.

The transfer embroidery design illustrated here may be adapted to almost any style of hat, made of linen, duck, lawn, nain-sook or batiste. The blossoms have the outline padded and then worked in solid buttonhole stitch, the inside being done in eyelet design. The center of the crown shows one of these blossoms, the scroll being worked in solid outline stitch. In fact almost any kind of embroidery may be employed once the design has been transferred to the material. Some of the hats this summer have the embroidery done in the natural color of the blossoms and their foliage, though many women prefer the all-white embroidery. This pattern may be obtained by sending a club of two five months' 10c. subscriptions to COMFORT, only 20c. in all.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Tribulations of a Young Bride

"ALL the world loves a bride," is the old adage, but the mercilessly jocose manner in which it manifests its tender interest and affection nowadays, and especially the strenuous methods in vogue among nearest friends and relatives tend to make a dreaded ordeal of the day that should be filled with unalloyed bliss to the heroine of the occasion.

The more the modest bride and diffident bridegroom betray embarrassment and chagrin at the practical jokes and oftentimes rough pranks played on them, the greater the merriment of friends and spectators. It requires good nerve, good sense and lots of patience to accept it all gracefully and make the best of the situation.

The wedding-day experience, which I am about to narrate of pretty Catherine Evans, married at the home of her parents in Waterville, Maine, last June, was no exception in the way of mingled joy and tribulation.

I can vouch for the facts because she is my wife's youngest sister. So I saw and heard it all, and must plead guilty to having had a hand in rigging up some of the sport which seemed much funnier to us than to her.

Her father is a retired manufacturer with a comfortable competency. Her mother, young for her years, has devoted her life to the important duty of bringing up a family of two sons and three daughters, all of whom except the bride were married and settled down for life.

The bride being the youngest child and the only one remaining at the old home was naturally the pet of the whole family.

She is a brilliant blond, with pink and white complexion, a fine mouth, straight nose, large, clear blue eyes, and light brown wavy hair. She is of medium height and fine, graceful figure. Accomplished, spritely and witty, twenty years of age at the time of her marriage, she was, as might be expected, one of the belles of the town and attracted admiring attention wherever she went.

The young man who came to pluck this "queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls" from the parent stem is the youngest son of one of the best, oldest and wealthiest families in Hartford, Connecticut. His father and mother were both dead and his business consisted chiefly in looking after the large property which he had inherited. He was twenty-six years old, of good habits, good natured and affable. He had traveled extensively and was well versed in the ways of the world, but nevertheless was sensitive and a trifle diffident.

His first met his life partner at an August lawn party in Hartford which she attended in company with her cousin Cella whom she was visiting at that time. On his part it was a case of love at first sight and he pressed his suit with such ardor as to lend unusual romance to the courtship. A circumstantial account of what followed would be highly entertaining to our readers, but in order to keep peace in the family and preserve what few hairs I have on my head after this appears in print I must beg to draw the veil of privacy over a very pretty romance and leave the incidents thereof to your imagination.

Suffice it to say that he was desperately in love and made it manifest by doing and saying all the foolish things that a young man is wont to in such a condition of mind and heart, and was duly quizzed and joked thereby by his many friends and acquaintances. During her three weeks' visit with her cousin in Hartford he devoted his entire time and attention to seeking occasions and inventing opportunities to meet her and make himself agreeable; calls, drives and automobile parties were a part of them. He succeeded so well that before she left he had obtained her consent for him to call on her at her home in Waterville and be introduced to her parents. He spent Thanksgiving with her family in Waterville, and she made a Christmas visit to his aunt in Hartford, at which time their expected engagement was announced.

She wore home a splendid diamond engagement ring, and it took him so much time to respond to the congratulations of his many young-men friends that he made an event of it by giving them a dinner party and, as they say in diplomatic correspondence, "closed the incident" in a most satisfactory manner.

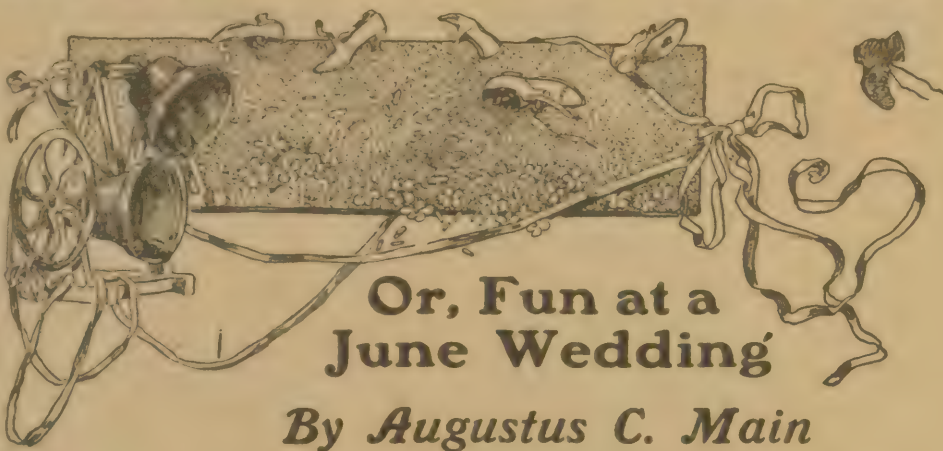
The wedding was to be at the bride's home at four o'clock in the afternoon, Wednesday, June 10th; just a good old-fashioned family wedding, but great preparations were made to have it as pretty as possible.

For weeks the bride was busy with milliners and dressmakers, and her girl friends were on the tip-toe of excitement over the beautiful gowns, and wonderful hats that constituted her trousseau. Then the wedding presents began to arrive. Morning, noon and night the expressman called each day for more than a week, bringing curio cabinets and boxes of all shapes and sizes and containing jewelry, silver of all patterns, cut glass, linen, exquisite china, pictures, clocks and beautiful pieces of furniture. They were many, beautiful and costly, filling a large room, and seemed to constitute an all-sufficient outfit for setting up housekeeping. How the bride's eyes sparkled as she and her mother opened the various boxes and examined the beautiful array of gifts so as to share in the best advantages, and what pride she exhibited them to the stream of admiring friends who called from day to day to see them.

It is proverbial that "the pleasure of anticipation is greater than that of realization," and it is my observation that these preliminaries in the way of preparing and exhibiting her trousseau, receiving and showing her wedding presents, eliciting the admiration and congratulations of her friends and intimates constitute the chief pleasure of the bride-to-be. Of course the wedding itself is the great occasion to which all this leads up, the crowning event in which the bride is prominently the central figure, the exposure of all eyes. It is a great day, but it is full of hurried preparation and attention to a thousand little but all-important details; and anxiety lest something be overlooked or go wrong, and added to all this is the dread of the overwhelming attentions of merry friends. At best it is a strenuous day, and the present-day bride gives a sigh of relief when at last safely started on their wedding tour her husband kisses her in token that they have escaped from their torments and their happiness has really begun.

The bride herself took no greater pleasure in the preparation of her trousseau than did her mother-in-law, cousin, Louise Owen of Brunswick in packing and getting up the dainty trunks in which she was to take the important part of bridehood at the wedding of her favorite cousin. To the little bride-to-be it seemed the most important event in her life. With what pride she showed her school-girl friends her pretty pink silk muslin dress with long gloves, shoes and hat to match and told them of the lovely shower-bouquet of pink sweet peas which she was to carry, and dreamed the bride radiant in her wedding gown and veil, and all the other wedding dainties so dear to the feminine heart, old or young, married or single; for had she not just returned from a visit to Waterville where she had enjoyed a bride's privilege of inspecting and advising on all those wonderful preparations and arrangements? And then there was her lovely bride's ring which she should always wear as a souvenir of this occasion; and she was to visit the bride in her new Hartford home the coming summer. How the girls did envy her and tell her that it was all just too lovely for anything. And so it seemed.

At last the long expected day arrived and the little bride-to-be, with her father, mother and older brother Robert were on the train for Waterville.



Or, Fun at a
June Wedding
By Augustus C. Main

Let us see what was going on in Waterville that morning. The bridegroom, his aunt, his older brother Fred and his best man Will Grant had arrived the day before, and with other wedding guests from out of town had rooms at the hotel. His brother, who was a notorious wag, and his friend Grant had conspired to make life intensely interesting if not comfortable at the hotel by introducing him to every stranger as the bridegroom-to-be and accompanying these introductions with sundry jokes and personal allusions far more amusing to others than to him. Through their efforts and much to their delight, within two hours after his arrival he was a marked man in the hotel and on the streets, as much so as if he had been tagged "bridegroom."

At every turn he met knowing smiles and officiously polite bows from strangers, and he was tormented by mischievous snickerings behind his back. Finally he thought they must have tagged him, and he went to his room and looked himself over carefully to see if there was anything wrong about his clothing to attract so much attention, but discovered nothing. Under pretence that his necktie was unsuitable for the occasion his brother and his friend enticed him into a men's furnishing store, and in helping him to select a new one they made him ridiculous before the proprietor, clerks and customers. They worried him with a yarn about the irregularity of his marriage license until they got him to go with them to the city clerk's office only to be fooled and laughed at again.

The almost distracted bridegroom tore himself

lost your best friend, and folks will think we've had a quarrel or trouble of some sort."

"I've had trouble enough," he replied, "the last few hours, and it has all come from those who claim to be my best friends, and I'd give a good deal to lose that precious pair until we are well started on our wedding tour. I feel sure they will play some awful trick on us yet. I can't imagine what it will be, but they will do us somehow."

"Don't worry," she said with a reassuring kiss, and left him to attend to her various preparations.

Just after the bridegroom had left them, I met the brother and friend on the street looking for the telegraph office to make arrangements to have a number of bogus telegrams delivered to the bridegroom and bride just before, and just after the ceremony. They besought me to tell them where, when and how the bridal couple were to go on their wedding tour, and I could hardly make them believe that I was not in the secret.

Just then the driver of the Belgrade stage spoke to me and said, "please tell your wife's sister that the stage is so heavily loaded this morning I shall have to leave her trunks for the afternoon trip, but I shall get them there by the middle of the afternoon."

I replied, "all right; but where are the trunks just now?"

"At the baggage room on the next street," said he.

"See here young man," said the brother addressing the stage-driver and handing him a silver dollar, "you understand that this is my younger brother's wedding, and I've come all the way from St. Louis to see that none of the customary formalities that go with an up-to-date wedding are omitted. Now, I am suspicious that in the rush to get an early start the decoration of his baggage has been shamefully neglected. I must insist on the privilege of inspecting his trunks and seeing that they are suitably ornamented for a wedding tour."

"All right," said the stage-driver with a knowing wink, "you will have a good hour to do your art work before I start."

We provided ourselves with an outfit of colored crayons and then made for the trunks.

Decorative art should be in harmony with the

our bridal couple had so slyly arranged to spend the first ten days of their honeymoon among strangers, who, as they fondly hoped, would not know that they were newly wed, is a large and fashionable summer hotel at the beautiful Belgrade Lakes patronized largely by the elite of New York, Boston and other large cities, and at this time it was well filled with summer tourists who had come early for the famous trout and salmon fishing.

Imagine the merriment of the hotel guests as the stage stopped in front of "The Belgrade" and they gathered about it to examine and comment on these wonderfully decorated trunks. Knowing looks, appreciative smiles and witty comments were followed by uproarious laughter. Then it was voted that the bridal couple must be received with due and fitting ceremonies, and a committee was chosen only too willing to make the preparations to celebrate the arrival of the newly wedded pair.

At half past three all the wedding guests were assembled and everything was in readiness, but just then the telegraph boy called with a message for the bridegroom purporting to be from the superintendent of his large brass works which ran as follows:

"Mr. Philip Bird: General strike. Men threaten damage to property. Come on next train."
"W. F. Jenkins."

Of course this was a bogus telegram, the work of his brother and friend who were now at the bridegroom's side to sympathize with him in his trouble. In his nervous condition he was badly broken up by this news which he supposed to be true. They added to his perturbation by their freely proffered advice. His brother said:

"Postpone the wedding and take the four o'clock train for Hartford and settle this strike or they will burn your factory and ruin you."

His friend was equally urgent to go on with the wedding and let the strike take care of itself. Between the two he was nearly distracted.

In a few minutes came a telegram for the bride from her Aunt Maria who had previously written her regrets that severe illness prevented her attending the wedding. Now she telegraphed,

"Miss Catherine Evans: Have started for Waterville, can't bear to miss the wedding. Can't you postpone it until I arrive at eight o'clock?"
Aunt Maria.

No one suspected this telegram to be a joke, and preposterous though the request seemed, it threw the feminine side of the household into confusion and despair. What was to be done? Everything was ready and it was only fifteen minutes before the appointed time for the ceremony. The Boston caterer was making ready the dainty wedding luncheon to be served in the dining-room.

"Why it's unreasonable, it's just impossible to delay the wedding," said the bride almost in tears.

"But you know," replied her mother, "how dear old Aunt Maria loves you and how it almost broke her heart to think she could not see you married. Now, at the last moment, weak and sick, she is risking her life to make the journey, and I am afraid the disappointment will just finish her if she arrives too late." But as all the rest were against postponement it was decided to go on with the wedding at once.

Just then the bridegroom received another telegram, this time from an intimate friend in Hartford, which read:

"Mr. Philip Bird: Cheer up old man. Perhaps it isn't so. Wait till the clouds roll by."
"George French."

He was puzzled to know what this meant, but hoped it indicated that the strike might not be so serious as reported.

In one corner of the large double parlors was a veritable bower of lovely pink laurel, and in it stood a small altar also covered with laurel and other flowers, and in front of it the cushions on which the bride and bridegroom would kneel during the service. As the clock chimed four, the orchestra in the upper hall began to play the wedding march. A little boy and girl took station on either side of the parlor door, each holding the end of a long white ribbon. Another



THEY GATHERED ABOUT THE STAGE-COACH TO EXAMINE AND COMMENT ON THESE WONDERFULLY DECORATED TRUNKS.

away from his merry friends on the forenoon of his wedding day and called to pay his respects to the bride and to arrange such final details as might be necessary. He wore such a haggard and careworn look that she feared he was ill, and when he explained the cause of it, she insisted that to escape his torments he should remain at her home until it was time to dress for the wedding.

"They have kept me on the go," he said, "every minute since we arrived yesterday, playing all manner of mischievous tricks on me until I have got on my nerves, and I'm frightened to death for fear they will find out how or where we are going tonight after the wedding. If they should get a hint they would make life unendurable for the next two or three hours. Perhaps they would grab our baggage; perhaps they would go along with us or follow us. The Lord only knows what they would do, but sure it would be bad enough."

"There dear," said she, "don't worry any more. Everything is going smoothly up here, and I have received a telegram from cousin Louise that she is coming on the next train with her folks. Mother and sisters are the only ones who know when or how or where we are going. They haven't told even their husbands, and I am sure your brother can't possibly find out. Our trunks have already gone. The stage-driver called and took them early this morning. Aren't we lucky to have such a perfect day, and don't the parlor look lovely in their blaze of pink laurel blossoms? Just sit here and rest and get rid of that worried look. You look as if you had

use and purpose of the thing decorated.

You should have seen the decorations on these two trunks after we had devoted our artistic talents to them.

Our appropriate inscriptions were so large and plain that "he who runs might read," not only that, but one who could not read at all would know by the pictures that the trunks belonged to a bridal couple.

These are a few of them:

Picture. Two red hearts pierced by an arrow.

Legend. "Two hearts that beat as one."

Picture. Two doves billing.

Legend. "What lovin' do if doves die?"

Picture. A pair of parakeets side by side.

Legend. "A pair of love birds, Phil and Kate."

Besides these beautiful sentiments pictorially and verbally expressed we also added the following inscriptions in bold letters:

"BE KIND TO POOR OLD PHIL."

"GOOD-BYE OLD MAN, SORRY TO LOSE YOU."

"HATS OFF TO THE BRIDE."

And so the bride's and bridegroom's two trunks resembled a circus billboard, and conspicuously perched behind the stage-coach were hauled through the principal streets of Waterville about noon and made the fifteen-mile journey out to "The Belgrade," much to the amusement of the people along the route. But this spectacular outfit created the greatest excitement when it reached its destination, "The Belgrade," where

little boy and girl each holding another end of the two ribbons advanced from the door across the parlors to the altar and took positions on either side, and drawing the ribbons tight formed an aisle from the door to the altar, separating the assembled guests. Led by the minister clad in the garb of the Episcopal clergy, the bridal procession enters and advances through this aisle to the front of the altar. The bridegroom with his best man on his left follow behind the clergyman, and next comes the bridesmaid in solitary glory, a smiling vision in pink silk muslin and white lace, carrying a shower bouquet of pink sweet peas. Next comes the bride attired in a princess gown of liberty silk and a rich bridal veil prettily fastened with orange blossoms. She is escorted by her father on whose right arm she leans, and she carries in her hand a small prayer-book from which the minister reads the service and which she keeps as a memento. Acting respectively as flower girl and page the six-year-old niece and eight-year-old nephew of the bride follow her.

The minister takes his place in front of the altar, facing the guests, and to his left stand the bridegroom and best man, also facing the guests. The bridesmaid takes her position to the left of where the bride will stand. As the bride takes her place before the minister a little to his right the bridegroom steps forward and meets her, takes her hand, and they stand there facing each other, but not hand-in-hand. The father stands back until that part of the impressive

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 13.)

Tribulations of a Young Bride

Or

Fun at a June Wedding

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12.)

Episcopal marriage service is reached in which he is called upon by the clergyman to give away the bride; then at the appropriate moment in the ceremony the bridegroom slips the ever-to-be-worn wedding ring on the bride's finger; the minister joins their hands and with due solemnity the irrevocable words are spoken which by the laws of man and in the sight of God make them husband and wife for better or for worse, through life. Next the prayer and the ceremony is over. The minister is first to wish the bride all kinds of happiness and to congratulate the new husband; relatives and friends step forward and follow his example, and those who are sufficiently intimate avail themselves of the time-honored privilege of kissing the bride.

It was a pretty wedding and she a lovely bride. All the trials of the day forgotten, her face was radiant with joy of love and faith. The bridegroom's smiling countenance beamed with happiness and pride.

Then, in the dining-room was served the dainty luncheon of lobster salad, lettuce sandwiches, olives, sweet pickles, strawberry ice cream in the form of roses, fancy cakes and wedding cake, tea, coffee and chocolate. Then the bride's cake with the good luck ring in it was cut and passed only to the unmarried guests, each of whom took a piece, and the little flower girl had the luck to draw the one which contained the ring, much to her delight.

Then a telegram came for the bride purporting to be from her husband's old sweetheart, worded thus:

"Mrs. Philip Bird:
"You have my heartfelt sympathy."
"Anna Gray."

You should have seen the bride's eyes flash when she read it, and the confused look on her husband's face as she passed it to him. I thought a storm was brewing, but it was all over in a minute so far as outward indications showed, though I know it rankled in her heart until she found out later that all these telegrams were manufactured by us.

Then came the last and most nerve-racking despatch of all, and to add to their despair that dreadful brother took it from the messenger, tore it open and read aloud as follows:

"Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bird:
"Congratulations and best wishes. I will take the two little birds under my wing at Belgrade where I shall be for a week's fishing. Good luck till we meet tomorrow."
"Frank Jackson."

"Mercy!" cried the bride. "Heavens! What shall we do?" exclaimed her husband. "We can't stand that. He will string us to death. But how did he find it out?"

"Aha!" said the wicked brother, "so it's Belgrade is it? Serves you right for not confiding in your elder brother."

"We'll forgive him this time," said the best man, but the next time he married he must let us help arrange matters for him. Just to show him that we harbor no resentment, let's go along with them tonight and look after them until Jackson arrives."

The newly-wedded pair gazed at each other in speechless amazement and utter consternation.

To their great relief, just at that moment the carriage which was to take them to Belgrade drove up and stopped in front of the house.

The bride hurriedly retired and put on her traveling clothes. Then came the good bys, best wishes, etc., interspersed with liberal showers of rice. The bridegroom found his pockets filled with rice and his gloves also; and when he put on his hat, that also gave him another rice shower. As they walked arm-in-arm to the carriage they were pelted with rice, and the children threw old shoes after them for good luck.

But you should have seen that carriage. It was a sight. The brother and best man had attended to that also. The horses wore bright colored paper rosettes on their heads and the harnesses were decorated with bright ribbons and bows. From the rear axle hung a line of old shoes, and on the back of the carriage was a large placard inscribed in large letters,

"JUST MARRIED. WISH US JOY."

And so they drove off amid the merry shouts and laughter of their friends. As soon as they had turned the corner into the next street they ordered the driver to stop while the gentleman got out and cut the ribbons and other decorations from the harnesses, but not having seen the old shoes and placard on the back of the carriage they permitted those to remain in blissful ignorance of their existence, until the lady noticed that everybody they passed turned and stared and snickered or grinned at them, and finally told her husband that she believed there must be something wrong with the back of the carriage; and then he got out again and removed these insignia also.

It was just after dark when they came in sight of "The Belgrade" and they were congratulating themselves that they had seen the last of their tribulations and would find peace and quiet among strangers who did not know them to be a newly-wedded couple. They were surprised to see the big hotel brilliantly illuminated and the veranda decorated with Chinese lanterns, but they concluded that it must be in connection with a dance.

Imagine their astonishment, when their carriage stopped at the hotel, to find all the guests ranged in line in front to receive them with showers of rice while the orchestra struck up a wedding march. They made a dash to escape into the hotel but the committee stopped them at the door and led them around and introduced them in turn to every guest, each of whom had some witty greeting for them. Finally they were escorted to their apartments where the gaudily emblazoned heraldry on their trunks first met their astonished gaze.

At last they are left to examine and discuss these pictorially illustrated inscriptions by themselves, and so I cannot tell you just how they were impressed, except that when they returned from their honeymoon a fortnight later the bride said that she thought "they were horrid and they would not wash off."

A Fateful Wedding Eve

OR

The Pirate's Daughter

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4.)

There were few fairer spots on earth than this ocean island. The water lapped its silvery beach in musical murmurs; feathery palms and coconuts sheltered its verdant shores from the sun's too ardent rays, while nature seemed to run riot beneath its smiling sky, and to deck herself with every gorgeous tint in bird, and tree, and blossom.

It was morning. A little boat was drawn up on the shining beach, and an old negress was busy washing her linen in the sparkling waves. A whole chorus of wood birds had been awakened by the wild chant with which she accompanied her labors, and the mingled sounds struck not unharmoniously upon the ears of two listeners in the grove near.

One was a tall, finely formed man, clad in a light fitting suit of some Eastern fabric, whose soft, elastic texture seemed to yield to the slightest movement of every muscle. He stood leaning against the trunk of a mighty palm, his arm encircling the beautiful, young creature at his side.

Delicately, but exquisitely formed, with the wealth of dark hair rippling almost to her knees,

held back by a band of gold; and her snowy tunic bound by a zone of gems, she looked like the queen of an earthly eden, even though her eyes were dewy, and there were traces of tears upon the rosy rounded cheeks.

"And must you go, dear father?" she asked sorrowfully. "Ah, when will these terrible journeys be over? When will you be all my own?"

"Soon, my pet, very soon, I promise you. I am getting old, my child, and begin to sigh for rest. You will soon have me all to yourself, will that satisfy you, little empress?"

She laid her head upon his breast, then said: "Are you going far away, near the old place, papa? Oh, surely," and she shuddered all over, "not back there?"

He smoothed the black hair and laughed, but there was a tone of uneasiness in his voice, as he answered her:

"Why not, pet? I must go back to the old place once again, only once again. You know," he hesitated a little as if unwilling to awaken unpleasant memories—"the treasures of the band are hidden in those caverns? They do not belong to me—if so I would gladly leave them buried there, but my men have earned them by hard toil and peril. They must be collected and divided, and then"—his brow cleared—"we disperse forever, King Carl and his band will meet away like the foam of the summer sea! The old father alone will remain—the old father in his happy island home, with its little brown-eyed queen. And Jack, poor old Jack Dallas, we'll give him his pipe and hammock, eh, little pet? We must not forget old Jack, to whom we owe so much! How he took you in his arms, that awful night, when I was more of a devil than a man! How tenderly he carried you up to the cavern of the cliffs!"

"Don't, dear papa!" she clung to him with a convulsive shudder. "I cannot bear to hear, to think about it even now! It seemed as if I died then," she whispered, "as if I must have died! I have been far from the world ever since; in a heaven, papa, a heaven of love and peace."

"My dove—my poor little storm-tossed dove!" The strong man's voice grew husky, as he clasped his child to his breast. "Oh, Carlyn, if you could know what these three years have been to me—what tenderness, what faith, what hope they have awakened in my heart! You are happy with me, darling," he continued, eagerly scanning the beautiful face. "Tell me, again that you are happy in your father's love!"

"Happy with you, dear father, can you doubt it?" she asked, tenderly.

"You are a woman, dear, and a woman's heart is hard to read. Sometimes I fancy that my little dove would try her wings again."

"No, no!" and she flung her arms about his neck, and wept like a frightened child. "Oh, no, dear papa, my wings were too sadly broken! Keep me here with you, always. Papa, I fear for you as I have never done before! If you should meet him," and her voice quivered. "I dare not think of it," and she wrung her hands bitterly. "Oh, dear papa, for my sake, do not tread again that fated shore!"

"I must go, my child—I must!" he said, firmly. "I know what you fear; but it is needless, one thought of you would disarm me in my fiercest moods. I swear to you that I will never hurt a hair of Jack Devere's head. It is no thought of him that leads me to the cliff cavern. I go only to free myself from a life that is hateful to me. Then—then you shall teach me how to live, darling, how to atone for a past that I have begun to feel was sadly misused."

"Aunt Hope!" the poor "Aunt Hope!" whispered Carlyn, from her resting place on his breast. "I have thought of her so often lately. If—if she could only know that I was safe. She was cold and sharp, but I think, papa, that she cared a little for me, after all."

"Do not fear for her, pet, she is a good woman, but as cold and hard as stone."

"I—I would like to hear of them all," said Carlyn. "I wonder if Abram Hemperly is married yet? And that beautiful Miss Hortense—that—"

She stopped abruptly, with quivering lips; but King Carl's brow clouded again, ominously. "Alas! the barb had pierced her tender heart too deeply. Carlyn could not forget."

But she hushed the moan of memory, and lifted her face for her father's farewell kiss.

"God bless you, my own, my darling," he whispered, as he clasped her to his heart again and again. "God keep you until we meet again, to part never again."

And with one last kiss, King Carl tore himself from her embrace, and springing down the silver sands, leaped into his boat and pushed off.

Carlyn, after gazing at the little skiff until it appeared a mere speck on the sunlit waves, flung herself upon the grass and burst into a flood of passionate tears.

Since that dark, dreadful hour that still haunted her dreams, when King Carl and his faithful follower, Jack Dallas, had rescued her from a fearful death upon the storm-swept rocks—where old Alphonse, in obedience to his master's orders, had left her—Carlyn had led an enchanted life. She had been made the idol of a deep, passionate devotion.

One morn that followed the night of terror and vengeance had dawned upon the cliff shore, King Carl and the precious burden that he guarded with such jealous care, were far away. There were days of agonized suspense, for Carlyn's tender nature had received a terrible shock. The Vengeance had spread her white wings to tropic breezes before the white-faced girl—whom the rough sailors looked upon with a sort of awe could leave the luxurious stateroom! then followed those delicious days of convalescence, when she was rocked by slumbering waves, fanned by perfumed breezes, when such love as she had never known, surrounded her with every luxury.

The dark-browed pirates hushed their voices at her coming, and gazed upon her as half a spirit, half as their queen.

But it was no part of King Carl's plan to risk his new treasure in such rude companionship. The home that he had destined for her was known to Jack Dallas alone, and one night, when the Vengeance lay at anchor in some tropic bay Carlyn bade the little vessel a half-regretful adieu.

Within the shadiest recess of the ocean isle, King Carl had built the home for his darling. It was a quaint structure, of bark and twigs, airy and capacious. It was round, with a high pointed roof, finished by a staff, from which the old sailor insisting on "showing colors"—a bright silken pennant always fluttered gayly in the breeze.

Around this inner pavilion was a kind of portico, formed of the slender trunks of palm-trees, and roofed by a light trellis, covered with growing vines. The pirate chief had collected everything that could minister to a refined taste, silken hangings curtained the rudely-fashioned walls, the hard floors were covered with gay mats skillfully woven of bright-hued straw, while divans of velvet, fancy tables laden with books, and musical instruments, gave to this woodland paradise the atmosphere of a cultivated home.

With her face hidden in the mossy sward, Carlyn still wept on the same spot where her father had left her. He was going back—back to the old home that had grown shadowy and dream-like to her. Memory was too keen, too bitter. She must strive to forget—strive against that dull ache in her heart. She rose, bathed her eyes, and turned toward her home.

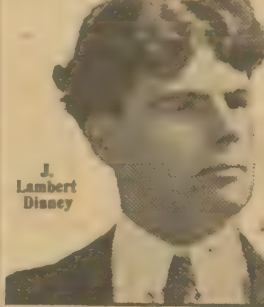
The little smoke curling upward from the lee-side of the pavilion told her that her faithful guardian was at his favorite post, puffing away the cigar he always felt at his chief's departure. So picking some light osiers, which she had a fancy for weaving into dainty little baskets, Carlyn fluttered around to the old man's side.

"I have come for the lesson that you promised to give me, Uncle Jack," she said, dropping upon a deer skin mat near him. "I want to learn to make some pretty baskets, to show papa how busy I have been while he is gone."

"So he has gone, has he? He was a mon-

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Mrs. Disney

strous long time getting off, it's well on to mid-day now."

"Oh, he went long, long ago," said Carlyn, with a little shuddering sigh. "He has been gone hours!"

"There wasn't no time to lose," said the old sailor, gruffly. "When folks begin to shirk their business, my opinion is that they had better give it up at once, it would have been given up long ago, if I had had my way."

"But it will be the last time," said Carlyn, softly. "He has promised to never leave me again—never again."

"Hump!" muttered old Jack. "I have heard of such promises before. Rest ashore? Lord! he couldn't rest ashore lest there were six feet of earth above him!"

"But he has promised," Carlyn's voice faltered a little, though her faith was firm, "he has promised that this voyage will be his last. He is going back to—the cliff cavern to—"

"Where?" thundered old Jack, rising so suddenly that his pipe fell from his hand and was shattered to pieces. "Where? Say it again, girl. Not to the cave of the cliffs?"

"I thought that you knew," said Carlyn, her cheeks paling at the old man's alarm. "I thought he had told you."

"Told me?" Jack began to pace up and down the colonnade like a caged lion, "girl, there isn't a ten-cable would have held me here if I had known that Master Carroll was going within forty miles of that accursed coast. And he knew it well, or he would not have kept me in the dark for the first time this five and twenty years!"

"Do you think that papa is in danger?" the sweet voice trembled, as if she feared the answer.

"In danger?" Dallas interrupted. "I would as soon pilot a gunpowder cask into a sea of fire as to take the Vengeance up against those rocks. Girl you don't know what white-livered cravels those men are. If I had only gone along."

"Is it too late?" asked Carlyn, hurriedly. "You might take the little boat papa has left, and follow him. I will not be afraid. Oh, for God's sake, go with papa, don't think of me."

"I don't," said Dallas, bluntly. "but it ain't no use talking now, it's too late. He's been aboard the Vengeance a good two hours now. It's no use talking but if you know how to pray girl, as most women do, you had better keep at it pretty strong for the next two weeks or so, for if Master Carroll ain't a running on a lee-shore with all sails set, my name is not Jack Dallas."

And kicking the fragments of his treasured pipe in a way that showed clearer than words could do, his troubled state of mind, the old sailor turned away and put an end to the conversation, leaving Carlyn with that strange sickness of heart that is worse than any bodily ailment—that shadow of fear almost more terrible than the utter darkness of despair.

Through the days that followed, she bore the agony of anxiety and suspense alone. She felt remorsefully that, perhaps, she had not been grateful enough for the love and tenderness that

had striven to make her life so blissful; she felt perhaps, that she had not repaid that love in equal kind.

If he would only come back to her, if she could once more lay her head on his bosom, feel his kiss upon her brow, she would banish forever, these weary longings, this ungrateful murmuring for the "might have been"—she would be his child, his child only forever.

And still the weary days went on—the weary, lonely days, Carlyn watching the old sailor's brow, saw it grow darker and darker, and his cheery whistle grew less frequent.

One night—it was December, but the summer December of the tropics—she had gone to her couch, oppressed by a nameless fear. The moonbeams, struggling through the curtain of vines, made a wan twilight in her little chamber, and as she knelt and prayed for that absent father, a deep but peaceful sadness stole into her heart and filled her eyes with tears. And sleeping in the pale moonlight, Carlyn dreamed, or perchance, for who can reveal the mysteries of the "border land"—thought she dreamed, her father stood before her, his face white and solemn though with that rare, tender smile upon it that brightened for her alone. She stretched out her arms to him; she called him joyfully by that dearest name; she strove to cling to him, to caress him, yet, smiling still, he seemed far beyond her reach.

"You have come back, dear father!" she whispered. "We must never part again. Ah, I have suffered so since you left me! Remember your promise, we will never part again—never again!"

"Never again!"

And the tender smile seemed to change into a wondrous radiance. He bent to kiss her brow, and a strange stillness came into her heart.

"No, beloved, never again!"

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A Corner for Boys

By Uncle John

June

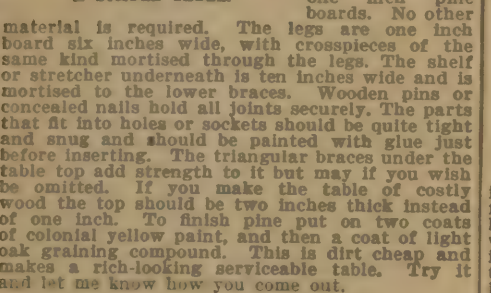
THERE is a note of sadness in my greeting to you this month, boys, for this is the last time I will be with you until fall. I hope you have enjoyed my work as much as I have myself. I will not be idle during the hot summer but will be working on the new book of things to delight you next autumn and winter. I have designed this month a feast of good things to please those boys who love the big outdoors.

About Swimming

The human body is lighter than water, especially the salt water of the ocean and tends naturally to float when immersed. The reason why we cannot swim naturally is the difficulty of keeping the head above the water so as to be able to breathe. The head is the heaviest part of the body and tends continually to sink. Many animals swim naturally because the head is small in proportion to the rest of their bodies. For this reason a very fat boy should swim more easily than a light lad. Ducks, geese, swans and the like swim without effort because not only are their heads small but they are protected by a thick layer of feathers through which the water cannot penetrate. The safest position in the water for a person who does not know how to swim is upon his back, the tendency to raise the arms should be resisted as this diminishes the buoyant effort of the water without diminishing your weight.

Simple Table

The drawings herewith show a plan for making a table that may either be applied to the construction of a library table out of choice hard wood or a camp table for use outdoors, in the barn, at picnics or at the summer cottage. In the latter case it is made of common one inch pine boards. No other material is required. The legs are one inch board six inches wide, with crosspieces of the same kind mortised through the legs. The shelf or stretcher underneath is ten inches wide and is mortised to the lower braces. Wooden pins or concealed nails hold all joints securely. The parts that fit into holes or sockets should be quite tight and snug and should be painted with glue just before inserting. The triangular braces under the table top add strength to it but may if you wish be omitted. If you make the table of costly wood the top should be two inches thick instead of one inch. To finish pine put on coats of colonial yellow paint, and then a coat of light oak graining compound. This is dirt cheap and makes a rich-looking serviceable table. Try it and let me know how you come out.



Weighing a Big Haystack without Scales

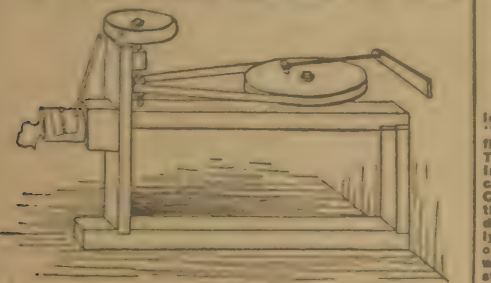
Here is a very practical and valuable suggestion for boys who live in the country. Measure the length and breadth of the stack and the height from the ground to the eaves. Add to this last the height of the eaves to the top. Multiply length by breadth and the product by the height all expressed in feet. Now to find the number of cubic yards divide by twenty-seven and multiply this by the number of pounds supposed to be in a cubic yard, namely, 132 pounds for new hay and 154 pounds for old hay. New hay on account of its moisture is really the heavier but the old hay will be pressed and packed more tightly.

Some Fun with Tongue Twisters

Repeat any of the following sentences five times as rapidly as you can and note the expression on the faces of those who happen to be nigh: "She shells sea shells." "Do you snuff shop snuff?" "The sun shines on the shop signs." "A big black bug bit a big black bear." "He thrusts his fists against the posts and still insists he sees the ghosts." "Three gray geese and three green geese, gray went the geese and green went the geese." "Sam sawed six, slick, shuck, slim, sunny saws." Another funny play on words was a long time ago. A man was asked to give the following question: "How much chuck would a woodchuck chuck if a woodchuck could chuck wood?"

Sawing or Grinding Machine

The accompanying illustration is simple and clear enough to enable any boy to make the practical grinding machine which is the subject of this article. The frame on which the gearing is mounted can be constructed of four heavy pieces of plank about eight inches in width.



SAWING OR GRINDING MACHINE.

Make it according to your own size so that the top will be about the height of your own head. Saw a hole in the board and fashion it into a pulley. Run a rope or chain over this and a pulley on the other side. This will be used for sawing it out with a chain saw and then sliding the outer rim to a corner saw, with a round file. A wooden peg is inserted through the center of the axle of the pulley and to the inside and is hooked. The axle of the grinder or emery wheel may be a common one inch or two with a square chuck near the end. This axle is strongly supported by a block bolted to the under side of the table top, and one of the lower upright legs. The use of a screw with two small pins driven in is no doubt well understood by many boys. This is a great thing for the grinding and grinding and may be used for sawing it out with a chain saw and then sliding it to a corner saw, with a round file. Try it and let me hear from you.

The Secret of Soldering

The process here described is very simple and will answer in most cases. Dissolve a teaspoonful of zinc chloride in a quart of water and pour it into a tin can. It should be heated. Soldering is now done by dipping the wire into the solution. Now we will see how you are going to heat a wire in a tin can. First scrape away all rust and the part of the wire with the lead, and then immerse it in the solution. You can now see off the tin and the wire will be soldered. Now heat the wire with a candle or lamp and when the solder will melt and spread out over the hole. With-

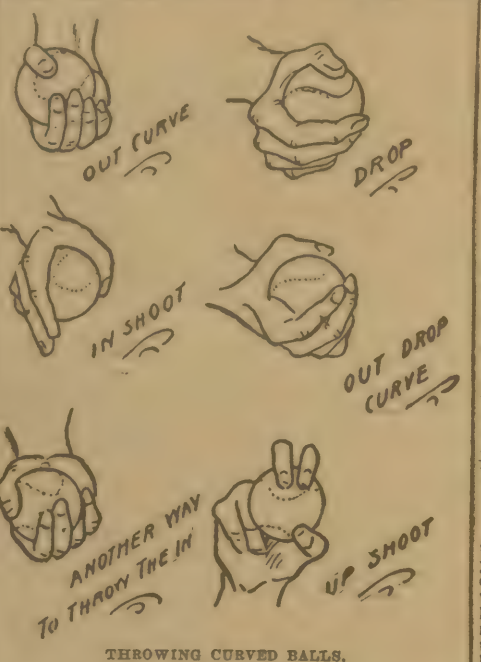
draw it and when it has cooled your work is done. Porcelain, granite, or any kind of kitchen ware can be soldered in this way. Isn't that simple? By all means boys try it. Your neighbors have lots of mending to do and will gladly pay you to do it. Write me a letter telling about your success.

Walking on the Tops of Trees

In Brazil the vegetation is luxuriant beyond description. Close to the seashore there are valleys and mountain passes so tightly packed with foliage that one may walk over upon the top although the solid earth is many hundreds of feet below. On the banks of the Amazon river the loftiest trees destroy each other by their proximity. In the province of Maranhao the bushes, grasses and other plants climb up the giant trees and weave themselves into a kind of bridge from tree to tree. Often a traveler will walk upon one of those curious bridges unaware that he has left the solid earth until the jaws of some wild animal protrude through the herbage before him.

Throwing Curved Balls

I firmly believe that at some period of his life the burning ambition of every boy is to become a great baseball pitcher. For that reason I publish these hints about curve throwing. The artist has done his work so well that there



THROWING CURVED BALLS.

is little I can add to make the art clearer. One fact you should remember is this the ball may be held in the same way for every curve, it is the way the ball leaves the hand and the direction it rotates that makes it sail. The cuts show the position of the hand when the ball is leaving it. The more swiftly you throw the ball the sharper and more deceiving to the batter will the curve be, but you should begin practicing by throwing very slowly. Another point you may not have known is that throwing against a strong wind is a big advantage to the pitcher if he is using curves.

How to Preserve Eggs

From time immemorial many methods of preserving eggs have been exploited. It is easy to see that great profits would be realized by the person who could buy eggs at ten cents a dozen in the summer when the hens are productive and sell them at three or four times that price in the winter months. The following method was given to me by an old and practical poultry man who claimed he had tried it successfully. To each pailful of water add two pints of fresh slacked lime and one pint of common salt; mix well. Half fill a barrel with this fluid, put your eggs down into it any time after June and they will keep two years if desired. I would advise every country lad to try this with a few eggs and see how it works.

Answer to May Puzzle

The inscription on the soldier's grave was "Here Lies A Patriot." It can be read by looking at the paper from the reverse side or by holding a looking glass close to the picture and reading the reflection. Were you one of the lucky ones?

Good by, dearest nephews, your charming letters have been a source of great pleasure to me. Many of them contained suggestions for articles that will appear beginning in September. Even yet there is time for you to write me about anything you want to know in the line of boy work or play. With the very best wishes to you all, I again say good by until harvest time.

UNCLE JOHN.

How to Become a Ventriloquist

WRITTEN FOR COMFORT BY FRED T. DARVILL.

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Persistence and practice will enable one, with written lessons, to become a Ventriloquist. There are two kinds "near" and "distant." The near is used in connection with figures, and the distant in imitating sounds from a distance. To acquire the two sounds the methods are quite different. In the Echo practice the object is to obtain a sudden and complete change from the ventriloquist to the natural voice. Commence saying "Ah" with your ordinary voice, repeating the same ventriloqually, taking care to range the sound at distant pitch. To properly acquire it is a long task, frequently finding you are using a ventriloquial delivery, when you ought to be speaking naturally. When you find you are going wrong practice the drone. The echo practice is the first stage in acquiring the distant pitch. Let your ventriloquial delivery conform as nearly as possible to the natural utterances of the actor you wish to imitate. As many words are unpronounceable the deficiency can be made up by giving quaint humorous touches to the ventriloquial delivery. There is another variety of voice designated as the "grunt voice," made by allowing the tongue to lie flat and letting the vocal cords remain quite loose. Do not make the same effort as you would if you spoke naturally. The grunt voice is used in almost every dialogue. There is still another shade-it may be termed the ghostly or harsh voice, suitable for imitating the old cab driver or innkeeper. Keep your mouth in the same position as if you were uttering the guttural tone at the same time forcing the words up more forward in the throat. To enable one to master the foregoing lessons your subscription should begin with the December number.

LESSON 8.

AS I have said before there is practically no need to the ventriloquist can introduce into the art of voice throwing and in spite of the limitations which necessarily encompass ventriloquy there is plenty of room for originality.

Dialect Studies

Having progressed as far you will find it comparatively an easy matter to imitate the delivery of the foreigner. To do so correctly, however, you will have to study the originals, as it were, in their native element. I mean to say, you will need to get the peculiar twang identified with each variety.

Take the Frenchman. He does not aspirate, but what he lacks in this way he makes up for by rolling his "r's." He gives a feminine or mas-

culine sex to everything. He will call a house "he", a gate "she" and so on with a wheelbarrow or fence. No end of amusement can be derived ventriloqually from these and similar expressions so unusual to American ears. In speaking the Frenchman will also introduce a little "thack" tone into words ending with "n". If we take the German we must imitate him to life. He will put his "b" where an American would sound "p". He is very fond of his "t's" and has a decidedly guttural voice. In the same manner he will never pronounce a "w" as "v", but use instead the letter "u".

For Near Ventriloquism Only

It is necessary to add that the foregoing studies in dialect are suitable only for "near" ventriloquism. You cannot throw the Frenchman's or the German's voice "distant", but you can and should throw them behind a screen or curtain, or out an open door or window. In fact, make the voice sound in whichever direction is most convenient.

Screens Unnecessary

Personally, I am inclined to deprecate screens when figures are not in use. They give an audience the idea that the ventriloquist is confined to their use and could not, if he would, express the sound otherwise. With a curtain, door or window it is different; they are every-day features in a room and your listeners are at once satisfied that you can make the voice sound wherever you please. In commencing your ventriloquist studies, however, it is preferable to use a screen, because of its greater simplicity.

Think in Your Throat

Perhaps the title of this paragraph is a little startling. Think in your throat! How absurd! But you do think in your throat, or rather, you should. It is essential, to completely master the whole of the previous instructions, that you think, as you voice the sound, not of the sound, but of the manner in which it is uttered.

Why You Fail

It is quite possible that many of my students have followed me so far through the course without having succeeded in mastering the various ventriloquial sounds. To such I would say, go back to the drone, and follow the instructions word for word. If you do so carefully you cannot possibly fail to acquire the correct ventriloquial delivery. To those who, having followed carefully my instructions, are now able to ventriloquise for themselves, the following hints will prove of great assistance. But before going any further I would ask one and all: Are you quite positive you have followed out carefully my instructions? If not, then practice diligently those points on which you feel a little shaky.

Practice, the Only Teacher

Practice, and constant practice, is the only teacher. I may explain, may give rules for your guidance, but unless you practice no amount of instruction will make you a ventriloquist. I would suggest that you go over the previous lessons and read carefully each article commencing with the first. Try each course in rotation and when you have gone through each lesson and feel that you know more than I have explained then you may commence with advantage on the ninth lesson.

LESSON 9.

Up to this time we have considered how to sound the ventriloquial voice; we now give our attention to the words we sound.

Importance of Still Lips

In the first place we must form the habit of giving utterance to ventriloquial speech with still lips. I do not mean with lips closed, for that would be impossible, but we must never move our lips when facing an audience. There are times when the ventriloquist is not only justified in moving his lips but is bound to do so; at such times his head is turned aside and his audience do not see the lips move.

Mirror Practice

For the present you will experience some difficulty in keeping the lips still. But never mind. As the habit forms the difficulty will become less. The easiest and quickest way to practice will be before a looking glass. Take a sentence and repeat it ventriloqually over and over again until you can give utterance to the words with lips quite still. It is here the limits of ventriloquism force themselves upon your notice. You will soon find that there are only certain sentences you can utter with unmoved lips. Try to say the following words, keeping your lips still: "Peter Piper." You cannot. The task is impossible, for the simple reason that the letters "p" and "m" require the use of the lips to give expression to them. So words beginning with the letters "B", "p", "m", "v", and "y", are impossible to utter with still lips. "But how is this?" some of you will say. We constantly use words having these letters before them in set dialogue. Quite right, but if you will turn back and glance over the dialogue for the little girl, such words as "much", "funny", "man", "blind" and "back" will never be found at the opening of sentences. In giving utterance to these words in the sentence we clip them—utter only that part which we can sound with still lips. The audience understanding the sense of the reply take no notice of the words that are slurred over.

Acting Necessary

I remember hearing one clever ventriloquist give utterance to the sentence: "Please pick up that pin, guv'nor." An old man was supposed to be speaking and the words were uttered simultaneously as the ventriloquist stooped down. This was a clever piece of acting. The action suggested the words and the moving of the lips was hidden by the act of bending over. Such a sentence could never be expressed with still lips. Proper acting, as you see, is most essential, being just as important as correct ventriloquial delivery. An audience is apt to be critical and if they find we are avoiding certain words they think our own ventriloquial delivery is limited. We should always embrace the opportunity whenever it occurs and when it is possible to turn our head aside we ought to give utterance to those sounds which we cannot deliver while facing an audience.

One Thing at a Time

First feel certain that your vocal cords are in position, then satisfy yourself that your tongue is rightly placed against the back of the front top teeth or the lower ones (depending on whichever sound you wish to utter). Finally, as you ventriloquise, watch in the glass that your lips remain still.

Ten Minutes' Exercise

Ten minutes is quite long enough to give to each exercise but you may practice at intervals as many times a day as you please. The more the better. Ventriloquism, if worth learning at all, is worth learning thoroughly and the only way to learn thoroughly is to practice thoroughly.

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Comfort's Information Bureau

Under this heading all questions by COMFORT readers on subjects not related to the special departments elsewhere in the paper will be answered, as far as may be. COMFORT readers are advised to read carefully the advertisements in this paper, as they will often find in them what they seek through their questions in this column. They will thus save time, labor and postage. Letters reaching this office after the 10th of the month cannot be answered in the issue of the following month.

Blank, Claire, Iowa.—A list of educational journals was given in this column in April COMFORT, which see. If you will write to Rand, McNally & Co., and A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, for lists of educational books they will be sent to you.

D. A. F., Newton, Kans.—We doubt if there is a book on the subject. Write to Librarian of Congress, Washington, D. C., and he will tell you. Ask who the publishers are and write them for the book.

C. M., Pentwater, Mich.—See answer above to D. A. F. In the mean time you might write to Parke Davis Co., Detroit, for detailed information. Enclose postage. As a rule that sort of thing is handled by local dealers who gather from many sources enough to make a shipment.

Peace-maker, Atlanta, La.—From any bookseller in New Orleans. He will also inform you on the subject of maps, and post cards. Your other questions can only be answered by experience.

Jewell, Rockville, Ind.—Are there no cyclopedias in Rockville? Borrow a volume containing Easter information and read it up. Also see page 3 of April COMFORT.

J. K., Cedar River, Mich.—Such work is controlled by local laws, which you should know better than we do. Books on the subject may be had by writing to Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.

P. T., Rowena, Texas.—There are no exclusive dealers in insignias that we know of. Write to Park & Tilford, and to Schieffelin & Co., No. 170 William St., New York City.

L. M. F., Nye, Ore.—You can get information about any town in the country by writing to the postmaster of that town, and about any state by writing to the Secretary of State, at the capital of his state. You know all the state capitals, don't you? About South American countries write to Hon. J. B. Orr, Director Bureau American Republics, Washington, D. C.

H. E. W., Keweenaw, Wis.—We don't think there is a Sartorial Seminary anywhere in this country. About the only way to learn how to be a tailor is to get a job with one and pick it up as you go along. There are tailors in every city and town and one is as good as another for you to make your start with, if he has a place for you.

W. T. L., Lynchburg, Va.—The easiest, quickest and best way for you to get at the musical publications is to consult any newsdealer of standing in your town. He can give you a list and when you have selected what you want, he will do the rest. Or you may write to H. M. Malkin, No. 42 Broadway, New York City, and he will make up a list for you and maybe save you a little money.

E. B., Albion, Mich.—A silver three cent piece of 1860 is listed at five cents. White penny of 1858 is only worth its face. Old relics may be valuable, but possible purchasers will have to see them.

M. D. C., Hornbeck, Tenn.—If you can get the ship pictures at all, your only chance is with the advertising department of any line you may select. All of the lines have offices in New York City. Write there.

A. B. C., South Omaha, Neb.—If you can't find an honest chemist in South Omaha, we don't know where you would find one. Have you tried them all?

F. M., Knowlton, Iowa.—Don't know anything about them. Give them a little more time; they will probably make good.

V. K., New Market, Ia.—Write to Editor, Numismatist, Monroe, Mich.

P. B., Canton, S. D.—Write to New York F. and P. Co., No. 88 Fulton Street, New York City.

L. N., Hutchinson, Minn.—The only way we know of to prevent inspection of mail matter by the authorities is to send it sealed, first-class. We think, however, you are troubling yourself without cause. At least, as regards matter after it leaves your home office. If the trouble is there, report it to the Post Master General at Washington.

Subscriber, Roseau, Minn.—Every community has its own method of starting a public library and it gets the necessary books the best it can. Sometimes they are donated, sometimes bought. Until you know a lot more about it than you do now, you haven't the qualifications for a librarian.

R. H. F., Berryville, Ark.—Write to Harbach & Co., No. 809 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, and to the Chicago Projecting Co., No. 225 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

N. E., McD., Albany, Wyo.—We have no record that we can put our hands on. Put the matter in the hands of a reliable attorney in Galesburg.

M. K., Catlin, Ill.—COMFORT has retired from the business of looking up estates in England or elsewhere for American heirs. American heirs, or Americans who think they are heirs, will be wise to follow suit.

J. G., Little Suamico, Wis.—Any possible purchaser, who would pay anything like a good price for your old mahogany, would have to examine it. Old furniture has no value except the desire of a collector to have it, and if he wants it very much, he will pay more than it is worth to anybody else.

C. F. F., Parkfield, Cal.—Don't try to work your quacksilver proposition in the East, but take it to San Francisco. Advertise in S. F. papers.

G. C., Beallsville, O.—Write to Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati, O. (2) Marriage of white and colored people is prohibited in Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, California, Colorado, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Indian Territory, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Missouri, Nebraska, N. Carolina, Oklahoma, Oregon, S. Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Utah, Virginia and W. Virginia. It is permitted in all others. (3) Ask any druggist.

C. E. B., Shanesville, O.—Agriculturally Maine is not as good a state for you as Ohio. We think Maine is really the finest state in the Union, but it has its limitations along farming lines, and our climate is not as balmy as Florida's.

J. B. H., Mt. View, Okla.—The Onsebec Chronicle is one of the leading papers in that ancient town. Mr. Watson is editor. The Telegraph, Evening, and Soleil are three others.

W. W. W., Versailles, Ky.—The enlisted man in the U. S. Navy doesn't have to work very hard, but he doesn't "lay in the shade" any more than is necessary. He has enough to do to keep him in good condition. Try it and see for yourself.

S. A. S., Elizabeth, Ill.—The Secretary of the American Red Cross Society is Charles L. Magee and his address is Room No. 341, War Dept., Washington, D. C. Write to him and he will give you full particulars.

J. S., Forest Junction, Wis.—Write to Brentano, New York City.

L. M. F., Ridgefield, Conn.—There are no such places that we know of. If you would go into some of the larger towns near you, you might find something that you could get that could be done at home.

J. P. G., Archer City, Tex.—Maybe the sporting editor of the Houston Post could let you have a copy, or tell you where you could get one. Write to him. Address Sporting Editor.

H. P. E., Wagersville, Ky.—Population of the U. S. census of 1900, was 66,990,802 whites; 8,840,789 negroes; 119,950 Chinese; 85,988 Japanese and 266,760 Indians.

C. S., Snowdrop, Ore.—Write to Cosmo Picture Co., No. 296 Broadway, W. F. Manheimer, No. 31, East

14th Street, and J. E. Lynch, No. 24 E. 23rd St., New York City.

G. H. F., Warrenton, Mo.—See advertisement in COMFORT. Why write to us for information that the advertiser tells you in big letters in COMFORT? Why don't you read our advertising columns? They have all sorts of information in them. They are there to inform readers. Brace up.

Reader, Downing, Mo.—Write to Western Puzzle Co., St. Paul, Minn. (2) Our knowledge of S. Dakota is not sufficiently intimate to give you the addresses of good bakeries in that section, or in Minnesota. Write to postmasters of towns there and they will inform you, if you will inclose postage.

Margaret, Washington, Pa.—J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia, Pa., publish books by "Rita". You can get detailed information by writing there.

I. D. L., Owensboro, Ky.—We are not an authority on concrete and cannot give you authoritative information. You will have to get it from experts.

A. R., Greatstone, N. Dak.—Australia is out of our bailiwick. If you write to Secretary Chamber of Commerce, Melbourne, you may get the information you seek. They want all the people out there they can get, but it is not an easy job to live there, unless you have money.

T. E. E., Walton, N. Y.—The only journal in that line on our list is The International Wood-Worker, Chicago, Ill. (2) Write to Selb Bros, No. 98 Boyd Ave., Jersey City, N. J., and to Empire Wood Work Co., No. 214 West Houston St., and Union Wood Working Co., No. 424 East 123rd St., New York City.

A. N. E., Grand Forks, Minn.—Submit your bill to the Member of Congress representing your district. He is now in Washington.

Subscriber, Bunker Hill, Ill.—Why do you want your country home to have a name somebody else had suggested for it, who had no interest in it? Would you want your baby named that way? Choose a name yourself and let it be something that means something to you and to those who will live in the home.

Palmer, Richmond, Va.—Charles Broadway Rous, Broadway, New York City is the only one we know in that line.

E. E. E., Bishop Hill, Ill.—You will get information and rates from The Highway Co., Union Square, New York City.

E. C., Jamesburg, N. J.—The ninety-nine year lease of Trinity Church, N. Y. expired some years ago, we believe, and Trinity holds the property for good.

Old Subscriber, Vienna, Ill.—The World Almanac contains about as much presidential information as you will get in print. Inclose a quarter to Joseph Pulitzer, World Building, New York City, and you will get the book.

E. K., Monona, Ia.—We do not keep addresses. We will give your name and address and ask the person to reply if you wish.

E. P. V., Adelina, La.—Population of San Francisco, latest official census, 342,782.

E. Z., Nevada, O.—We advise you not to try to get your genealogical record. A poor one is of no value, and experts are very expensive. Do you want to spend as much as five hundred dollars on it? And it may cost a thousand.

L. G., Elm, Texas.—Write to Gleason-Peters Air Pump Co., Mercer and Houston Streets, New York City. (2) Laboratory Supply Co., No. 20 East 20th St., New York City.

E. N., Palouse, Wash.—The only way to get in touch with the people you are after is to advertise in the classified department of any of the leading magazines. (2) Don't know the book. The editor of The Folkeblad, Minneapolis, Minn., might tell you about it.

E. J. D., Canton, O.—Ask one of your Canton druggists.

E. C., Uniontown, Pa.—Write to E. B. Estes & Sons, No. 45 John St., New York. (2) Douglass, Ellis & Co., No. 125 Worth St., and Henry A. Jacobs, No. 25 East 4th St., New York.

A. S., Roxton, Ark.—Iron or steel if placed near a compass will swing the needle away from the north. We believe nobody knows just why the needle always points to the north.

G. W. S., S. Greenfield, Mo.—The Life Saving Service is attached to the Treasury Department, Washington, D. C. There are 280 stations, 201 of them on the Atlantic coast, 60 on the lakes, 19 on the Pacific and one at the Falls of the Ohio river. The value of property saved in 1900 was \$11,058,805, and out of 5,712 persons endangered only 22 lives were lost. The service in 1908 cost \$1,962,525.

F. E., Mancon, Cal.—Try Oliver Ditson Co., New York City.

D. H. H., Carey, O.—The Secretary of State, Lansing, Mich., will no doubt supply you with the information you seek.

A. W. C., Arrow Rock, Mo.—Advertise it in Baltimore papers.

H. S., Desher, O.—Allibone's Dictionary of Authors is the book you want. Any bookseller in Cleveland, Cincinnati, or Columbus will supply it. It comes in several volumes and is expensive, from twenty-five dollars up. Are you that much interested in literature? (2) No one publisher has a complete list of fiction. Each one has only his own publications. (3) Get sample copies of all the papers and choose which one you like best. Nobody could select for you.

A Speckled Bird

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9.)

slowly, tenderly toward him, lifted her arms to his neck, holding them there.

With a low, broken cry she surrendered.

"Mr. Noel, you have broken my heart."

He waited to steady his voice.

"My darling, there seemed no other way.

When it heals, please God, I shall have my throne inside."

With her face hidden on his shoulder, he held her close, his cheek against her hair, and each knew how fiercely the heart of the other throbbed.

After some moments, he tightened the arm clasping her waist, and his deep, passionately tender tone caressed like a velvet glove.

"I don't know how many years I have longed for the touch of your lips. Even as a child you never allowed me to kiss you; and, except your father, I am sure no man ever has. My sweetheart, if indeed you are learning to love me, can you will you give me now what I want—my own wife's pure lips?"

She crimsoned to the tips of her small ears, and clung to him, nor daring to meet his eyes.

"One memorable night, when two of my dogs froze at my feet, I sat under the lee of my sledge, waiting for a gale of sleet to howl itself to rest. I fell asleep and had a heavenly dream, in which you came and kissed me."

"Mr. Herriott, you cannot love me now as you did before that horrible journey on the cars when your words seemed to scorch—brand me. I am afraid—I am afraid."

He felt her tremble.

"My darling, I love you infinitely more. You were never so sacred, so dear as today. Of what can you feel afraid now? In my dream you were more generous. I can take, but I prefer to receive the blessed seal I hope you will give me, as holy assurance that you are entirely my own."

Shyly she turned her flushed face towards his, one hand, quivering like a frightened bird, softly drew his brown cheek closer, and the proud, beautiful, vestal lips nestled and clung to her husband's.

Sitting beside her on the bench, he said, as his brilliant, happy eyes studied her face:

"Will you please tell me when you began really to care for me?"

"What can that matter now? Do not make me look back into shadows I wish to forget. All our light shines ahead."

"I should like to fix the date of my coronation, that I may compute accurately my despotic reign from the hour I entered into possession of my kingdom. Tell me, sweetheart; why should you shrink?"

"Do you recall that last morning at home, when you came from the beach followed by the dogs? Seeing me at the window, you took off your cap and waved it. As I looked down at you then, something strange seemed to stir in my heart, and I did not understand; it was a new feeling, and I

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was so wounded and tortured over many things I could not analyze it; supposed it a part of my punishment. I had seen you look better. Your boating suit and full evening dress were certainly more becoming, but in some unaccountable, extraordinary way that gray cap wave, and the peculiar expression I had never before seen in your eyes, brought you closer to me than you had ever been. When I sat alone in your smoking-room and saw the strapped trunks and your fur overcoat—like a coffin and a pall—a terribly bitter wave rolled over me at the thought of giving you up. I ban an old to be jealous of Amos, and I envied the dear old dogs the tender caress of your stroking hand. At the last you coldly said good by; but when you caught, strained me against you, I found out what it all meant. I knew then that woman's heritage of sorrow was mine, and that my heart followed you into Polar night. The ache that began that day at Greyledge grew and tortured me until— I felt your arms around me once more."

He lifted her left hand and kissed it, pressing the ring against his face.

"Why did not you tell me? I should have been spared so much brutal bitterness of feeling."

"It was impossible after all the harsh, cruel things you had deemed it your duty to say to me, and you would have scouted such a sudden change of feeling as inconceivable, as absurd. The strangeness of the revelation overwhelmed, frightened me. I was more astonished than you would have been. Tell you? Mr. Noel, I would sooner have gone to the stake."

"Your silence tied me to one. Men are perverse devils. I hated the sight of this wedding ring; I longed to melt it in a crucible in my laboratory. You will never understand the storm that raged within me that day on the train when you hummed Kucken and laid the baby on your breast. Every time you lifted your hand and patted the poor little creature, that gold band danced and flashed in my eyes like a mocking imp. But your ring had its innings. After a year my temper cooled. Day and night I found myself drifting back more hopelessly to you; and always before me your little white hand flashed that circle—signet of my ownership—because you had clung to it and declared 'It was the badge of your loyalty.' I saw it in the blue gulfs of icebergs, in the wonderful orange radiance of auroral arches, in the glare of low, tired suns that could not set, in the unearthly luster of moons holding vigil over a silent desert wrapped in its shroud of ice, and in the ghostly phosphorescence of snow-mantled glaciers. Alas, everywhere, that dear ringed hand beckoned like a beacon. I knew you did not love me; I was grimly sure you never would; but the assurance that no other man could ever claim lips denied to me, that you would proudly hold and keep your precious self sacred to one whose name you bore, comforted me."

He took her face in his palms, bending close his handsome head, and a mist dimmed the sparkle in his magnetic eyes.

"My darling, the coldest night I ever spent, when lost on the 'Great Ice,' where a snow-storm obliterated sledge tracks and death seemed inevitable, the remembered touch of your dear arms clinging around my neck, the pressure of your face on my breast, thrilled my heart, fired my blood, and warmed my freezing body. I missed the Pole; I nearly lost my life; but, ah, thank God, better than either, more precious than all, I have found at last, and I own the pure heart of my wife."

THE END.

Establish a Permanent Agency in your locality for comfortable men's and women's shoe ever offered to the public. Kuehlon Komfort Shoe Co., 11 R. South St., Boston

TAILORING SALESMEN. Own your own business and make \$200 a month or more taking orders for our made-to-order suits. No experience needed. Write today for free outfit. WARRINGTON W. & W. MILLS, 175 Adams Street, Dept. 24, Chicago.

WANTED:—Railway Mail Clerks; City Carriers; Postoffice Clerks. Many excellent positions, \$800 up. Appointments coming. Salary \$1000. Annual vacations. No "lay-offs." Common education sufficient. Country residents eligible. Candidates prepared free. Write immediately for schedule. FRANKLIN INSTITUTE, Dept. 87, Rochester, N. Y.

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SELL TOBACCO AND CIGARS Locally or traveling. Salary or commission. Experience unnecessary—we give full instructions. Address MOROTOCK TOBACCO WORKS, Box Y-19, Danville, Virginia.

Farmers' Sons Wanted with knowledge of farm stock and fair education to work in an office, \$600 a month with advancement, steady employment, must be honest and reliable. Branch offices of the association are being established in each state. Apply at once, giving full particulars. The Veterinary Science Association, Dept. 12, London, Canada.

Free Sell 12 packages of Floating at 1c each. When sent send us \$1.00 and we will send you 100 more. Floating will be sent FREE. Royal Bluing Co., Dept. 2, Navarre, Ohio.

12 POST CARDS FREE We will send you 12 of the prettiest post cards you ever saw if you will cut this advertisement out and send to us with 4c. to pay postage and mailing and say that you will show them to 6 of your friends. Charles Alvin, Box 3693, K-128, Philadelphia, Pa.

25 Post Cards 10c Best Grade—1st Choice. Send 10c to get 25 post cards. No money back. The kind that stand 2 to 3 months each. An extra post card with each set. Send 10c. Address: SOUVENIR CARD CO., 222 Lucas Bldg., CHICAGO.

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This is a genuine offer made to introduce the Wonder Incandescent 100-Candle Power Kerosene Oil Reading Lamp in every neighborhood. Many times BRIGHTER, CHEAPER and SAFER than Gasoline, Electricity or ordinary lamps for lighting Homes, Offices, Stores, Halls and Churches. We ask that you show it to your neighbors. Carefully write your name and address and send to:

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In every locality. We want men to sell our goods, to take up show cards in all conspicuous places, and distribute small advertising matter. Commission or salary \$83 per month and expenses \$4 per day. Steady work the year round; entirely new plan; no experience required. Write for particulars.

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Free for a Club of Four

and entertaining idea ever devised for giving pleasure to the young folks at home, keeping them amused, instructed and out of mischief. The 50 Views are all very richly selected with the idea of pleasure and profit. There are Home Scenes of Domestic Pets, Farmwork Scenes, Trained and Wild Animals, Hunting Scenes, Views from the Arctic as well as the Tropical Countries, Birds, Fishes, Insects, and a Bear and Buffalo Scenes. Exciting and otherwise, so that a regular menagerie can be picked out besides the Home scenes. The Entire Outfit takes apart and folds up, being packed in a nice box to ship by mail, post-paid, the 50 Views being all packed in the metal holder and placed inside the box when sent to you. We send one of these complete outfits for a club of only 2 yearly subscribers to this paper at 25c. each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

A POST CARD ALBUM That Will Hold Fifty Cards

Our fifty-card Album is the most attractive on the market. On each page two cards may be displayed; the leaves are very heavy rigid paper stock of a heavy green shade, providing a very tasteful and attractive background for all cards, and when two pages are opened together showing four cards, the appearance is extremely attractive, and one cannot neatly preserve a collection of Post Cards unless they are displayed in an Album. And better still, a very nice collection of Souvenir Postal Cards represents the individual and personal thought of absent or distant relatives and friends and they are very entertaining for visitors who enjoy looking them over; so, that in an Album, arranged in order, they are readily accessible and may be examined time after time with no harm to the Cards, and thus preserved in remembrance of the senders. No one thinks of collecting Souvenir Cards without an Album. Everyone wants an Album and the demand, just now, exceeds the supply. We are fortunate in having a great quantity on hand of first-class Albums which we are to distribute as premiums to those who will send us clubs of subscribers to this magazine as per our offer below.

Club Offer. For a club of only 4 ten-cent five months, or 2 yearly subscribers to this paper at 25 cents each, we will send an Album free and will include a set of twelve Post Cards free, as a beginning towards filling the Album.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Hints on Home Dressmaking

Owing to the many requests that COMFORT opens a home Dressmaking Department for its Sisters, we have secured the valuable services of Mrs. Geneva Gladding who has had years of practical experience in this work. Our object is to assist and guide our COMFORT Sisters in all the perplexing situations arising in their endeavor to perfect themselves in the art of utilizing and making the most of their resources. We invite the Sisters to ask questions through this column which will be answered intelligently and conscientiously. Please make all questions as brief and concise as the subject will permit. We are answering some of the questions recently received in the following article. Sisters will note that their questions have been condensed, thus enabling us to give more space to answers and thereby aiding others who seek similar information. Address all questions to HOME DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT, COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

AFTER a careful study of the matter, we believe we are offering the sisters patterns that cannot be excelled in style, fit and economy of material. Their growth in popularity sustains us in this statement. Each season in demand.

Our aim is to make each of our fashion articles a lesson in home dressmaking.

For July and August we shall make a special feature of mid-summer fashions together with our practical, home dressmaking talk.

In our September issue of COMFORT we shall devote considerable space entirely to children's school clothes, endeavoring to give the sisters many valuable hints regarding styles and materials for fall and winter wear.

Points to be Observed When Ordering COMFORT Patterns

All our patterns have $\frac{3}{8}$ inch seam allowance. For bust measure: Pass the tape measure around the fullest part of the bust, drawing it moderately tight. For ladies' skirts: Take both waist and hip measure, taking hip measure six inches below the waist line. For misses', children's or boys' patterns: Give the bust measure as well as the age.

The uniform price of ten cents is charged for each pattern; but our Publisher, through his "Special Subscription Offer," has enabled all to obtain their patterns FREE who avail themselves of this opportunity. Send twenty cents for two trial subscriptions to COMFORT, and you will receive any pattern you may select from our fashion sheets. In ordering, please state number and name of pattern. And to further assist the sisters in their home dressmaking, we wish to obtain their patterns through this "Special Offer" will be given a COMFORT tape measure which will be mailed in addition to the pattern, to all sending club of two.

For further information see "Special Offer" below Latest Spring and Summer Fashions.

A Word About Cutting

A right beginning is the only way to turn out a shapely and satisfactory garment. To do good and accurate work and avoid numerous fittings, every sister should equip herself with one of our COMFORT tape measures. When the measurements have been taken according to the above rules, you will have a very small amount of fitting to do.

Before you do any cutting see that you understand just how your pattern goes together according to notches. Next, ascertain the length of body of waist, length of sleeves and length of skirt, then compare these measurements with pattern. The best way to shorten sleeves is by making plait in pattern at the elbow. This will not change the shape of your sleeve as shortening at top or bottom does. Place your pattern on material, making sure each piece will be cut to good advantage and with no waste. Carefully cut notches and mark all perforations before removing pattern. This will insure both sides of your garment being alike.

The one-piece dress is the most popular style this season in the cotton dresses. The simple designs for all ages are found in the most fashionable cuts. Trimmings consist chiefly of embroidery, handmade lace, bands and stitching. Many of the girls' cotton dresses having deep ruffles.

Most of the separate waist and skirt patterns may be joined by a piece of strong Hamburg insertion, piping of same or stitched belt, opening at center or side front or at the back from neck to bottom of skirt, thus making the one-piece dress. A more dressy effect in place of insertion would be an embroidered belt, using transfer pattern No. 8029. Still another pretty finish is a sash of the same, silk or ribbon.

These dresses can be developed in any material, are easy to make, easy to wear, doing away with the hooking or pinning of waist and skirt together, and can be laid out flat when laundered.

Sleeves are seen in all lengths this summer and either elbow, three-quarters or long ones are equally correct in style.

COMFORT'S Seasonable Patterns

2397—LADIES' HOUSE DRESS: Crepe or seersucker makes a practical and easily cared for material for house dresses and dressing-sacks. It requires no ironing, a fact which commends it to housewives. It is made in a simple, attractive design and can be made in any color. Requires 1 1/2 yards 20 inches wide, eight yards 27 inches wide, or one and one fourth yards 36 inches wide or five and one fourth yards 42 inches wide.

2202—MISSIE'S JUMPER DRESS: This model developed in dotted Swiss muslin edged with lace or plain fine material and Hamburg embroidery, heading ruffles with inch wide insertion to match, would make a charming gown for graduation or for bridesmaid. Make guimpe of allover embroidery or fine tucking. For 17 years, the dress requires nine and one half yards of material 20 inches wide, eight yards 27 inches wide, six and one half yards 36 inches wide, or four and three fourths yards 42 inches wide. The guimpe needs four yards 18 inches wide.

2797—BOYS' RUSSIAN SUIT: Simplicity itself is this one-piece suit which is designed for comfort and hard wear. It includes knickerbockers and can be developed in any material. It may be made with neckband or the new Dutch neck and sleeves plaited at bottom or finished with wristbands. Made in dark blue or brown gingham, finishing edge of opening and Dutch neck with inch wide band of same or plaid stitched several times would make most satisfactory summer costumes for boys. The blind fastening can be used or buttoned through. For three years the suit requires three and one fourth yards 27 inches wide; two and one half yards 36 inches wide or one and five eighths yards 42 inches wide.

2908—LADIES' SHIRT-WAIST: This smart shirt-waist can be developed in any material. A dainty and becoming effect for summer wear would be gained by using cross-barred muslin or dotted Swiss, edging collar and cuffs with lace. If plaid material is used, make cuffs and collar of allover Hamburg embroidery or hand embroidery. Size 36 requires three and seven eighths yards 20 inches wide, three and one fourth yards 24 inches wide, two and seven eighths yards 27 inches wide, two and one fourth yards 36 inches wide, or two yards 42 inches wide.

2609—BOYS' SHIRT BLOUSE AND KNICKERBOCKERS: These suits can be developed in any material, and come in five sizes, five to 13 years. For boys five to eight years, galatea or cotton chevrons make the best of hot weather suits, while in sizes five to 13 this suit made in the dark gray outing flannel is much used for play suits. The blouse can be made in any material, and the knickerbockers in any material. These suits should be made in sizes five to 13 years.

2327—CHILD'S DRESS: This model can be developed in any material. The dress should be made in a simple, attractive design and can be made in any color. Requires 1 1/2 yards 20 inches wide, eight yards 27 inches wide, or one and one fourth yards 36 inches wide, or five and one fourth yards 42 inches wide.

2412—CHILD'S JUMPER DRESS: This model developed in dotted Swiss muslin edged with lace or plain fine material and Hamburg embroidery, heading ruffles with inch wide insertion to match, would make a charming gown for graduation or for bridesmaid. Make guimpe of allover embroidery or fine tucking. For 17 years, the dress requires nine and one half yards of material 20 inches wide, eight yards 27 inches wide, six and one half yards 36 inches wide, or four and three fourths yards 42 inches wide. The guimpe needs four yards 18 inches wide.

eight yards 36 inches wide, or three and one fourth yards 42 inches wide.

2172—GIRLS' TUCKED DRESS WITH GUIMPE, made in plaid with arm-size band and pointed neckband in plaid color. A pretty finish for edge of band is a row of narrow cotton braid in white, stitched flat. Belt may be made of plain or same as bands. Make guimpe of any white material the wearer may choose. This simple little dress for girls is suitable for any occasion. For girl of eight years, the dress requires three and three eighths yards of material 27 inches wide, two and five eighths yards 36 inches wide, or two and one fourth yards 42 inches wide and the guimpe needs two and seven eighths yards 18 inches wide, or one and one half yards 36 inches wide.

Busy fingers are always in quest of something to do during the summer months in the embroidery line, and the styles offered this season are varied and beautiful. Our transfer patterns have been selected with great care, with the result that our waists, belts, collars and apron patterns are among the choicest. I will call special attention to our premium offer "A Pretty Hat" on page 10. Although the embroidered hats have been worn several seasons, they are as popular as ever, and most appropriate to wear with summer costumes.

8008—TRANSFER design for shirt-waist, opening in front or back, developed in lawn, muslin, linen, chambray or mainbock. If opened in front, make a plait one and one half inches wide and button through or use blind fastening. Many of the new waists are of colored material embroidered in white.

8025—TRANSFER BRAIDING PATTERN two inches wide and three yards long, suitable for souteche, coronation, or any narrow braid. Can be used for bottom of skirt, front plait, sleeve bands and collar for shirt-waist, children's wear and for coat trimming.

8030—TRANSFER DUTCH COLLAR PATTERN in daisy design. The embroidery may be all eyelet work as pictured, French and eyelet or all French. This collar can be used separately or with any of the COMFORT waist patterns.

Answers to Questions Received

Grace M. Young wants to know about aprons.—From the ones used for fancy work to those used in the kitchen are receiving a well deserved portion of attention from ladies. We can supply you with a transfer pattern No. 8012 for an embroidered one which can be done in shadow with mercerized cotton or solid according to your material. A pretty variation would be a scant ruffle about two inches wide

Latest Spring and Summer Fashions



2616—LADIES' DRESSING-SACK. 4 sizes, 32, 36, 40 and 44.
1841—LADIES' COMBINATION CORSET-COVER AND SKIRT. 4 sizes, 32 to 44.
1939—CHILDREN'S ROMPER. 4 sizes, 2 to 8 years.
1983—LADIES', MISSIE'S AND CHILDREN'S SUN HAT. 5 sizes, 6, 6 1/2, 6 3/4, 6 1/2, and 7 hat size.
2538—LADIES' AND MISSIE'S COLLARS AND TIES. 3 sizes, small, medium and large.

Special Offers. Send ten cents for trial five-months' subscription to COMFORT, with five cents extra, for any single pattern mentioned above. Send two trial five months' 10-cent subscriptions for a pattern free or two yearly 25-cent subscriptions, for three patterns. A single pattern for ten cents. Order by number and state plainly size or age. These are the popular seam-allowing patterns.

Also our special **Shirt-waist Patterns** on page 14. This is one of our most effective designs, and can be utilized for any material.

To properly use transfer patterns, place the rough or dotted side of the pattern down on the material in the desired position, smooth the paper, then press with a hot flat iron on the back or smooth side of the pattern. When transferring, be very careful not to let the pattern slip.

In embroidery, many are more successful to use a small-eyed needle and fine thread to carry the thread as it prevents fraying.

8029—TRANSFER BELT PATTERN: Embroidered belts in shadow or in white are very popular. A particularly neat effect is to lap ends one inch and fasten either in front or at the back with two pearl buttons.

8012—TRANSFER APRON PATTERN: This requires three fourths of a yard of material 30 inches wide in muslin or lawn. Cut lengthwise belt and strings from side of material. Embroider in mercerized cotton. These little aprons are extensively worn both by ladies and misses.

TRANSFER EDGING design three and one half inches wide and three yards long, suitable for dresses, drawers, children's wear or any ruffling. The ribbon bows are embroidered in solid or in shadow work and the dots worked in eyelet or solid.

feather-stitched and edged with narrow lace. For another, take piece of lawn or any preferred material 27 inches long by 23 inches wide. Instead of gathers at top, make sufficient tiny tucks about two inches deep to get required fullness, then bind and finish with strings of same. A dainty finish at the bottom is to alternate drawwork with feather-stitching four inches deep. Make narrow hem around apron.

Miss Frances Fuller asks about handkerchief sacks.—They are made of muslin with a pocket inside at present, and are sold for ten cents each. We can supply pattern No. 2162 with description.

Miss Ellen King wants ideas for neckwear.—Our cut No. 2538 will give you a correct idea of what is being worn. For the first figure make your stock and carefully fit; then you can embroider, feather-stitch, make polka-dots or any preferred style of decoration for turn-over part. Another way is to use the border of a pretty handkerchief. This only takes one edge of your handkerchief, and the remaining part can be utilized for a jabot to wear with turn-down collars. The second figure is made of white linen, with bands of colored gingham about an inch wide, stitched on each side. Plait and press jabot into place. The third figure is the mannish design to be worn with plaited shirt-waists. There the stock is of white and the tie of color in striped gingham.

Mrs. L. O. Ardell wants to know how to utilize

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dresses.—The present styles are particularly adaptable for cutting over for the younger children. The dresses to be worn with guimpes require little material for each part. Your breadths you refer to will certainly make the dress portion for your eight-year-old daughter, and from your partly worn shirt-waists you certainly can get out ample material for guimpe. In description 2172 I think you may get some idea that will help you.

Mrs. L. H. Hern requires information regarding infant's first wearing apparel.—These little garments require much consideration as they have greatly to do with baby's health. I will endeavor to answer the questions you ask. To begin with the slips, they should be simple sacks thirty-three inches long drawn together at the neck with string. A very narrow flat linen braid called bobbin can be purchased for this purpose. The skirts have short cotton waists, loose fitting, with flannel skirt portion to compare with length of slip. A good arrangement is to plait the skirt portion into a soft flat belt, buttoning on to waist with small flat buttons. This allows changing without greatly disturbing infant and saves labor. Night robes and napkins should be made of a lightweight outing flannel or flannelette in bleached white. Open night robe in front. Begin saving your old linen tablecloths to make suitable towels for baby's bath.

Note.—Questions regarding infants' clothing will be cheerfully answered in this column.

Mrs. T. M. Moore requests suggestions about renovating children's hats.—To cleanse your white straw, apply lemon juice with an old tooth-brush. Brush briskly, being sure you have reached every part of the braid. When dry, you will be surprised to find how clean and new it looks. Be careful that when drying the hat lies flat. It is rather difficult to do much with faded flowers, but perhaps the foliage which usually is less perishable can be used, discarding the flowers. Make a weak solution of ammonia water, sponge ribbon and press between papers. If the ribbon is creased or faded in places, a good way is to make a shirred band for your hat by shirring the ribbon at each edge and through center several times. This is pretty and new. Then add your foliage to one side.

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VETERINARY INFORMATION



Queries Answered

Readers are invited to write to this department asking for
any information desired relative to the treatment of animal
troubles. Questions will be answered in these columns free
of charge by an eminent veterinarian who holds a professorship in a
large university. Describe the trouble fully, sign full name,
and direct all correspondence to the Veterinary Department,
Comfort, Augusta, Maine. Should any subscriber desire
an immediate, special opinion on any question privately
mailed, it may be had by sending one dollar with a letter
asking such advice, addressing as above.

LUMP ON NOSE.—I have a pony mare that has a
lump on her nose—about half way between her eye
and the end of her nose. Some people say it is a
blind tooth. L. E. T.

REPLY.—Horses do not have "blind" teeth; but that
term is sometimes applied to "wolf" teeth, which are
entirely harmless, common opinion to the contrary. The
molar teeth should be examined by an expert as a tooth
may be split or diseased and requiring treatment by a
veterinary dentist. We are unable to say just what
it is without an examination.

MILKLESS GLANDS.—I have a heifer two years old
that has a calf three weeks old; the cow has never
given any milk out of front teats, they are large
and appear to be open. I make the calf suck them
but it does not do any good. I. B.

REPLY.—There is no cure; but there is a possibility
that at a second freshening the milk function of the
glands may be resumed if they have not been affected
by previous attacks of garget. Meanwhile thoroughly
massage the glands twice daily and then rub with
brandy.

EMBOLESM.—I have a mare six years old, that starts
to limp with her left hind leg when she has been
driven hard. It seems to be somewhere in the stifle.
She will sweat bad every time she has the attack and
when I let her rest for a few days she gets all right
again. When she gets the spells she will hold up the
leg and limp on the other three. Her leg and the
frog seem to be sound. H. A.

REPLY.—The symptoms indicate that suddenly the
large trunk artery of the hind leg (iliac) becomes
stopped by a blood clot (thrombus) so that circula-
tion ceases or is greatly lessened. There is no practi-
cal cure in such a case and the veterinarian should
be called at time of acute lameness to see if what
we suspect is so. Similar symptoms might possibly
be due to interfering.

BRONCHITIS.—My colts is one year old, there seems
to be something the matter with his stomach, he coughs
a great deal and tries to vomit but does not. His
nose runs very much and other times he can hardly
breathe, when we take him out for a walk he runs
he gets a diarrhea; he is otherwise full of life and has
a good appetite. F. W. R.

REPLY.—Keep colts quiet and on light diet until
well and especially keep him from wet or damp.
For cough give him a teaspoonful of glyco-heroin
three or four times daily as found necessary. Sponge
his nose clean several times a day and drop a little
sweet oil in the nostrils to help keep them open.

ASOTURIA.—I have a mare afflicted with asoturia. Is
the disease incurable? J. A. J.

REPLY.—We cannot undertake to give advice unless
the exact condition of the patient is given. In
asoturia the acute symptoms are best treated by rest,
a laxative, hot wet packs or liniment to the hips and
loins and the soothing medicines prescribed by the
veterinarian. Where the muscles from the stifle to the
hip are wasted away after an attack, but the horse
otherwise in well treatment should consist in clip-
ping the hair from the wasted parts and blistering
every two or three weeks with cerate of cantharides
until the muscles fill in again. At the same time the
animal should be well fed and worked or exercised
every day to stimulate growth of muscles.

WEAK MARE.—I have a mare twelve years old, that
has been sick for a long time. She eats and drinks
heartily but she is getting thinner every day and when
she lies down she cannot get up. She has a weak
cough in a while. I do not work her at all. A. R. M.

REPLY.—Have the mare clipped and her teeth at-
tended to by a veterinary dentist and then see that she
is given plenty of outdoor exercise every day until
she is able to work. Feed her generously on oats,
bran and best of hay. In feed night and morning for
ten days mix a tablespoonful of a mixture of equal
parts of powdered nuxvomica, dried sulphate of iron,
ground gentian root and fenugreek; then skip ten days
and repeat if necessary. These powders serve both as
a tonic and for worms.

LAME COW.—About a year ago my cow began to walk
like a "string halter" horse. The trouble seemed to
be in her right hind leg. She grew worse and at
present time is unable to bend the knee of her right
hind leg. In pleasant warm weather she seems better
than when it is cold and wet. Her leg is so swollen
nearly down to the hock joint. She is a little better
in hot flesh, although she has been well fed on corn
and timothy hay. She eats corn heartily, but will
not eat any other feed. M. D.

REPLY.—The symptoms suggest sciatic rheumatism,
but the first thing to do when a dairy cow is afflicted
with a rheumatic disease is to have her tested with
tuberculin which will tell quickly and surely whether
or not tuberculosis is present. If that disease is
found to be present then it may pay to treat by giving
a dram of hypodermic of potassium iodide and repeat
for four successive days at week and giving an affected
joint or part with liniment. Iodine of potassium
iodide, diluted quite safely in given in a permanent
milk.

INTERESTING.—I have a mare about twelve or
thirteen years old that is in good condition. She
seems healthy and is getting on well. I feed her
oats and timothy hay and a little corn. She does
not eat but a little corn at this time of year (March).
She seems to have an early spring, but seems to have
some kind of humor of skin, sometimes finding little
scabs about her skin. She is sometimes (her mother
has in some connection). I do all my farmwork
and when she is out of stall will cut corn, feed
and serve, etc., etc. W. V. B.

REPLY.—Corn really is not the most suitable food
for horses in warm weather and she will be likely to
pick up and do well if you feed her on whole oats,
bran and hay instead of the present food. Have her
teeth attended to by a veterinary dentist. Allow free
access to rock salt. Always give the drinking water
before feeding and not soon after a meal. Have her
clipped and make it a practice to clip her in spring
and fall. While indigestion lasts mix in her feed
twice daily a tablespoonful of a mixture of equal parts
of powdered nuxvomica, bicarbonate of soda, ground
gentian root, ground ginger root and wood charcoal.

SWOLLEN JOINTS.—(1) I have a mare six years old
that lost twin colts in January, since then her hock
joints have swelled. The swelling at times almost
goes away and some times her joints are feverish.
There is no lameness or stiffness. She lost a colt
last year, and if I breed her again will she be likely
to lose her colt and what will prevent it? (2) I have a
mare seven years old, the roots of the tail are scaly.

REPLY.—The mare should be worked or exercised
every day and not allowed to stand idle in the barn.
Allow her a box stall in barn. She should not be
bred this year. (2) Wash roots of tail and when dry
rub in a creamy mixture of flowers of sulphur and
raw linseed oil. Repeat the application every three
days, but do not wash again. Feed lightly and work or
exercise daily.

ITCHING SKIN.—We have a cat apparently in perfect
health, is very playful but bites her tail from itching
till it bleeds. Her tail has scabs on it from her bit-
ting it. L. T.

REPLY.—Worms or constipation doubtless lead to the
itching, if you are sure that the cat is free from
fleas. The cause will have to be determined and re-
moved. Meanwhile apply sulphur ointment to the itch-
ing parts twice daily.

INDIGESTION.—(1) I have a pig ten weeks old in
good condition, and very hearty until it takes sick
spells when it will lie around and pant and refuses
to eat. I have been feeding hog powders, and one
half hour after giving medicine it seems to be all
right. (2) I have a mare that has had ring-bone but
the ring-bone is killed, the inside of her hoof does
not grow and her foot is getting crooked, ring-bone has
been killed about one year; she does not limp. Can
a shoe be fastened straight her foot and how? (3) I
have a rat dog that is hearty and if he eats a little
too much he refuses food for a day or so then seems to
be hearty as ever. If he is wormy, what kind of
worm medicine shall I give him? Mrs. W. S.

REPLY.—(1) Turn pig out to grass and do not feed
powders of any kind as they are unnecessary. Mix lime-
water freely with the milk or slop every day until
trouble ceases and at time of an attack give castor
oil or mix raw linseed oil in slop to move bowels
freely. (2) Try a bar shoe, but it is unlikely that
the condition can be improved. (3) Feed the dog
one meal a day and let him live an outdoor life.
Worms are not the probable cause. He simply has in-
digestion. Give him an emetic each time he has
sick spells.

FISTULOUS WITHERS.—I have a horse that has a
fistula upon withers. Please tell what to do for it be-
fore it discharges and what to do after. J. K. Jr.

REPLY.—Before pus has formed and abscess opened,
keep wet cold packs on part and as soon as fever
subsides blister with cerate of cantharides after re-
moval of hair. This may either drive it away or
bring it to a "head" so that it may be opened, pus
evacuated and treated as follows: Open each pipe
and pocket to secure perfect drainage, then wash out
with tincture of iodine once daily and then pack all
cavities full of ointment saturated in a mixture of equal
parts of turpentine and raw linseed oil. Smear lard
on sound skin below the wound.

SWELLING.—I have a mare that was kicked on the
hind leg just below the hock joint. What would you
advise to take down the swelling? J. G.

REPLY.—Remove the hair and rub in a little ten
per cent. oleate of mercury every other day. Give
steady work or abundant exercise every day.

FOUNDER.—I have a mare that is lame in the front
feet. When she does stand up she leans back on her
hind feet and puts all her weight on them instead of
the front feet. Her hoof is hard and dry and is very
warm on the bottom, when she walks she walks on
her heels. J. G. L.

REPLY.—This is a bad case of founder (inflammation)
and it is incurable if the soles are found to be con-
vex and sensitive at the points of the frogs. Put
on flat bar shoes over dressings of tar and oakum
and thick lather pads. Clip her from hock-joints
and blister twice a month with cerate of cantharides.

SORE NECK: THIN RIG.—(1) We have a mare that
has a sore neck every summer. It is well in winter.
I have tried every remedy we have heard of and have
failed to cure. A scab will form and when it comes
off it leaves a raw sore, and a deep pit. These scabs
will keep coming on and off until cold weather sets
in. Her neck has commenced to get sore at the
present writing. I am compelled to work her all the
time on the farm. Can you suggest a cure? (2) We
have a drove of hogs about nine months old that are
not doing well, there is one of the twenty-three head
that has done fairly well; he is ready for market,
will weigh about two hundred and twenty-five pounds,
the others will weigh from seventy pounds to one
hundred and twenty pounds. They are all of the
same age. I put them in a dry pen about the first
of last November, they would at that time weigh
from fifty to seventy pounds. For the past six
weeks I have been feeding soaked corn, prior to this
I fed ear corn. The change of feed does not improve
matters. They are growing long and look gaunt, but
will not fatten. I have treated them for hook-worms
and have fed a small quantity of condition powders. They
eat about one and one half bushels of soaked corn
daily for twenty-three head. I always feed just
what they will clean up and no more. Hereafter
I have had my hogs ready for market from eight to
twelve months old. Mrs. G. L.

REPLY.—(1) The only way of curing such a
to cleanly cut out the diseased skin or "stiff" caus-
ing the trouble. Then wet often with a solution of
one ounce of sugar of lead and six drams of sulphate
of zinc in a pint of water. Label the bottle "poison"
and shake it well before using. (2) Turn the hogs out
for free range on grass and feed feeding corn. Feed
slop of milk, mangel, bran, corn meal and flaxseed
meal and with it give lime water freely two or
three times a week.

GARGET.—I have a cow eight years old, that has
something the matter with her udder. She was all
right until she had her calf, last July 1908, since then,
at different times, one of her teats or rather her
udder just above her teat, will be caked or hard, of an
evening and the next morning the udder will be soft,
and the milk will be clotted or the teats will be sore.
Then by evening it will be all right. It is not
always the same teat. Sometimes one and then an-
other, never more than one teat, will be bad at a
time. It generally occurs when the weather is damp.
I keep her in a good barn, in a clean stall and she
gets good, clean water to drink and good feed, and
appears very healthy other ways.

REPLY.—Sudden changes of food, hours of feeding,
irregularity of milking, urinating upon insufficiently
bedded floor cause garget. When she cannot go out
for exercise cut the usual grain ration in half and
give half an ounce of saltpeter in water once daily.
Foment udder with hot water at time of attack and
then rub in melted lard.

CHOREA.—When I take my horse out of the barn he
lifts his hind feet as though he was springing, then
he gets better after he is driven a while and when
he gets standing he holds up first one foot and then
changes to the other, he is only five years old and
never did any hard work. T. A.

REPLY.—He is affected with chorea (St. Vitus's
dance) and it is incurable but may never trouble him
more than it does at present.

DISCHARGING SORE.—I have a bay mare with the
ore half of one eye gone, it runs all the time and is
very offensive. Is there any help? C. E.

REPLY.—If the horse is affected as very likely is the
case the condition will prove incurable. Discharged
tissue should be removed, then wash the part with a
five per cent. solution of permanganate of potash three
times daily and afterward dust the part freely with calomel.

LACK OF APPETITE.—What can I do for a mare
to give him an appetite? When I got him five
months ago he ate very heartily. About two and one
half weeks ago he got where he did not want about
eating much. I have been giving stock powders, but
he doesn't improve in his eating. He is twelve or
fourteen years old, his teeth are good. D. P. M.

REPLY.—Clip him and get him outdoors every day
for exercise. Feed oats, bran and hay. He has in-
digestion from overfeeding and too much "done" and
soon feed. Such things are unnecessary. Feed all
feed from floor level and let him be given as soon
as it is ready. If then he does not remain ap-
petite twice daily half a dram of dilute hydro-
chloric acid, a dram of fluid extract of nuxvomica,
two drams of fluid extract of gentian root and two
ounces of whiskey in half a pint of water.

LAME COW.—We have a cow with one sore foot (be-
tween its toes). Some time ago she began to limp
and her foot seems hot and feverish. We have cleaned

I Guarantee to Cure

ECZEMA

TO STAY CURED!

It is also called **SALT
RHEUM, SCALD HEAD,
TETTER, ITCH, WEEPING
SKIN, MILK CRUST, PRU-
RITUS**—these are different
names, but all mean one
thing—**ECZEMA.**

A FREE TRIAL

Just to show you that you need my treatment. It is yours for
the asking. If you have been to other doctors, if you have
taken patent medicine, and used lotions and salves (all you are
disgusted, write to me—I will send you ABSOLUTELY FREE
OF CHARGE, A TRIAL TREATMENT. There are no strings
to this statement. There is not one cent to pay—not a penny
accepted. I know what my trial treatment will do for I know
that it will convince you more than anything else on earth that
you need my treatment.

Don't Miss This Chance for a Cure
If you are SUFFERING FROM ECZEMA you can only be
cured one way—REMOVE THE CAUSE. What is the
cause? ACID IN THE BLOOD. How do you remove it? By
cleansing the blood of the ACID.

My treatment is soothing—relieves the dreadful itching at
once and cures the disease quickly. You don't have to take
treatment for months and months. ONLY ONE CASE IN TEN
needs the second treatment—ONE IN FIFTY needs the third
—think of that!

What Eczema Is

ECZEMA is a disease of the blood and affects all parts of the
body—the face, lips, ears, hands, feet, genital organs, etc.
SYMPTOMS.—Yellowish red eruption; the pimples or patches may
swell and the itching is so great the person will scratch the top off, then
they bleed and dark scabs form; there is an oozing of matter. In some
the skin cracks and bleeds. Itching is terrible; a person suffering will
scratch till they bleed. Scabs form on parts of the body, where the blood-
ing comes in contact.

Ten Years Guarantee

I positively Guarantee that every case cured by me will stay
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I am a graduate from two leading medical schools. I am the holder of a GOLD
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qualified? I will send you my book, showing endorsements of business men
of all classes. Also testimonials and pictures from cured patients every-
where. Some of them may be YOUR NEIGHBORS.

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form of the disease plainly and fully. I show pictures of
many severe cases, which are extremely interesting.
I send you names of thousands who have been
cured and are grateful.

DR. J. E. CANNADAY
936 Park Square
Sedalia, Mo.

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Name.....
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Treatment and literature sent in plain wrapper.

the foot with a solution of an ounce of carbolic acid
to a pint of water, afterwards put tar on and band-
aged the foot, after which she was better, but again
she limps and is as bad as ever. She eats all you
give her and yet is very thin in flesh. She is a
heavy milker, but gives poor milk and is almost im-
possible to get butter. Is it safe to use her milk?
If she has tuberculosis is it contagious to other
cattle? How can a person test his own cows for tu-
berculosis without the expense of calling a veterinarian?
Mrs. A. J. A.

REPLY.—Cleanse foot and cut away all loose horn or
horn underdum with pus. Then wet thoroughly with
a solution of half an ounce of sulphate of copper
in a pint of water used as hot as the hand will bear.
Afterward cover the parts with a mixture of equal
parts of calomel and subnitrate of bismuth, cotton bat-
ing and bandaging. It would be wise to have the cow
tested with tuberculin and then use the milk if she
proves to be free from tuberculosis. We would not
(CONTINUED ON PAGE 20.)

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Mr. A. S. Hitchcock (clothing dealer), 876
Carrier Building, East Hampton, Conn., says
if any reader afflicted with a kidney or
bladder trouble will write to him he will
direct them to the splendid home remedy
he so successfully used. He is glad to do
this and does not wish you to send him
money.

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Ohio Electric Works, Cleveland, O.

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today for all kinds of Rheumatism, Lame Back,
Colds, Heart Failure and Kidney Ailments. We will
send you six Oxi-Plasters on credit, sell them
for us at 25 cents apiece, return the money (\$1.50),
and we will make you a present of this elegant jar.
It will be sent safely packed in a large box, all Free.
This is a 30-day advertising offer, so act quickly, today,
asking us to send the plasters and you will hear from us at once.

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Cocoanut Shape
Brilliant Glass Table Jar**

with Gold-lined Silver Spoon.

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sugar or any eatables. Heavy polished glass with
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shaped table jar the handsomest addition to your
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Plasters, the most wonderful selling 25-cent plaster
today for all kinds of Rheumatism, Lame Back,
Colds, Heart Failure and Kidney Ailments. We will
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for us at 25 cents apiece, return the money (\$1.50),
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while they tried his treatment on
eczema. In all this time we have
been called upon but five times
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treatment was shipped; two did not
get the treatment as it was lost
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satisfied.

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Government Veterinary
Surgeon. In this book Prof.
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world for the first time his
wonderful method of training and
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Would like information regarding any good business for sale in prosperous town or city. Please write me at once and tell me what you have to offer. Would also like to learn of house and lot or any desirable real estate for residence or business purposes. Please give brief description and lowest cash price. Not particular about location. Wish to hear from owner only who will sell direct to buyer without paying any commission to anyone. No agents need answer.

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Everybody Works but Father
Waltz Me Around Again, Willie
My Irish Molly O, He's Me Pal
Mother's from Nottin' Leaves You
My Name is Morgan but it Ain't J. P.
Mary's a Grand Old Name
Bright Eyes Good Bye
Can't You See I'm Lonely
Dreaming Love of You
In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree
I'm Trying So Hard to Forget You
Won't You Fondle Me?
Give My Regards to Broadway
Come Take a Trip in My Airship
Ev'ry Little Bit Helps
He's Me Pal, Easy Street
Good-bye, Little Girl, Good-bye
Bedelia, Laughing Water
In the Good Old Summertime
In the Valley of Kentucky
I've Been Faithful to You
On a Moonlight Winter's Night
Under the Bamboo Tree
Dat's de Way to Spell Chicken
I Can't Tell Why I Love You but I Do
Back, Back, Back to Baltimore
When the Coons Have a Dreamland
For Sale—A Baby, Any Rage?
Away Down East Among the Shady
Maple Trees
Go 'Way Back and Sit Down
The Holy City, Navajo
Rip Van Winkle was a Lucky Man
Sing Me a Song of the South
Just Because She Made dem Goo Goo
Eyes, Just You and I
I Ain't Seen No Messenger Boy
Hannah, Won't You Open That Door?
Alexander, Just Next Door
On a Sunday Afternoon
When the Frost is on the Pumpkin
In the Hills of Old Carolina

What you Goin' to Do When de Rent have you Seen My Henry Brown?
Comes 'Round Nobody Farewell Sweetheart May
Keep a Little Cozy Corner in your I May be Crazy but I Ain't No Fool
Heart for Me Cheyenne The Sweetest Girl in Dixie
I'm Lonesome for You I Come Along, Little Girl, Come Along
Would You Care? Won't You Be My Girl?
When the Mocking Birds are Singing I'll be Waiting in the Gloom of Sweet
In the Wildwood Genevieve
Where the Whip-Poor-Will Sings Mar-Like a Rose Your's the Fairest Flower
guarite So Long, Mary The Poor Old Man

The Man with the Dough The Man Behind Blue Bell
Hello Central, Give Me Heaven I've Got a Feeling for You
Down on the Farm Coax Me My Own United States
Bill Bailey Please Come Home When Kate and I Were Comin' Thro'
Teasing I'm Wearing My Heart Away for You
Good-bye Dolly Gray Coon, Coon, Coon Hiawatha
Your Dad Gave His Life for His Country Sem-nolo
I'll be There, Mary Dear Up in the Coconut Tree
Meet Me in St. Louis, Louis The Gondolier
My Lonely Little Lonesome Maid Where the Southern Roses Grow
I'm Longing for My Old Kentucky Home Always in the Way
Where the Mocking Birds were Singing In the Sweet Bye and Bye
Under the Anheuser Bush My Heart's Tonight in Texas
When We Were Two Little Boys Good-bye My Lady Love
I Must Have Been a Dreaming I Could Love You in a Steam-heat Flat
Taint No Disgrace to Run When You're Skeeered



You're as Welcome as the Flowers in May
Sailing Down the Bay By the Dreamy Susquehanna
In the Village by the Sea Then I'd be Satisfied with Life
Hannah, Won't You Open That Door? Just Next Door
Sailing Down the Bay In Dear Old Fairyland
That's How I Love You Mame

OUR OFFER Send us two three months' subscriptions at 5 cents each (10 cents in all) for our beautiful 16-page monthly fashion magazine THE BADGER, and you will receive all the above songs and twelve pieces of music for piano or organ. Also the music of the world's famous bewitching Merry Widow Waltz. Send at once, only two names and 10c to:

THE BADGER, 611 Montgomery, Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.



Talks with Girls

Conducted by Cousin Marion

In this column each cousin may be answered in one column. No cousin must ask more than three questions in one month.

NOW comes the month of roses and summer girls and isn't it nice for us all to bloom together? I am not as blooming a summer girl as you youngsters are. I'm sure, but still as long as I don't marry, I guess I can be a summer girl, too. So there, you pretty ones who think you rule the world as soon as ever you have got your parasols unfurled. But isn't it fine to feel the June sunshine and see the first blush of summer? If there is anything finer on this earth than June and a young girl, I don't know what it is, do you? Still we all have to work, and here it begins.

My, my, the very first one on the list is in a peck of trouble. She is Cousin M. H. K. of Vail, Iowa, and after telling me her sad story she sums up the charges against her boy friend as having neglected her for another girl, called her a liar to her face and made uncomplimentary remarks about her to her girl chum, and wants to know if she should make up with him again. Now girls, what would any of you do? Make up with him, of course. Girls always do that way. And boys do, too. Lovers' quarrels don't amount to much. So I don't think I'll mix in this one. It's perfectly dreadful, though, isn't it?

Glory Ann, Sanger, Texas.—You are very right, my dear, to think it is a disgrace to a girl to be kissed and paved over by the boys. Always think so, and make them keep their distance and they will always respect you. (2) If the young man comes to see the lady in his buggy Sunday eve she may ask him to take her for a drive. But don't ask him if he has to hire the rig just for the purpose. (3) In accepting an escort simply tell him you will be glad to go with him. Don't make it a stiff formality.

Puzzled Girl, Cannon Falls, Minn.—If the objection to him is his poverty and he is only twenty-three and a good worker, I think you can afford to wait until you are twenty-one and marry him, even though your parents want you to marry the rich one.

Troubled Brunette, Belleville, Ill.—Snub the young man you dislike so much and who is forcing himself on you. Snub him good and hard and in public so people will see you do it. That sort of treatment may teach him better manners. At the same time don't be too good friends with the one you like until you know all about him and your parents know him.

Lady May, East Dorset, Vt.—Don't be so utterly lazy down because he has not written to you. Write to him and ask what is the matter. Perhaps he is sick. As he showed no signs previously of treating you badly, I think he is all right yet.

Perplexed, Elderton, Pa.—I don't see any good reason why you should break the engagement, though you had better break it than marry at seventeen and be twenty-one. If he is not willing to wait until you are three or four years older, he doesn't love you very much. As to your mother making you wait till you are twenty-five, I hardly think she can. You can do as you please after you are twenty-one.

Black Beauty, Norborne, Mo.—Really, I don't think you need any advice from me. Your brothers are much better able to advise you.

Silly, Canton, O.—If your fiancé insists upon writing to other girls, you insist upon reading their letters to him. If he will not let you read them, tell him to take one of them in your place and quit.

Greenie, Waverly, Tenn.—If you spelled as badly on the post card to the man you never met as you did in your letter to me I think you are quite safe. My sakes, haven't you any spelling books in your town?

Worried Girl, Harpersville, Ala.—You do have a heap of trouble, don't you, with those who want to be attentive to you and those who don't. It seems to me that they balance and my advice isn't necessary. You fix it to suit yourself.

Twenty-one, Stickney Corner, Maine.—Why do you think enough about him to ask what you should do? He is no more to you than you are to him and as he has hardly acted like a gentleman, I should think you would naturally have no more to do with him. That is my advice, since you have asked it.

Iola, Westhope, N. Dak.—By all means ask him what has caused him to change. If he won't tell you, let him go. (2) Tell your friend Topeka that the man who took her to supper and danced with her, then devoted himself to another girl entirely, cared more for the other girl. Men don't neglect girls they care very much for.

Sunflower, Lincoln, Kansas.—Well, Sunflower, sometimes girls will take a sweetheart back after he has deserted them for another girl, but I think if a man fooled me once I wouldn't give him a chance to do it again. You can do as you please about it. (2) Girls of seventeen should obey their parents even though their parents tell them not to go with young men they do not approve of. Wait till you are twenty-one before you disobey in that regard.

Levina, Bladensburg, Md.—If you are not quite sure that he is the one man in the world for you, take no risks until you have waited two years. A nineteen-year-old girl can very wisely wait that long to be sure.

Pussy, Neche, N. Dak.—Other things being equal choose the one you love best. You don't know which

one you do love best, or you would never be asking anybody what to do.

Mira Belle, London, O.—No, really, I don't think an eighteen-year-old girl should marry a widower with four children. I don't think an eighteen-year-old girl should marry anybody. (2) Possibly you might encourage just a little this bashful admirer of yours, but I don't have much patience with a man who is too bashful to ask a girl to let him call. That sort of bashfulness is almost silly. (3) It would be quite proper to ask the young man to return your picture.

Nancy S. Lump, Meadow Brook, Mich.—Better obey your parents, my dear. You are too young yet to know what is best for you. If he is as nice as you think he is, he will wait.

Honeysuckle, Phillips, Wis.—Don't say 'Hello' back to him and don't look at him. Maybe the other one does think you are sweet looking. Don't snub him till you know for sure that he does not. Don't let him fool you, either.

Lucella, Harrison, Ark.—The kissing is all right on Sunday night if you are engaged to him, and you may kiss him, if you want to. Don't ask him about any other engagement that he may have had. He is done with the past and you are his present and to be his future, that is enough for you to know. Wouldn't you rather be his last love than his first?

Blue Eyes, Sprague, Wis.—If he does not object, you may accept other company in his absence. (2) I don't much like flirtations between teachers and scholars. (3) Oh, no, an hour and a half is not too long to stand at the gate and talk astronomy with a young man. Are you sure no other subject was mentioned?

Papa's Girl, Wheeler, Texas.—I don't think you need worry much.

Yankee Doodle, Evansville, Ind.—The best way to make him take proper notice is to accept attentions from other young men. Be nicer to them than you are to him for a while.

Susan and Sallie, Driftwood, Okla.—Try right hard to wait till you are both of age and see if you haven't forgotten all about it.

Girl-in-love, Clarion, Ia.—Let him write the first letter to you. (2) You should not have replied when the young man said to you in the dance that he liked to wait close. Nice young men don't make such remarks to nice girls. I think you are too young to have beans for two or three years yet.

There, dears, all your questions are answered that I could answer, because some of your letters I had to send to other departments, where you can read the answers. I think I have scolded some of you a little, which is not nice for June, but really, those who were scolded needed it. Anyway, it won't hurt much, and when next month comes around and we meet again, I'm sure we'll all be glad to have another talk, with me do'g the talking. May the June roses have no thorns for you. By, by,

Cousin Marion.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

Missing Relatives and Friends

At the request of many readers we restored our popular Missing Relative department one year ago.

Through this department, when previously appearing, we brought together many relatives and dear ones, and shall hope for the same happy result in the future.

If you are anxious to learn the whereabouts of any missing relatives or friends through COMFORT with its enormous number of readers, there is every reason to believe they can be located.

We shall only require you to get a small club of subscribers to COMFORT for each request printed; so in sending your notice for insertion in the Missing Relatives' column, include a club of three yearly 25-cent subscriptions, or if you are already a paid-in-advance subscriber, send only two new yearly 25-cent subscriptions. This amount limits the notice to twenty-two words, making three lines; if longer notice is required, send two additional 25-cent yearly subscriptions for every seven words.

William F. White, last seen in Oklahoma in 1908. Any information gratefully received by his sister, Miss Sarah White, Springfield, R. D. 1, Ind.

Anyone knowing whereabouts of Marion and James Daughtry, last heard from in Steubenville, Ohio, write Mrs. Gersilda Geller, Shelburn, R. D. 4, Ind.

Would like to correspond with any of my father's relatives, John Victor Karris, or with anyone who has known him. He was from Toledo, Ohio. Joseph P. Karris, No. 513 Julia St., New Iberia, La.

W. W. Herr, last heard of at Ft. Smith, Ark. In 1907 and information gratefully received by his sister, Nellie M. Sharp, Wellston, R. D. 2, Okla.

\$5.00 per day, (either sex) no canvassing. OLYMPIC ART CO., 6223 Luma Ave., Seattle, Wa.

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AGENTS

You want to make the most with least effort, don't you? It will only cost you a postal card to get our proposition which has not been equalled as yet—with our 6-Cake Soap box, an elegant durable, steel, fancy handled, full size Razor—with can Baking Powder, beautiful Cut Glass Pattern, Crystal Glass Pitcher and 6 full size Glasses, etc.—take a chance and write us for full particulars. No experience, capital or ability needed. We pay freight charges. If you make less than \$40.00 a week it's your fault and you will say so. **MORGAN SUPPLY CO., Dept. 6, ST. LOUIS, MO.**

April Picture Puzzle Prizes Paid

We have paid to the following named persons the Cash Prizes which we offered in March COMFORT for best answers to our DISSECTED PICTURE PUZZLE.

1st Prize. \$5.00 Mrs. Cora T. Lewis, Stonington, Ill.
2nd. " 3.00 Miss Esther T. Rose, Stonington, Ill.
3rd. " 2.00 Janette L. Norman, Pass Christian, Miss.
4th. " 1.00 Geo. A. Truckenmiller, Springfield, Ill.
5th. " 1.00 Mrs. Jacob Hare (No) Kaskana, Wis.
6th. " 1.00 Mrs. Annie McEwen, Portwater, Mich.
7th. " 1.00 J. Leora Brown, Whitewater, Wis.

FIFTY CENTS EACH TO FOLLOWING TEN PERSONS.

S. W. Venduck, Janerio, N. C. Cora E. Gline, Dakota Junction, N. Y. Mrs. Henry E. Ames, Gaxenoria, N. Y. Mrs. Mary W. Howe, Springfield, Mass. Herbert Kitson, Philadelphia, Pa. Clara M. Baker, Laton, Cal. Hattie E. H. Griffin, Henderson, Ky. Mrs. Martha Eaton, Markison, Wis. Bessie L. White, North Elba, N. Y. Mrs. Lillie McGreary, Carbondale, Kans.

To each of the 43 next best we have sent a package of our best assorted Post Cards.



New Dissected Picture Puzzle

Cut this out and fit it together if you have any curiosity to know what COMFORT'S 4th of July title page will look like. It illustrates one scene in our pretty ROMANCE OF LOVE AND WAR as told in the bright story written especially for July COMFORT. Other quaint and curious historic illustrations go with this story, which will show some of the strange and EXTRAVAGANT FASHIONS of dress and toilet in vogue at the time with which our story deals. If you don't want to miss this thrilling story and the many other good things in July COMFORT and our Special MID-SUMMER SHORT STORY NUMBER in August, LOOK TO YOUR SUBSCRIPTION. RENEW OR EXTEND IT TWO FULL YEARS FOR 25 CENTS, now, while the special renewal rate is offered.

A WOMAN'S LOVE

And Sympathy For Her Own Sex
Leads Her to Devote Her Life to
Relieve Their Suffering

TREATMENT FREE FOR THE ASKING

Dr. Luella McKinley Derbyshire, the most widely-known lady physician in the world, now offers to you, sick and suffering, a FREE TREATMENT and the benefit of her long years of experience in scientifically treating leucorrhoea, displacement, ulceration or inflammation of the womb; disease of the ovaries; barrenness; irregular, delayed, profuse or painful menstruation; backache, bloating, nervous prostration, sick headaches and the many other ills so common to the sex. Middle-aged ladies passing through that painful and depressing period, the change of life, find relief. If you are suffering let the doctor help you. IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY HER HOME TREATMENT. Write today describing your case fully. "A valuable medical pamphlet FREE to every woman applying for the free treatment." Address DR. LUELLA MCKINLEY DERBYSHIRE, Box 435 Fort Wayne, Indiana.



DR. FOOT'S FLASHLIGHTS ON HUMAN NATURE

WORRY CURED
The only concise Book on the subjects of Love, Marriage, Parentage, Health and Disease. 240 pages fully illustrated. Contains advice necessary to adults. Imparts information that one hesitates to ask a Doctor. A thought awakener. Written by Dr. Foot, a Specialist of 50 years' practice. SEND FOR IT TO-DAY. Special offer, 10c.

Men Wanted

A two-million dollar corporation desires the services of a few good men to open and manage branch office in prosperous towns, where representatives are needed. We wish to hear only from honest, ambitious fellows, who are willing to give us faithful service and properly handle customers. No canvassing or soliciting of any kind, and no book agents or common peddlers need answer. This is a high-class business opening, and \$100 a month is assured to those who are willing to follow our instructions and learn our methods of successfully handling customers. No experience necessary, references required. Address by mail only.

I. A. LESHER, Sec.,
Dept. 000, 46 W. Monroe St., Chicago, Ill.

Veterinary Information

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20.)

RUPTURE.—I have a colt one year old next June that was ruptured on the navel at birth. (2) I also have a cow and she gave birth to a calf recently. I would like to raise it. Should I take it from the cow right away or in a few weeks and milk the cow and give it the milk in a bucket? Miss K. F.

REPLY.—(1) Rub the small rupture of the navel with iodine ointment three times a week and it will be likely to disappear by the time the filly is two years old. (2) Anyone in your district who has experience will tell you how to raise the calf. Wean it and band feed.

GALLANT IN WAR AND TRUE IN LOVE is the plot of COMFORT's special July story. If you like that kind, see to your subscription now, before it is too late to renew two full years for 25 cents.

FITS.—(1) We have a ten-months-old female calf, that takes fits about every three weeks. The calf suddenly falls down, seems out of breath, froths at the mouth, remains in this condition about three or five minutes, and when it gets up it coughs severely, for about five minutes, then it apparently seems well again. The calf is in good condition. (2) What is the best treatment to give a horse when preparing him for a race? (3) Is veterinary science a profitable vocation, and would you advise one who thinks himself suitable for one to study it? What states are the best to practice in? (4) What is the matter with a cow that has no appetite, is very poor, but has calves regularly every spring, has been in this condition for three years. She stands with her head down and back bowed. Her eyes are large and clear.

REPLY.—(1) The calf doubtless will die in one of these fits, unless the cause is removed and that is indigestion associated with errors in feeding. Physically feed with castor oil; then feed more carefully and mix linseed oil with milk. If that is the diet, and it should be given in small quantities often, rather than in large quantities seldom. (2) Take this matter up with any local horse trainer. It cannot be properly answered in the veterinary column. (3) It certainly is profitable if the practitioner is well educated and experienced, sober, industrious and gentlemanly. The government offers many good positions to veterinary inspectors at the stock yards and abattoirs of the large cities. This makes the profession extra popular at the present time. The practitioner will succeed best in states where stock raising is followed intelligently and generally. (4) We suspect that the cow has tuberculosis and she therefore should be tested with tuberculin which will decide the matter quickly one way or the other.

I CURE EYE DISEASES I Prove It Free

I have a most marvelous treatment for weak eyes, sore eyes, eyes diseased or falling sight from any cause. I believe I can cure and restore sight to any case if they use my treatment in time. Write me a description of case. I will prepare and send by mail, all charges prepaid, a course of my treatment to use fifteen days, to prove that I can cure you. I am restoring sight to thousands. Address, Dr. W. O. Coffey, Dept. 843, Des Moines, Ia.

GALL STONES OR LIVER DISEASE. Write me all about it. Will tell of a cure FREE. Address EDSON COVEY, R. F. D. 8, Lansing, Mich.

ALL ABOUT GIRLS
New book with 16 full page pictures (Illustrated reading) sent today for only 10 CENTS. You'll like it. Address ALPHA PUB. CO., 26, CHICAGO, ILL.

WANTED AGENTS
In each county to sell "Family Memorials." Good profits, steady work. Ad. Campbell & Co., 16 "A" St., Elgin, Ill.

JOHN M. SMYTH COMPANY'S BIG 1200 PAGE CATALOG NOW FREE TO YOU

YOU CAN SAVE AT LEAST \$25.00 ON EVERY \$100.00 WORTH OF GOODS YOU BUY



SEND TODAY Our brand new Spring and Summer great 1200 page CATALOG IS NOW READY. We want to give you one of them, therefore, fill in the application coupon below and mail it to us, and we will send you the catalog by return mail free with our compliments. This wonderful catalog represents five million dollar stocks of goods, is 8 1/2 inches in size, 2 inches thick, contains 1200 large pages, illustrates over 200,000 articles and gives over 300,000 descriptions and wholesale prices. Residents of Chicago, New York, Boston or no other city can buy goods at their stores as cheaply as you can from this wonderful book, neither can they see even in their largest stores, the great abundant stocks that you can, by referring to the pages of this great mammoth reference book of merchandise. From us, through this book, you can buy everything at wholesale prices. You can buy at wholesale prices tombstones, plows, dry goods, clothing, furniture, jewelry, harness, vehicles, sewing machines, organs, pianos, millinery, men's furnishings, household furnishings, telephones, hardware, groceries, guns, revolvers, sporting goods, books, wall paper, paint, binder twine, carpets, curtains, cameras, talking machines, stoves, silverware, crockery, bicycles or anything else you can think of at lower prices than your home dealers buy their goods for in catalog lots. Get our catalog, buy as cheaply as merchants do and keep the retailer's profit in your own pocket where it belongs.

BOOK COSTS US \$1.00. This Great book costs us \$1.00 alone is 20c. Yet it's FREE TO YOU. All we ask is that you fill out and

mail the coupon application, with 15c. to partly pay the postage, and with the catalog we will send a 15c. due bill to apply as cash on

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LOTS OF FUN FOR A DIME
Ventriloquists Double Throat. A real roof of mouth, always available, greatest thing yet. Astonish and mystify your friends. Neph like a horse; white like a poppy; sing like a canary and imitate birds and beasts of field and forest. **LOADS OF FUN.** Wonderful invention. Thousands sold. Price only 10 cents. 4 for 35 cents or 12 for 90 cents. **DOUBLE THROAT CO., DEPT. 18, FARMINGTON, N.J.**

A BLESSING TO WOMEN two cent stamp will bring catalogue of toilet specialties and necessities to your home. Address, Desk M. Adv. M. O. House, 56-5th Ave., Chicago.

MARRY Universal Letter Writer FREE to unmarried people, on love, courtship, etc. Particulars. H. A. HORTON, Dept. B., Tekonsha, Mich.

PILES Absolutely cured. Never to return. A Balm to Sufferers. Acts like Magic. Trial box MAILED FREE. Address, Dr. E. M. Bpot, Box 978, Augusta, Me.

BED-WETTING CURED A harmless home treatment. It is a DISHABIT not a habit. Whipping only does harm. Don't neglect it, write today. Cure guaranteed. **FREE.** DR. MAX CO. Box X 57, Bloomington, Ill.

A BEAUtiful neck, face and arms Don't pay 50c. but send 10c. for sealed package to make your skin soft and white and cure pimples, freckles, moth, black head, wrinkles, etc. A perfect skin and food powder combined. Warranted absolutely pure. **TOILET COMPOUND CO., Box 1927, Boston, Mass.**

FREE! FREE!

You can receive this elegant gentleman's outfit without expense. A fine pair of Silk Embroidered, Strong, Serviceable Suspenders, a beautiful

dressy, neat Tie, of latest style and pattern, also a full size white Dress Shirt warranted throughout.

We are creating a tremendous demand for our Orlon Porous Plasters which are so much talked about in curing rheumatism, lame back, sick kidneys, lost nerve force, Coughs, Colds, Strains, Sprains, etc., etc., and will pay well for agents.

DON'T SEND MONEY

We will send six Orlon Plasters to responsible people to be sold at 25c. apiece, the money (\$1.50) to be returned to us, upon receipt of same will send ALL FREE this Gentleman's Outfit premium. Every man will be pleased to own these gifts for evening dress up, Sundays and social calls, and every woman will be proud to present either her Father, Husband, Brother or Sweetheart with one of these elegant present equipments. Write today and we will send goods by return mail and guarantee a safe delivery of the Premium. Address, THE O. O. PLASTER CO., 24 Willow St., Augusta, Maine.

or Sweetheart with one of these elegant present equipments. Write today and we will send goods by return mail and guarantee a safe delivery of the Premium. Address, THE O. O. PLASTER CO., 24 Willow St., Augusta, Maine.

Six Superb Rose Plants

Of Radiant Beauty, Color and Odor

WONDERFUL OF ER TO LOVERS OF FLOWERS

One of the oldest and largest Rose Growers in the world has repeated the arrangement to supply us with an unlimited quantity of STRONG, Vigorous Plants, ON THEIR OWN ROOTS, each assortment of SIX CAREFULLY PACKED TO BE MAILED AT OUR EXPENSE. FULLY GUARANTEED TRUE TO NAME and description below, and SUPERIOR IN EVERY WAY to ordinary hothouse-grown plants. Read carefully the complete descriptions of each of the SIX ROSES IN THIS COLLECTION. Did you ever hear of anything SO GOOD and SO GENEROUS AS THIS OFFER. Hardy Roses ready to be transplanted in YOUR OWN GARDEN, there to thrive, GROW and BLOSSOM all in their radiant BEAUTY and SCENT.

ETOILE DE FRANCE

Rich Velvety Crimson

This beautiful rose was recently introduced by a celebrated French rosarian, capturing numerous medals and prizes, well deserving them all. It is fine for either bedding or massing purposes, of a strong, vigorous growth, with handsome bronzy-green foliage, making an exquisite setting for the large double flowers of a clear, rich velvety crimson. The buds are of elegant formation, most delightfully fragrant, borne on long, stiff stems in the greatest abundance.

MLLE. FRANCISKA KRUCER

Dark Rich Yellow

A peerless rose in every respect. It is distinct in habit of growth, thriving under very adverse conditions; and is fine for either single or massing planting. The flowers when in full bloom are of immense size and perfectly double, unequaled in beauty by any other rose of its color. It is one of the most liberal producers of exquisitely pointed buds, which are borne on long, stiff stems and open to handsomely formed flowers of a deep rich coppery yellow.

CRIMSON RAMBLER

The most beautiful crimson climbing rose ever cultivated and a strong, rapid grower, quickly throwing up canes of great length and sturdiness, which are covered with beautiful, peculiar shining foliage. The flowers are produced in immense clusters, of from thirty to fifty blossoms in each cluster, the color of which is a lovely bright crimson. This rose is valuable for decorative hedges, arches and screens for porches or unsightly places around the home.

MAMAN COCHET

Clear Rich Pink

A rose to excite the envy of anyone. For outdoor planting this rose stands first as a strong vigorous grower, rapidly producing a large shapely bush, densely covered with deep, green foliage which is practically impregnable against attacks of insects. It is extremely hardy, thriving in any climate. Great masses of large, superb flowers, perfectly formed, delicately tinted a clear rich pink, are produced the entire growing season and are only rivalled by the exquisite buds, which are of elegant formation.

COQUETTE DE LYON

Hardy as an Oak

No rose will give better satisfaction than this variety, filling a long-felt want in gardens where pure yellow roses are desired. In growth, it is hardy as an oak, quickly forming a well-rounded plant, the branches of which are covered from early Spring to late Fall, with large elegant buds, which develop into superb double flowers of a pure rich yellow.

THE BRIDE

Purest Ivory White

This charming rose deserves recognition from all rose lovers and its beauty should grace all gardens. The bush is a strong rapid grower, distinct in form and growth thriving under very unfavorable conditions and proving hardy in nearly all sections. The foliage is an added beauty to this marvelous variety, being a dark, rich green, and densely covering the bright smooth stems, on which are borne the large superb buds. The flowers of the purest ivory white are produced in abundance even during the hottest Summer months.

Arrangements for this Grand Rose Distribution have been under way for nearly a year. First we had to guarantee to use a certain tremendous quantity. Then the Rose Grower made his plans, devoting acre after acre of his Rose-growing lands to nothing but the six Roses we now offer you. By constant attention and care a most successful crop is the outcome and we are promised larger, stronger and better Rose plants than ever before, and they are centrally grown so that their development in any State or climate is assured. You need not hesitate on this point. The Roses we are to send you are fully developed and will grow. You can't stop it. If you love flowers, you like Roses best. There is nothing so beautiful in the garden, yet no plant is so hardy when properly cultivated from the first. You can through the benefits of this undertaking provide yourself with an immeasurable amount of pleasure from these Roses, and there are probably many friends of yours who would be interested in our offer, or who would be grateful for the roses for a sick room, or their flower-beds.

When you receive your Roses, place them in your flower-bed, if too early plant them in pots in the house until weather is seasonable, then put them outdoors, where they will bloom and remain full of blossoms until Autumn. We pack them with the roots placed in wet moss, and guarantee their safe arrival.

Special Free Anniversary Club Offer. For only three trial five months' subscriptions to COMFORT at Ten Cents each, we will send you six Roses free as a premium. Twelve roses sent for a club of six, five months' 10c. subscribers.

Extra Special Anniversary Offer. Send 25 cents for five months' trial subscription to COMFORT and we will forward, all charges paid, this collection of the Six above described Roses. We always pack and send at our expense, single, double or orders for larger quantities.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Fancy Chased and Plain Band Gold Shell Finger Rings.

In the newest designs of chasing and the correct widths. Suitable for persons of all ages; a refined and dignified ring to be worn on all occasions. They are 14K gold plate and will wear a long time.

CLUB OFFER. For 2 yearly subscribers at 25 cents each, we will send you your choice of one of these rings. Send finger measurement.

Gold Band Finger Ring.

A suitable wedding ring and the most used ring for the wedding occasion. This is a heavy band ring of 14K gold plate wears long and satisfactorily. So many years have these rings been used as wedding rings that we need not describe them to you, except to say that the quality of these particular rings is the best and you may be assured you will not regret having made the selection of one.

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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



French Embroidered Apron

New Design New Idea

We furnish the necessary amount of India Lawn, a piece over one yard square, a pretty design stamped all ready for you to French Embroider. When completed, you have a dainty, dressy apron.

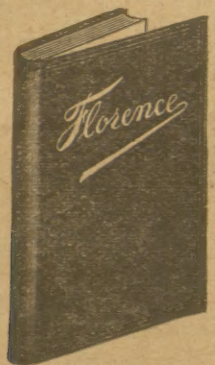
Club Offer

Send a club of two yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each for one of these Apron outfits as described and illustrated. Address

COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

WHAT'S YOUR NAME?

Learn All About It in Our Diary Birthday Book.



Do you know its derivation, meaning and history? We have a book of **Girls' Birthday Books** embracing one hundred names, including ADA, AGNES, BERTHA, BEATRICE, CAROLINE, DORA, EDITH, KATE, MART, REBECCA, and ninety others. No matter what your name is, don't want it stamped in gold on one of these **Elegant Books!** You certainly ought to have one to use as described as they are designed to be a source of pleasure and interest.

Each Book has the name of a girl or woman on the title page and also stamped in gold on the cover, and contains a history of the name and of famous women who have borne the same. For example, **Mary** is described as one of the most popular of girls' names, derived from Myrrh or Star of the Sea (Mara), being the name of the Virgin Mary and many other Marys famous in history, thus each name is treated with a long historical sketch. As a **Diary or Record Book** it is designed for perpetual use. Each page is arranged with space providing excellent opportunity for a **Baby Record** of important events in the life of the little one, or for a young or older lady, married or single, a life record of important events may be recorded and there kept forever, and as the book is arranged for perpetual use these records made from time to time forming a connected story of important life happenings. Each page is decorated with a short selected sentimental verse or motto from words of authors or philosophers of renown, as "Where there is a mother in the home, matters speed well," "Grace in woman has more effect than beauty," "For Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," "Love and you shall be loved," "When poverty comes in at the door, love flies out at the window," "In the smallest cottage, there is room enough for two lovers," etc., etc. Each book is bound in limp Morocco, with full gilt edges, including a silk book marker, and is carefully boxed for mailing. This is a very unique book and has personal interest to the owner.

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Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Dresser, Bureau and Table Scarf

45 INCHES LONG, 15 INCHES WIDE.

A Beautiful Lace Ornament for the Home.

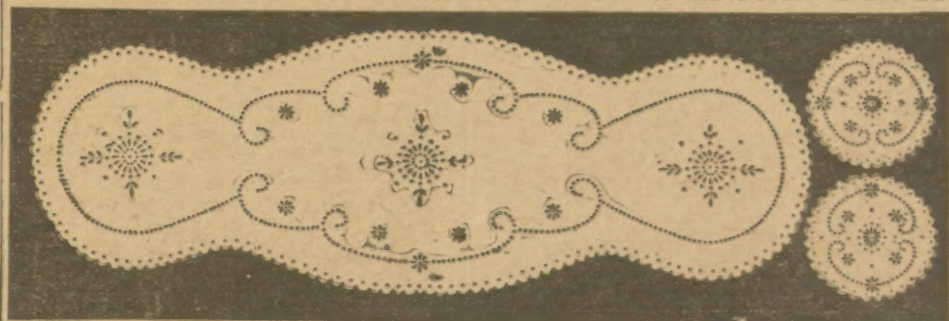


This especially attractive new premium will at once interest our lady readers who seek the beautiful and ornamental for their home, and so very many uses will suggest themselves, we know you will want one or more just as soon as you see this illustration and read the description. Made of white linen thread in a beautiful Nottingham pattern. It will not only give splendid satisfaction as an ornament, but is extremely durable, as you well know from your experience with Nottingham Curtains. This pattern we have selected as most attractive, and the size is so much larger than you are usually offered, we know this special pattern will appeal to you. You can fix up several rooms with these Lace Pieces by using one as a centerpiece for Table, another as a Bureau Scarf, and another as a Lambrequin, being pulled on to the center of rod between the two Curtains you now have hanging; this is a new idea and extremely stylish. We expect to quickly dispose of a quantity of these LACE PIECES.

Club Offer. Send only 25-cent trial subscriptions for COMFORT and receive one of these Laces Free.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

No. 506. New Sideboard or Bureau Cover



18 x 51 and two Dollies to match, each one 9 x 9 inches, making in all 1080 square inches of a good quality of American linen to be worked the new stylish stitches of Eyelet Embroidery.

CLUB OFFER. For a club of two yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each we send this new Bureau and Sideboard Set free.



WE GIVE THIS WATCH FOR A CLUB OF 5.

Thirty Minutes is a short time, but many have earned one of these watches in less time than that. It is one of the very best watches for time ever offered to our readers at no matter what the price asked for it. We know, of course, there are watches that cost more money, because they are in gold or silver cases, but they will not keep any better time, simply because they cannot. This watch keeps not perfect time, we never saw the watch that did, but it keeps as near perfect time as watches usually do. We have such faith in this watch as a timekeeper that we send with every one a guarantee just as binding as that given with any watch, no matter what make. We are willing to give you this watch if you will do us a slight service, which you can easily do in an hour. We wish to increase our subscription list, and we want the assistance of every reader of this paper to that end. We do not want you to do it for nothing, we will reward you for it. You can easily secure this valuable watch if you get a club of 5 subscribers to this paper, at our special subscription price of 25 cents a year each. Do this, sending us the money, with the names of the subscribers to this paper, and we will send you the watch to reward you for your efforts in our behalf. Start out now and see what you can do. Remember we guarantee every watch. If you get subscriptions and send us NOW at once, we will also send you a nice chain.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Three-Piece Bed Set FREE



CLUB OFFER

For a club of only ten yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each we will send by mail or express at our expense one of these Nottingham Lace Three-Piece Bed Sets. This is an exceptionally liberal premium offer.

Three-Piece Nottingham Lace Bed Set

Beautiful Peacock Design Pillow Sham and Spread

The full-size spread is 85 inches long and 60 inches wide. Made of fine quality material in this most beautiful pattern. Then two handsome and effective Pillow Shams to match, made of same material in same manner and 28 x 32 inches in size. Such a Bed Set as this must appeal to your good taste. They are very, very desirable, extremely fashionable and are something every good housekeeper is anxious to possess. No lace design ever more striking than this. Suitable for standard size bed and pillows. You should have a set

For each chamber. If you happen to be one of our thousands of agents who have our Lace Curtains in your home, you will at once feel that you must have also one of these three-piece Lace Bed Sets. They harmonize splendidly.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



Flexible Morocco BIBLE FREE

ILLUSTRATED

With 32 full-page half tone pictures and 16 full-page colored maps.

GOLD EDGES

Containing the King James Version of the Old and New Testaments.

These Bibles are unsurpassed for clear print, extra quality of paper, handsome flexible bindings, superior workmanship. Our illustrations show the Bible in various positions; laying flat open you see just how distinct is the type, the thumb index and the expansive leather binding, also the closed Bible with elastic band which protects the same when not in use, and in lower right-hand corner we show how the Bible may be rolled absolutely without injury.

Also New Helps to the Study of the Bible

Prepared by the Most Eminent Authorities

The Sunday School Teacher's use of the Bible. How to study the Bible. The Christian Worker and his Bible. Scripture Texts for students and Workers. Forty Questions and Answers from the Word of God. Calendar for Daily Reading of the Scriptures, by which the Bible may be read through in one year. The Chronology and History of the Bible and its Related Periods. Table of Prophetic Books. Period intervening between the Age of Malachi, (450 B. C.) and the Birth of Christ. Summary of the Gospel Incidents and Harmony of the Four Gospels.

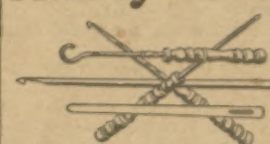
This is a splendid opportunity to obtain a practical, useful Bible, a new edition in a beautiful, durable and flexible leather binding, with gold stamped title on back and cover.

CLUB OFFER.

For a club of only ten yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we send one of these above described Bibles, post-paid.

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Handy Crochet Set

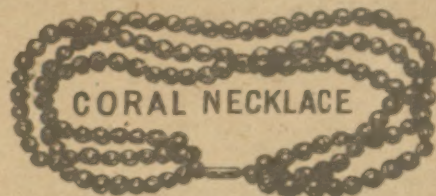


Five Piece Outfit consisting of three Crochet Needles, one Ribbon, one Glove Buttoner, Ivory and steel both used to make up this Outfit which is a fine one.

How many, many times you have use for all these articles, or for one or more you have many uses. Each one is of good size, perfectly smooth finish, durable and serviceable. Illustration one-third actual size.

Club Offer. Send us two five-months' subscriptions to COMFORT at 10 cents each for one Crochet Outfit, complete as described.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.



CORAL NECKLACE

Every Girl or Woman delights to possess a real coral necklace. The genuine Neapolitan article is so very expensive that few can afford one. This necklace looks so much like the real thing that many think they are, so perfect is the coloring of this Italian Wonder. It is a triple strand beautifully polished delicate coral pink necklace of just the proper shade to give it the most expensive appearance. We have but a limited number which we can give as premiums to all who get up clubs of two yearly subscribers at 25 cents each. Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

BUFFALO BILL HIS OWN STORY TRUE TALES OF THE PLAINS



Just published, his own story of his own life. Every reader of COMFORT knows of Buffalo Bill, the most famous Indian Fighter, Buffalo Hunter, Frontiersman and Scout the Country ever produced. This thrilling story from his own pen reads like some preposterous tale. Every line and every chapter is exciting because it is cleverly told, also splendidly illustrated. A book of over 250 pages, large clear type, extra heavy book paper, with many special half tone plates illustrating important features of the book. Bound in strong tinted mottled covers, illustrated with a large clear full page sepia toned photograph of Buffalo Bill in his plainsman's costume. This is strictly an American story by one who has literally grown up with his country, his career beginning in '57, when the lad was but eleven, the reader is carried chapter by chapter through a life of wild and rugged achievement never equalled. This is Buffalo Bill's great work, there is no other similar story, any more than there was ever another Buffalo Bill. You should read this book, everyone should read it, and read it now, while it is fresh from the press. All the big city newspapers are printing notices about the book and are to print the story serially whenever arrangements can be made. Public schools should adopt this book as a supplementary volume of American History. Teachers will do well to obtain a copy and read it to their pupils. We have a limited quantity, all we could obtain at present, and shall distribute them at the following

Club Offer. Send us only three yearly subscribers to COMFORT at 25 cents each, for a copy of this special edition of **True Tales of the Plains** by Buffalo Bill, which will be sent post-paid.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

24-Inch Centerpieces.

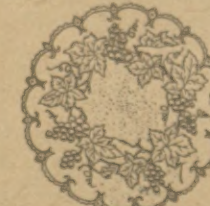
Beautiful hand-embroidered table covers can now be had by every reader without cost and little labor is required. Ladies familiar with fancy work and our pattern always new and original, those anxious to do hand embroidery readily understand just how to quickly and broder these simple designs. We furnish the stamped patterns here illustrated, and can supply materials, thus making it convenient and within the reach of every woman, young or old, to make with her own needle one or more for her home, also they are the most useful and delightful wedding or Christmas gifts. These centerpieces are each twenty-four inches in diameter, are therefore unusually large and suitable for any table. The designs are CLEARLY AND DISTINCTLY STAMPED on a high grade of semi-linen material that washes and wears well, and absolute satisfaction is guaranteed.

Bunch of Grapes Pattern.

We predict great popularity for this grape pattern. It is to be the rage for embroidered shirt-waists, therefore popular for centerpiece design. We recommend this one to your consideration.

Carnation Pink Pattern.

The famous Lawson thirty thousand dollar carnation, the largest, most fragrant and beautiful pink ever produced can be copied with this pattern to aid you. To be



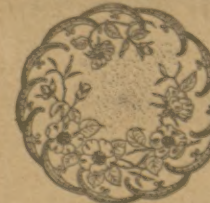
BUNCH OF GRAPES PATTERN. CARNATION PINK PATTERN. done in soft pink shades with green and a border to suit. This design will make one of the sweetest and most stylish table centerpieces ever conceived.

Wild Rose Pattern.

This very handsome centerpiece pattern will be one of the most popular in the whole collection. Can be worked out in soft, delicate colors and permits one to display their judgment in copying from nature. This pattern has a very deep border that may be easily worked with some simple stitch.

Wheat Pattern.

This centerpiece has perhaps the least amount of detail work of any kind, yet the effect when done in soft tan shades, with green for a border, is very pleasing. Observe the odd border on this design. It can be worked solid or outlined with excellent results.



WILD ROSE PATTERN.

WHEAT PATTERN.

Club Offer. For only 2 yearly subscriptions to COMFORT at 25 cents each, we will send two of the above 24-inch Centerpieces. For 4 yearly subscriptions at 25 cents each, we will send the entire set of four Centerpieces.

Address COMFORT, Augusta, Maine.

Comfort Sisters' Corner

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17.)

Mrs. Wm. Wilcox come again I enjoyed your letter.
Mrs. ESTHER SERVISS, Canton, Kans.

DEAR SISTERS:

We are a happy family of four, my husband, and two boys, the oldest seven years and the other twenty months old.

I certainly agree with Mrs. Kluge in her letter of "Friendship." It is something to think about. One little word of kindness or love, may mean ever so much to some person who may think his or her friends are few. There is much we might do to help along this line, if we cannot help all financially.

Miss Myrtle Huyler, Tunnel City, Wis., if you see this please write me. I sent you a box a year ago Christmas but it was returned.

Miss Tina O'Neal. Please send me your address. I should also like to hear from any of the readers at any time.

MRS. MINNIE SHAWLER, Fletcher, R. D. 2, Ohio.

Letters of Thanks

Many unusually long letters of thanks have come in, but it is impossible to give each entirely. When letters are requested the writers should realize that from COMFORT's large circulation they will probably hear from hundreds and if these cannot be replied to personally, neither can they be through these crowded columns, so promises should not be made lightly. Harriet M. Klise was deluged with letters and sends in a long letter from which limited space only allows us to quote the following:

DEAR SISTERS:

Your letters were appreciated and I want you all to know I am feeling better, and know that God never makes a mistake; all his works are perfect. Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. Emilie Tritch you have my sympathy; try to be more reconciled and look at life's bright side once more. H. M. Williams, your letter was most comforting, you are certainly well read, sincere thanks for the beautiful verses in memory of my darling. Mrs. Dewett, you surely have known much sorrow for one so young. All letters from young and old I shall always prize and I especially thank those too who so kindly remembered my birthday. As means and time permit I will write many of you.

DEAR SISTERS:

From my lonely mountain home I will send a few words. We are shut in by heavy timber lands and almost impassable roads lead out of the mountains. I am now twenty-five years old and have never been well, am confined to the bed part of the time. All the letters received were like a ray of sunshine and those containing stamps I gladly answered, but others will please accept thanks through our dear paper as my means are limited.

MISS MYRTLE I. BUEL, Evansville, Ark.

DEAR FRIENDS:

Since my letter appeared in August COMFORT, I have received about one hundred and fifty letters. No one can imagine how happy they made me. I never knew before that there were so very many sweet and generous people in the world. My dear grandmother was so pleased with all the religious reading matter. It and the cards were greatly appreciated. I positively could not find time to answer every letter, though all deserved equal consideration.

ADELE C. DENHAM, Aberdeen, Wash.

DEAR FRIENDS:

I desire to express my sincere thanks for the many kind and sympathetic letters received in response to my request. I thought perhaps I would receive a dozen or two, but before my COMFORT reached me, several letters had come and every mail brought more till the number reached over three hundred. I heard from nearly every state and received post cards of lovely scenery which I highly prize, these I have answered, but not all of the letters. I expect to answer every one where an answer is desired as I have strength to do so. Words fail me when I try to thank you, dear friends. Will each one of you who wrote to me take this as a personal letter? Rest assured that your names and loving words are indelibly inscribed upon the scroll of memory, and our Heavenly Father will abundantly bless you all. Jesus said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto me," and I trust I am one of these little ones. I wonder if the sisters whose family circles are unbroken, realize how happy they ought to be? I used to worry over the petty trials and vexations of every-day life, but now I can look back and see how happy and contented I should have been. We never appreciate our blessings as we should while we have them. When God called my Leslie home, He took the pride of my heart, and I was left most wretched. In the eighteen short years that the Lord loaned him to me, he never gave me an hour's trouble, and was always kind, loving and thoughtful towards me. September 23rd would have been his nineteenth birthday; his little sister whom he loved so well, and I went to the cemetery and carried his favorite flowers. How my heart ached as I knelt by that mound and thought of the fond hopes that lay buried there, and how different life would have been if I could have kept my bonny boy!

The storms of life, its trials and sorrows were not intended to destroy us, else I could never have borne up under this heavy blow. The only consolation I can have is that when this life is over we shall be re-united in that happy home beyond the skies, where cometh no suffering, no parting evermore.

Mrs. Grant, Roscoe, N. Y. I wrote to you, inclosing stamp, also my friend, Mrs. Neff of South Omaha, wrote, but neither of us have received any reply, though we both inclosed a stamp. I hope you will write us.

Mrs. E. Dawson, Portland, Ore. Accept my thanks for the beautiful card you sent me. I answered it but my letter was returned unclaimed.

G. A. H. R. You have my heartfelt sympathy. I would have written to you personally if you had given your name.

I want to thank all who have sent me literature, but I would be so glad if you who sent it had put your name on the papers.

If any of the readers have any flowers to spare, please write to me. I must have something to do, and I like to work with flowers.

Again thanking each one of you who wrote, I remain, a heart-broken mother,

MRS. NETTIE BLANKS, Lumberton, Miss.

DEAR SISTERS:

I want to thank all for the kind, interesting letters in response to my request. I fear I may be thought ungrateful, though I am not. Every favor was appreciated and all who sent money will be blessed; it was a help to me. I am a shut-in, eight years in bed. I suffer from tumor, rheumatism and heart trouble. I am alone all day from six A. M. until six or seven P. M. and I pass the time reading, quilting and doing fancy work. Letters are a boon of pleasure, a voice from without my world. All have my heart-felt thanks and may I hope to be remembered occasionally in the future.

MRS. LA VERNIE E. POST, E. 28th St., Wabash B. D., Des Moines, Iowa.

Mrs. G. W. Clark, Box 36, Bowers Mill, R. D. 3, Mo., wishes to acknowledge the receipt of all bundles of silk pieces during the last two years, all very gratefully received and her slumber robe is almost finished. A little more material is needed and to anyone who can supply it Mrs. C. will give flower seeds. Mrs. Cora Dolfeare, Mrs. Frank Tiger and Jennie Hattonbee are requested to write.

Mrs. Ben P. Cunningham, Box 18, Galena, R. D. 1, Mo. extends her thanks to all for cheery helpful letters. She answered several and would have all, but for ill health. Please write again, sisters, though no promise is given of a reply.

Mrs. Clara G. Moore. Have you ever tried giving an enema of quassia chips steeped, using the liquid of course, for pin worms? I have

heard doctors say that medicine taken internally would not effect a cure for pin worms. Some use salt and vinegar slightly diluted with water. One doctor says aloes dissolved in warm water will dislodge them.

Mrs. L. J. Potter. Another remedy I have used for enlarged tonsils and tonsillitis is a solution made from tannin and warm water, and quite strong, swabbing the throat and tonsils. Making three or four applications, each time using a new swab. After its use for two or three winters at each return he, my son, has never had any more trouble.

E. S. ADAMS.

For eczema. Carbolic acid, four grains, glycerine, two ounces, rose water, two ounces, mix, use externally three times a day.

For earache, boil an egg hard, cut into halves and remove the yolk. Take half the white and place it over the ear closing out all the air.

MRS. L. E. JOHNSON.

For Rheumatism. So many people suffer with this disease the following recipe will be found excellent. Take equal quantities of burdock and yellow dock roots, cut in small pieces and half fill large mouth bottles; fill up the bottles with good whiskey. Dose for adult, take spoonful one half hour before meals.

The roots can be recovered till strength is out.

MRS. M. L. MILLER, Plattsburg, Miss.

For coughs take chestnut leaves and make tea, give very frequently. Red clover is also very good.

MRS. GRACE KUHN, Osnaburg, O.

For inflammation of bladder try oil of corn silk, get it at druggists and take according to directions.

ELLA M. BOTTE.

Remedies Requested

Cure for catarrh of the middle ear.
G. Henry, Frances, Okla., wants help for congested liver and rectal tumors.

When joints begin to grow out can anything be done?

What will cause hair to whiten quickly?

In 1902, while teaching a district school, I received a blow upon my left breast which caused a growth to develop. In 1905, a lady in Blaine, Wash., made an attempt (with plasters) to remove, but failed to get all. It is still growing and I am anxious to have it removed. Can any sisters, who have had similar experience, tell me what they did?

Mrs. J. B. NICHOLS, Ferndale, Wash.

Mrs. Maggie Barnes, Cheap Hill, R. D. 1, Tenn., would like to know of a safe and harmless cure for bed wetting.

Tested Recipes from Comfort Sisters

The writer's name or initials will appear at the end of one or more of the recipes.—Editor.

Lemon Pie

The juice and rind (grated) of one lemon, two eggs, eight heaping tablespoonfuls of sugar, one small teaspoonful of milk, one teaspoonful of corn starch. Mix the corn starch with a little of the milk. Put the remainder on the fire, and when boiling, stir in the corn starch. Boil one minute. Let this cool, and add the yolks of the eggs, four tablespoonfuls of the sugar, and the grated rind and juice of the lemon, all well beaten together. Have a deep pie plate lined with a rich paste, and fill with this mixture. Bake slowly half an hour. Beat the whites of the eggs to a stiff froth, and gradually beat into them the remainder of the sugar. Cover the pie with this, and brown slowly.

Sugar Cookies

Two cups of sugar, one half cup of butter, one cup of sweet milk, three heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one teaspoonful of lemon powder, or any other flavor preferred. Use flour enough to make a soft dough, roll, and bake in a moderately hot oven.

MISS SOPHIA HINZE.

Delicious Variegated Pudding

The correct amount of gelatine for one pint water, soak in quite cold water one hour. Pour in

just enough boiling water to dissolve, no more. Turn in also one pint canned pineapples, set away to cool.

SECOND LAYER.—Fix gelatine as before. Into the hot water which melts it, put two squares of chocolate, when this has cooled in the gelatine as much as possible and still can be poured, turn it upon the layer of pineapple.

TOP LAYER.—Three tablespoonfuls corn starch and one cup sugar stirred into a pint of boiling water. When cooked so that it looks semi-transparent like any starch, add the juice and grated rind of one lemon. When removed from the fire beat into it the whites of three eggs. This is turned upon the other two layers. Eat cold with cream.

CLARA COOK.

To Tint Frosting

Lemon juice will whiten, for a yellow tint add the grated rind of an orange pressed through a cloth. Strawberry or cranberry juice will give a pretty shade of pink.

B. E. C.

Piccalilli

One peck green tomatoes, twelve large onions, six red peppers all chopped fine, sprinkle over this a cup of salt and let it stand over night. In the morning strain away the water through a sieve. Put on back of stove in agate or porcelain kettle. Add one pound brown sugar, one ounce white mustard seed, one tablespoonful cloves, cinnamon and allspice. Vinegar to cover. Allow it to cook slowly four or five hours until all is tender. Bottle when cool. ANNA LAYMAN.

Delicious Marsh Mallow Pudding

One half pint cream, whipped, one half cup walnuts, cut in pieces, one half pound marshmallows, cut up. Mix together and set away for five hours before serving.

MRS. F. W. DAVIS.

A Savory Steak

One pound rump steak two inches thick, one small onion and three mushrooms chopped fine, tablespoonful butter, half cup rolled bread crumbs and seasoning. Have steak salt in the center, fill with above and skewer firmly together. Pour a little oil over it or use butter sprinkling of flour, salt, pepper and bake in quick oven, serve with baked potatoes.

To Make Broiled Meats Moist

Let them set in the hot liquor three or four hours or until nearly cooled, then if the meat is to be pressed, almost cover with the skimmed off fat, put under weight and set away to cool.

MISS E. M. COTRELL.

Mother's Salad

Chop or cut into small pieces six cold boiled potatoes, the whites of two hard-boiled eggs, a small onion and few lettuce leaves, keeping rest of lettuce for serving.

Dressing

Heat one fourth cup water, one half cup vinegar, one teaspoonful each of celery salt and sugar, one fourth teaspoonful pepper, one half teaspoonful mustard and the well beaten yolk of one egg, lastly add well beaten white. When cool add one tablespoonful cream or milk. Mix salad all together, sprinkle with grated yolk of hard-boiled eggs and serve.

ELLA TILDEN.

Strawberry Shortcake

Take three cupfuls of flour, a lump of butter size of an egg, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, the yolk of an egg, two teaspoonfuls baking powder, a pinch of salt and milk enough to lightly mix this dough. The baking powder must be sifted through the flour. When this is baked split apart and spread with butter, put on a layer of strawberries and sugar. Put the other half on top, and heap berries and sugar on top, serve with cream.

Pineapple Layer Cake

Five eggs well beaten, three cups of sugar, one cup of butter, one and one half cups of flour, one half cup cold water, two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Spread each layer with grated pineapple.

S. E. ADAMS.

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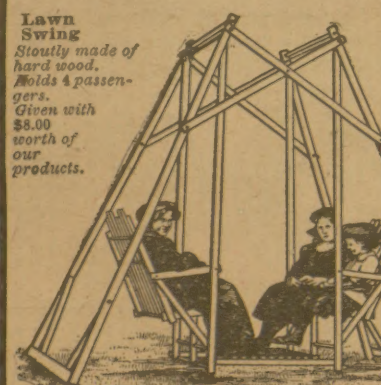
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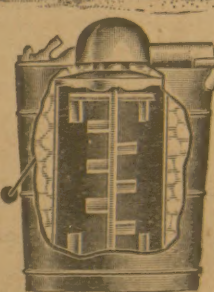
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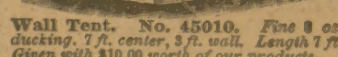
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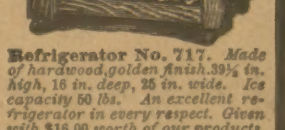
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